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Elwin Neame (Photo)

Walter Sickel.

THE SANDS OF TIME

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Recollections and Reflections

By WALTER SICHEL

Author of "Bolingbroke," "Disraeli," "Emma, Lady Hamilton," "Sheridan," etc.

56663

"*Rosemary—that's for remembrance.*"

HAMLET.

"*Sunt haec trita quidem, Zoile, sed mea sunt.*"

MARTIAL, II. 68.

"*Though worn the garments that I wear,*
At least they are my own."

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION

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TO

MY CRITICAL CHILDREN

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THE SANDS OF TIME

PROEM

DISRAELI in his first novel makes the much-travelled Essper George exclaim: "I have seen more than I remember and I remember more than I have seen." Thus it fares often with us onlookers who none the less have encountered some marked individualities for Memory, the Goddess of Invention, to wave her wand and revive. Nor are trifles trivial in any record of sensations, since nothing that stirs or moves us can be insignificant. We are dreamers all. While on a winter's night we muse by the flickering embers, what strange shapes and colours glimmer through their fading glow, how vivid appear their embodied fantasies! Is it amiss to repicture and try to translate those hieroglyphics, ere the fire dies down and the hearth turns cold to watch the kaleidoscope of their ceaseless iridescence? Joy and grief, wonder, disillusion, ecstasies and despairs, Love among the ruins, "loathed Melancholy" and "Laughter holding both his sides"—these sound the refrain of life, the very discords of which can be resolved into harmonies, for:

> . . . heard melodies are sweet,
> But those unheard are sweeter.

Romance is to the romantic. Children build their castles in the air or their sand-castles by the sea, men and women find it in the shifting sands of Time—maybe, alas, in its very quicksands.

When the publishers honoured me by an invitation to recall the past as it unrolls itself before me, I felt a real diffidence—that of an actor who has played no eventful part. And, further, I reflected that never have I kept diaries, those maps of the bygone, though I treasure some autographs which form its

truest illustration. But then I realized that these rambling pages might prove a peep-show diary of their own, if only the reciter's voice be clear and sincere.

And there is the element of surprise. We are indeed strangers to ourselves. Which of us would recognize his own identity were he suddenly to encounter his youthful self? Who would not repeat Sterne's answer to the custom-house officer inquiring who he was: "Don't puzzle me." And so, at a moment of inflated self-consciousness, when Reminiscence Companies, Unlimited, trafficking in *marrons glacés*, are floated by the score, an unpretending addition may be excused. So, too, in those un-Keatsian verses of Keats:

> So up I rose refreshed and glad and gay,
> Resolving to begin that very day
> These lines, and howsoever they be done,
> I leave them as a father does his son.

CHAPTER I

In the Beginning

CHESTER TERRACE, Regent's Park, at a day before grotesque builders had broken the neighbourhood's Regency-sameness and Arcadian peace. An open window fronting the summer sunshine and the twinkling greenery. A long, cheerful drawing-room, and, seated at the grand piano, two girlish matrons, graceful and gracious, who play duets. The one is my Madonna-like mother, the other, over whose shoulder flows a brown curl worn *à l'Imperatrice*, is her great friend Mrs. Farrer (born Erskine), the first wife of one who was to win a peerage by a long course of eminent public service. This is my earliest remembrance of childhood, save, perhaps, a frightening flare against a lurid sky which, surely, must have been the burning of the Chalk Farm station.

The Farrers were then our close allies. Mrs. Farrer was what the new generation calls " a dear," sympathetic, distinguished ; and her little daughter, Ida, was my first flame. I wonder if Mrs. Darwin, as she now is, remembers the pretty lacework valentines that annually we exchanged—a species now extinct, except, maybe, in some queer collector's album. Oddly enough Lord Farrer's second wife, the musical Miss Julia Wedgwood, was another of my mother's early friends. That Erard piano on which the pair are playing still remains with me, and under its rosewood lid the certifying card of yet another familiar, Sir Charles Hallé, who chose it for my mother. Sad as well as glad echoes are still wafted from its faint old keyboard—children's parties, wedding marches, vanished voices, and, alas, young golden promise prematurely withered by the winnowing war. Sweet ghosts still haunt its wistful shrine, while outside, too, there yet lingers that fair, far-away summer sunshine, those pleasant bowers of Chester Terrace, an islet on the mid-Victorian backwater which we fondly fancied would last for ever.

My lines were cast in pleasant places. My father was the London partner in a famous firm, my mother the eldest daughter of its founder. Round her Lancashire home, as in London, had clustered an intellectual circle, and like her hero, St. Francis of Sales, she lived gently in a world that she charmed, without being spiritually of it. Another of her family friends who died before I was born was Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist. But I myself remember her delightful daughters and their courteous, handsome father whom we met long afterwards when he was fishing at Dalwhinnie as a guest of the late Mr. Rupert Potter—the Boswell of the Reform Club. My mother told me that when Mrs. Gaskell wrote her first novel it was kept a profound secret from her husband, who only discovered it by the unexpected arrival at their Cheshire home of a messenger from the London publishers. Another old school friend of my mother's was the children's authoress, Mrs. Molesworth, more personable even than her lively daughters. In the eighties, when I became editor of the magazine, " Time " (which, by the same token, has long since become Eternity) she was among the first whom I begged to contribute.

Still another of my mother's and my grandmother's friends was the late Mrs. Salis Schwabe, the future mother-in-law both of Sir Frank Lockwood and *the* Maclaine of Lochbuie—the confidant of Cobden, the worshipper of Gladstone, the admirer of Jowett, the intimate of Baron Bunsen, the guardian angel of Piatti, the nurse of the wounded Garibaldi at Caprera, and eventually the friend of our Princess Royal. Her Clarges Street house gathered a menagerie of mixed celebrities under its hospitable roof, while her enthusiasms public and private knew no bounds in their comprehensive if sometimes indiscriminate welcome.. I remember her as a bright-coloured old lady with piercing blue eyes, in appearance resembling the great pianiste, Clara Schumann, whom, like Joachim, she knew so well ; very generous, very emotional, most public-spirited. An educational enthusiast, she founded an excellent school at Naples and there were few good causes that appealed in vain not only to her purse, but her energies. Later on she would show the letters written to her by the ex-Kaiser's unhappy mother, bitterly complaining of his boyish misbehaviour,

and I can hear her now ejaculating: "Poor, persecuted woman."

In harbouring some political refugees I should fancy that she must have rivalled Lord John Russell himself who, as his step-daughter, Mrs. Maurice Drummond, once told me, would assure those who remonstrated with him on encouraging conspiracy, that had he ever supposed their ideas practicable, his doors would certainly have been closed. Such are the ironies of those who play with fire under the illusion that they are playing with fireworks. Then there were the James Murrays, of Bryanston Square, one of whom became the wife of the Master of Sinclair, the other Lady Stirling. They were artistic and very musical, as too was their young brother, George, who will perhaps recollect our bouts of *bouts rimés* long years onwards when we were both guests at Pitfour.

A fresh batch of cultivated friends came to us through one of my mother's sisters, then recently married, the late Lady Osborne Morgan, to her recent end ever young and noble-minded, though neighbouring on ninety. Her husband, after his brilliant Oxford career, where he was in close contact with Stanley, Clough, and their brotherhood, was just opening one equally successful at the Chancery Bar—the precursor of his political laurels. Never shall I forget his perceptive kindness to me throughout my youth, and at this very period he gave me my first copy of "Robinson Crusoe," with a charming inscription. Their early circle comprised, besides other aspirants like Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice) Alfred Wills, who had been my uncle's best man, and Mr. Sandars, of "Saturday Review" fame, the Horace Daveys and the Lingens—Davey of legal, Lingen of Treasury distinction; but, of course, I recall them as they figured twenty years afterwards. The enormous forehead of the one (to repeat Fox on Thurlow, no one was ever quite so wise as Davey looked), and the dry discretion of the other exercised a somewhat freezing effect on youth, though the hearts that belied them were warm and generous.

My grandfather, who died when I was two years old, knew Sir Robert Peel as well as Cobden. He had been one of the first to sign the League petition, and he was well acquainted with Mr. Milner Gibson, then Member for Manchester, with

Cobden, with the Ashtons, and (on the Conservative side) the Ashworths, one of whom was in love with another of my aunts—with the Roscoes too—I can remember Sir Henry's massive forehead. Add to these the Philips family a scion of which became Lady Trevelyan, and, among distinguished foreigners who married and became naturalized, the Italian patriot and author, Antonio Gallenga. My aunt has often recalled one of the first scenes that she can remember in the garden of her old home—that of Milner Gibson and John Bright swinging in their hands her little brother, who survives in the country as the jolliest old sporting parson possible, full of zest and *joie de vivre*.

My politics (and my father's) were diametrically opposed to my mother's heritage, and I have often ventured to ask my aunt whether she ever realized that Sir Robert was a Conservative. There were links, too, in her family with a remoter past. I had a great-aunt two of whose kinswomen danced with the Duke of Wellington at the Waterloo ball, and one of whose connections was a godson of Nelson. The Mendelssohn tradition, too, was with me from the first. My grandmother was a close friend of the adoring Sonchays who were relatives of his wife, and my father knew the Beneckes, one of whom married a daughter of the composer. When Mendelssohn died, my grandmother told me, the Sonchays were so heart-broken that they veiled a fine marble bust of him in their house near Manchester and never could bear to look on it again. How proud I was when at Harrow I won the prize poem on Mendelssohn, whose character and career I worshipped, and how much prouder when his daughter sent me the two volumes of "Guy Mannering" which he had bought at Chester, in 1829, when he was stage-coaching en route for Wales and his great admirers, the Taylors. His autograph, that beautiful swan-like handwriting, stands in both volumes and the page is still turned down at the Ellangowan song. This all-accomplished man loved Scott, as he loved our country, with a fervent devotion, and I have no patience with his present belittlers, some of whom seem to resent his conscience, and others the Tennysonian sentiment and purity of his music. My mother had a bachelor cousin with whose parents Mendelssohn once stayed. So far from being musical this cousin was rather one of those who preferred "Offenbach to Bach often." All that I

can remember of his verdict on the great master is that he was "a very gentleman-like person!"

One word about the Hallés. My maternal grandmother—herself a remarkable woman—had been one of the musician's first encouragers when he settled at Manchester to popularize classical music. For a time he was disheartened, but he told her that he cheered up (without one backsliding step) from the moment when a mechanic who had tramped twenty miles to one of his concerts, besought him to find him a seat, most gladly accorded. The Hallé parties in Mansfield Street were to delight us at a much later period. Hallé, the younger, became a well-known artist. His mother and sisters (one of whom, Madame Nonfflat,was very beautiful), were both refined and accomplished. Hallé himself was the last person in the world one would have taken for a maestro: he was so undemonstrative and restrained. But perhaps those qualities were his strength as an orchestral conductor, while the delicacy of his touch on the piano was a marvel. From those early days onwards, too, I remember Sir John Hawkshaw, the engineer—another of the grandpaternal friends. Shrewd and humourous, he was as quiet as Hallé, but I do not think that he could ever have shone at the piano.

My father's friends were leading men of business, several of whom moved in the big world. Among these was the fashionable and genial Mr. Eaton, who became the best-dressed man in the House of Commons and a noted four-in-hand whip. At this time, however, my father would take his schoolboy-sons to the now extinct Surrey Theatre and treat them to oranges—a pleasure which Mr. Eaton would scarcely have relished. Apropos of his imminent splendours the future Lord Cheylesmore was one day strolling in the Row when he met Disraeli, then out of office. The great man took his arm and sauntered along with him. The flattered Mr. Eaton ventured to inquire when he thought that the Conservatives would re-enter the promised land. The sphinx did not answer "You darling," as he once did to a duchess over-inquisitive about the date of dissolution, but simply replied: "Never mind, Eaton, what does it matter to us? You and I, I and you, *we* can wait." Lord Cheylesmore once told me that he owed all his success in life to tact: it must be owned that here he had met his match.

The wildest rumours used to be spread about his origin. It was tattled that he had started life as an omnibus conductor and so forth, but there was not a word of truth in these silly rumours. The prosperous silk-broker married a charming American lady, and soon showed that he could hold his own with the best, both socially and commercially. He collected pictures as well as "lions" and was a great lover of Landseer. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were habitués at Prince's Gate, and on Sunday mornings the former—who, be it remembered, was maliciously nicknamed the Duke of Tick—would smoke cigars with him in the stables. His children were almost as well favoured as the Hamiltons, whom Dizzy describes in "Lothair" when he says of the Duke that "every morning, as he completed his consummate toilet, he thanked Heaven that he had a family worthy of him." Such are some of my first recollections.

I suppose that every child experiences vague and inexplicable impressions of something in an unknown past—what Wordsworth terms "vanishings." I, at any rate, used constantly to have a feeling of some mysterious open window, the vista beyond which I could not penetrate. And throughout life I have heard strange voices calling: recalling me, informing, warning, dim yet actual. Connected with such sensations are the concepts that a child forms of the invisible, his first whispers from the unseen. To this day I remember that my earliest notion of God was that of a miraculous naked man. I was an only son, somewhat sensitive, at that time rather delicate, passionately devoted to home, and a scribbler of verses at seven which my dear mother fondly preserved. I remember one of these effusions on Malvern Abbey ("To the Abbey of M——") which, for bad rhyme, worse metre, and poor sentiment, "licks," as the Yankees put it, "creation." Here is the first stanza:

> Ancient remains, but different now
> From what they were three hundred years ago.
> Then stored with learnèd books and learnèd men—
> Now dedicated to a better use than then.

The gallop of the last line is a scandal to scansion.

Among the sights of the region was the old Coliseum—long since replaced by a Terrace—where a diorama of London was considered a marvel. Madame Tussaud, then in Baker Street,

may be said in those days to have inhabited a shabby lodging-house compared to her present grandeur, just as did the King and Queen of Denmark before Sir Henry Irving empalaced them—but I suppose girls and boys still tread on the toes of the seated figure of Cobbett and beg his pardon, which is the sole matter that counts. My pet amusement there was to creep into Napoleon's coach and explore its drawers. But in these days of a liberty more preached than permitted, I believe that this imaginative excursion is forbidden. The Polytechnic too, with its diving-bell that cracked the ears and, later, the "ghosts" of "Professor" Pepper, a designation which made Matthew Arnold resent his own professorship, was considered a children's paradise, while clergymen who were shy of the theatre frequented it in droves.

Of course, there were the perennial Baker Street Bazaar, with its alluring display of Christmas gimcracks, the Botanical Gardens, the sole London Eden before the Horticultural, and, best of all, the never-stale Zoological Gardens. The modern dwelling-houses of its animals are luxurious in comparison with their squalid abodes in my boyhood. The monkey-house in particular, with its dirty thatched roof, was malodorous beyond measure, but such outward drawbacks passed unnoticed and perhaps only enhanced our pleasure by their aboriginal savour. Then the Gallery of Illustration, with the German Reeds and John Parry, were a great treat for unspoiled children. How well I remember Parry, the precursor of Corney Grain, in "Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party" beckoning with crooked finger and roguish smile to an invisible little girl! How little could I have dreamed that one day I should come to know "young" Alfred Reed, who was probably then in the nursery, as well as John Parry's matchless successor. Turning to my autographs I find a light letter from the former on the birth of my dear eldest son, who was fated to die in action near Ypres—a gallant soldier before the war and himself fraught with a whimsical humour that would have rejoiced both Reed and his mother. His self-forgetful mirth saved his men of the Third Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment at a crisis: "The laughing hero wins the day."

Reed it was who, much later, gave me an infallible recipe for

the playwright. " You have only," he said, " first to announce that you are going to do something, secondly you have to do it, and thirdly you have to explain how it was done." Looking back I recall an episode in the late eighties that was probably unique. Reed was kind enough to invite me to a party on the stage to which many social and theatrical lights lent a lustre. Grouped together were Corney Grain, Coburn, George Grossmith the elder (and smaller), and, wonder of wonders, the fastidious Lord Granville, who once wrote in Lady Cardwell's album : " *Je suis un radical qui aime la bonne société.*" Coburn sang his " Two lovely black eyes " in every language under heaven and the chorus was caught up by all with a boisterous gusto. Never shall I forget the transparent yellowish face of Lord Granville, distorted by well-nigh bacchanal frolic, his gesticulating arms, his wholly un-Foreign-Office ecstasy, as at the top of his high voice he yelled the

> Two lovely black eyes,
> Oh what a surprise !
> Only for telling a man he was wrong—
> Two lovely black eyes.

A fresh surprise followed. The colossal Corney Grain (who can forget him as " Prince Charming ? ") strode up to a stage-box where the diminutive Grossmith was sitting, lifted him in his arms and carried him, baby-like, to the piano.

Corney Grain, the child's enchanter, brings back many a story, of which in this first digression (and the way of digressors is hard) I will single out three. He was once taking a well-earned holiday at Cadenabbia when an importunate bore—like one of those whom Talleyrand shook off at last by observing a man yawning in their path and exclaiming : " Hush, we are observed "—kept pressing him to visit a church at the Colico end of the lake where some early frescoes had just been discovered. Grain had sought the lake of Como just because there was nothing to see but nature, and nothing to do but to enjoy it. He had come to the Hotel Bellevue for " change and rest," of which Bishop Magee once said that " the waiter took the change, the landlord took the rest." And so, looking up with polite agony at his interlocutor, he simply said : " My dear sir, is it *my* holiday or yours ? "

Another and perhaps more familiar scene. He had been summoned to a big country house for an entertainment and found himself ushered into the housekeeper's room and finally into the servants' hall, where there was an ancient and cracked piano. Nettled at this treatment, whether accidental or not, he sat down and was soon at ease with the convulsed audience. In the midst of this revelry a footman appeared to request his presence in the drawing-room. Grain sent his compliments but regretted exceedingly that a previous engagement prevented him from accepting the kind invitation.

A third. The last time I met him was at a thoroughly South Kensington party in a thoroughly South Kensington house. The proceedings were lengthy. I could see that he was far from enjoying himself. We were chatting over the refreshments when a typical dowager, with an abnormally stiff train to her gown, entered, stared at him with a sniff and departed. "If you kicked that old girl's train," he whispered to me, "you would see the canvas backing."

But I must get back to the land—the land of Regent's Park. How I enjoyed my first London pantomime. It was "Jack the Giant-killer" at Drury Lane. Once upon a time pantomimes also were not the gorgeous and grown-up affairs that scientific pageantry has made them—if indeed they may be said to survive at all, now that revues are the rage. I remember that the giant wore a huge wooden mask, that there was a great deal of rough-and-tumble, and that the transformation scene with many thinly-draped damsels perched on cruel brass rods under tinted gas lights seemed a fairy land: it was all so real to childhood that loves realities. When a buffoon pointed to some pasteboard mountains, exclaiming, "These are the *h*ills that human flesh is heir to," how we laughed!

The king and queen, on stilts in every respect, chaunted their inanities with the monotone of a curate reading the first lesson: but we were much impressed. And when Jack—the usual plump lady in boy's attire—mounted the beanstalk, out of which the steps of a rickety ladder protruded, we were thrilled to the marrow. And then the Harlequinade—where is it now?—the old tricks of the red poker played on the pantaloon by Joey, the clown with a red nose, whose hoarse "Here we are again" at once

set the table of a roar, the Columbine who span round and round like a humming-top till our eyes ached with her mature beauty, the policeman in a top-hat who always got the worst of it, the aimless crowd, the shattered shop windows, the strings of discovered sausages that had been hidden or stolen! Was there ever such a comedy except the homelier Punch and Judy box which we knew could not be quite real because we could see inside. Is childhood still such a province of its own, I wonder, and are its pleasures heightened by being so multiplied? Do modern children still love their ugliest dolls the best? This at any rate may be averred, that then we were not so privileged as our own children, for they have been entranced by Dan Leno, the most original pantomimist (except the Vokes family) of any generation. Who can forget him clad in virgin white muslin as he alternately sat or stood at the "harpischord" and sang: "The minstrel boy to the war has gone"? And this reminds me that in the early seventies, being with my father in Edinburgh, we heard the same folk-song on the lips of a very young lady then performing with her sister, Miss Emily Soldene. It was none other than the evergreen, inextinguishable and utterly irresistible Miss Lottie Venne.

During my father's absences my mother made me her companion. When she shopped or called I drove with her, and above all other shops I recollect that of Lewis and Allenby, the great drapers in Regent Street. The assistants there were mostly middle-aged men who were most attentive to me while my mother was choosing her ribbons. They used to give bobbins of silk and other baubles to play with. How little could I have foreseen that the "young" Mr. Lewis was to marry Miss Kate Terry (my heroine in "The Sister's Penance"), the first of the three Terry Graces, and that in after life I was to meet both the second and the third.

My mother would often read aloud to me in her sweet subdued tones—"Hans Andersen," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," and Walter Scott, whom the youth of to-day are too impatient to understand. All my love of literature I owe to my mother. To my father I owe much else and one out-of-the-way thing that has attended me through life. For nearly ten years he had been in China at a period when very few Europeans were inmates, when to walk

out in Canton without a revolver was impossible at any time, when there were no telegrams and the Christmas dinner was provided months in advance by Fortnum and Mason. He had served as a volunteer, in one of the sporadic outbreaks, against the Chinese who, he told me, ran like hares directly the first shot was fired. Sir Harry Parkes he had known as a lad, and of course the veteran Sir John Bowring.

A Chinese atmosphere surrounded my early boyhood. Beautiful white silks and shawls used to arrive each year and cargoes of the genuine chow-chows, ginger, lichees, oranges and what not. Later on I was given wonderful Chinese kites in the shape of fishes or dragons. The fragrance of all that hailed from that land of silk and civilization was different from anything else and could not but stamp its influence on the fancy. In especial, a lacquer smoking-box with silver images of Chinese houses and the quaintest drawers and corners would fascinate me. And I still cherish a beautiful big bowl whereby hangs a tale. When my father first went out thither he resolved to drink neither wine nor spirits in that climate, though he was a connoisseur at home of the wine which he enjoyed. On the eve of his final departure, however, he assembled his bachelor friends around this bowl and mixed the best brew of Punch in it till it was drained to the dregs. As a baby I was so delicate that I had to be christened at home, and from that bowl I was baptized. The queerest little Chinamen and Chinawomen wander with ceremonious politeness round its ample circumference, garlanded by fruits and flowers as minute as their postures. I confidently believe that China, much misunderstood and mishandled by the black-coated gentlemen at home, is the country not only of the remote past but of the far future.

Among my father's friends in China was a young lady who married—shade of Wordsworth!—a Mr. Wilkinson, and their eldest son, Max, whom I was asked to look after when he first went to Harrow, possessed one of the most perfect boy-voices that I ever heard and became the successful master of a renowned private school at Eastbourne. It is a far cry from Hong Kong to Eastbourne, but there you have it, and we are all the product of so many influences that we cannot afford to despise the day of little things. The Chinese certainly do not. My father told

me that in China he knew a mandarin merchant-prince who was considered most devout. He had built a sort of chapel for his pet deity. One day when my father called on him he was surprised to find the chapel closed and a new, grander one erected on the opposite side of the courtyard. Inquiring the reason, he was informed by the mandarin that a valuable and uninsured cargo had recently been lost. "That one," pointing to the old shrine, "he no good, shall try him other." So bound up were we with China that one of my relations used always to nickname me as a child "Young Hyson." To me China still remains the land of Aladdin.

How times have changed! Among other things that my father, born in the same year as Queen Victoria, used to tell me was that when the rich Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturers used to ask him at the close of the thirties to their three o'clock dinner they would lock the doors after the ladies had retired and drink without ceasing till seven. Fond as he was of wine my father would contrive to empty his glass, unobserved, on the floor. When the ladies were rejoined, you can imagine the condition of the guests. Dean Ramsay recounts a story of a still earlier period, when the lairds of that generation used to sink one by one under the table where a little boy had been posted. "What are you here for?" hiccoughed one. "If you please, sir," was the answer, "I am the boy wha' unties the cravats."

Outwardly the children of one generation are bound to differ from those of the next. And they are less or more spoiled according to shifting standards. "Miss kisses Papa's hands," writes the Duchess of Marlborough to the great Duke. The eighteenth century father kept the ferule of chastisement in the sideboard drawer, and in the early nineteenth Mr. Fairchild would moralize to his children on the crime of Sabbath-breaking and the heinousness of a tumble into pig's wash. Even Miss Edgeworth, the Parents' Assistant, too often transformed children into waste-paper baskets for soulless knowledge, whereas now they seem rather to be either the parents' resistant or their warners against the way in which they should not go. But are they inwardly altered, has some French Revolution transformed their hearts, in an age when children's books seem to be written

for their elders, while grown-up books are pitched at the children's heads? At any rate, instinct remains stronger than environment, and an adopted gipsy child will still run away from home.

Moreover, the latter-day parents seem to have lost the consciousness of the inherent superiority awarded by most children to adults. Quite recently a small child in Green Park came up to ask me whether I knew where the water-tap was. How in the world should I know, and why did the child ask me, were it not that the first article in the creed of childhood is the omniscience of the grown-up? Nevertheless one change of temperament does seem to have occurred. In being less disciplined, much seen and more heard, childhood appears, perhaps often unconsciously, to have become less reverent. In associating so much with their modern elders they may have caught some of their drawbacks. Is there anything that they are not taught and do not copy?

Not long ago one of them, taken to the boat-race, asked his mother if Oxbridgen and Cambridgen were not two of the gases. There is a more piquant story of a little girl who was exaggerative from birth. When she returned from Kensington Gardens she would amaze her mother by fables of her adventures, not with Peter Pan but with real lions and tigers. She was warned against this habit and besought to mention it that very night in her prayers. Next morning her mother asked her whether she had done so. "Oh, yes, mummie," she replied, "and God said: 'Please don't mention it, Miss Bligh, I often do so myself'!" There is another of a child's evening prayer: "O God, please make all bad people good and the good people nice." And there is yet another true story which is less sophisticated. A delicate little child was taken by her mother, a Mrs. Price, rather later than is usual to church. As they walked home the silence was suddenly broken by the child, who knew that her mother wished to hear what she felt about the service. "Mummie," timidly said the child, "is that Mr. J. Price, of whom the vicar spoke so much, any relation of ours?"

And while I am speaking of "the church-going bell," I must not omit from my divagations three other stories that in no way concern children. A famous comedian not long ago attended the funeral of a friend. He was evidently much moved, but when

the solemn words were read : " Though he were dead, yet shall he live," he quietly whispered in a friend's ear : " You can't say any fairer than that, now, can you ? " The next, again of an actor, is about one who seldom went to church—not even as Mr. Gladstone used to put it, a " oncer." A friend of his persuaded him to make an exception in favour of a really soul-stirring preacher. After the service, his friend inquired what he thought of it and especially of the large congregation. " Not much of the congregation," was the retort, " for they seemed to me mostly paper." " Paper," of course, is the stage slang for free tickets to the theatre. As to the third, it happened to my old friend—alas, departed—the charming Arthur Blunt, known to the theatre as Arthur Cecil, and is not the story written in the " Chronicle of the Kings of the Garrick." Arthur Cecil had real spiritual instincts and, after dining at the Garrick with Harry Kemble on New Year's Eve, he proposed that they should sally forth to St. Martin's Church for the yearly service. After some demur from Kemble, for the night was cold, they went. Few had yet arrived and they knelt down. Suddenly Arthur Cecil felt a tap on his shoulder. It was the verger, who knew him. " Beg pardon, Mr. Blunt," he said, " but you have made a mistake. To-night's service is for unfortunate women."

And here I must wander off once more. Arthur Cecil was an angel of amiability, a born comedian, extremely polished and refined. When he essayed the thorny paths of management and took the Court Theatre, which had been a dissenting chapel, he asked me to see the green-room, which had been the vestry. A solemn black cat, that had never quitted the precincts whether sacred or profane, stood staring at us on a table with its uncanny Egyptian eyes. It remained as a sort of mascot. In many ways Arthur Cecil reminded me more of a French actor than an English. His one weakness was a love of dainty fare, and when he was acting at the transformed Haymarket (my father could remember when hay was actually sold outside it) in some piece where a picnic luncheon formed a scene you may be sure that the wine and *patés* were no make-believes.

He was an admirable improvisatore on the piano, and who that ever heard them can forget his little sermons on the texts

of nursery rhymes, in which he mimicked the conventional pulpit-emphasis of bagatelles. " Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's man, bake me a cake as fast as you can," for instance. " Why Pat-a-cake, why the haste, why a cake ? " and so forth. He used to travel in Switzerland with Mr. Hamilton Aidë and the musical amateur, Mr. Frank Schuster, an accomplished trio. The second of these we shall meet hereafter, the third I well remember in distress at Cadenabbia. He had been to dine with the old Duchess of Melzi, at Bellaggio, and found the hotel closed on his late (or early) return. I found him asleep in dress-clothes on a bench under the morning sun.

But, like the gipsy child, I have again run away with my nomad pen. How imperceptibly does childhood slip away ! In 1862 for me it ended. A great change took place. My father had bought the lease of a new house in Prince's Gardens. I remember no adieux to Chester Terrace, for the childish memory skips emotions like a fairy-tale or a press interview. All that I recollect was the new house and the new life. It was the year of the second great exhibition ; largely the work of the Prince Consort. The occasion of his death in the previous year is indelibly imprinted on my mind though I was but six years old. It was a Sunday and as we returned from the morning service, I saw chalked on the walls : " Prince Albert is dead." There were no criers of news in those days. I realized that something untoward had taken place, that something had gone, but I cannot recall any feeling. I know that the Prince was great and good. I know that to him we owe most of our Christmas trees and much of our music, so that he might well have been styled the " Prince Concert." But one little *trait* that my father related years onward comes back to me. Whether from the straitened circumstances of his youth, or from the many obstacles that he had met with from Lord Melbourne, he was frugal to a fault. On one rainy afternoon when he was driving and his servants had just had new liveries, he bade the coachman and footman to hand in their hats and put up the umbrella. And when I was writing my " Emma Lady Hamilton " my researches disclosed that Prince Albert's contribution to the fund raised at one time for the benefit of Horatia Ward, Nelson's daughter, was a presentation to Christ's Hospital for one of her

sons. Such over-carefulness may be a failing, but it may also be a virtue. For if there were more thrift in the world there would be far less misery, and it is the Charles Surfaces that injure society. "So," writes Byron in his "Don Juan":

> So for a good old gentlemanly vice
> I think I will take up with avarice.

And with this unpopular moral I bid farewell to careless childhood and am at length a boy.

CHAPTER II

In the Sixties

A LITTLE boy on a little pony with a big satchel of books slung across his shoulders; an old coachman—always a favourite—holding the bridle while a park photographer "takes" them on glass. Such was your humble servant on his way to the Misses Woodman's noted school near Portman Square. The Woodmans might have been near relations of Thackeray's Miss Pinkerton. Miss Maria, I think, was the eldest, and she was very stern and unbending as she taught us Latin. What Latin she taught us I cannot call to mind, but what I do recollect perfectly was Mr. Woodman, her eldest brother. He must have resented being omitted from the title of this "select" academy for he was as irritable as he was severe. He taught us writing and his huge black ruler used to descend with crushing force on our knuckles at the slightest mistake in "Procrastination is the Thief of Time." Altogether it was a very prim and proper establishment which might well have been imaged by the West-American undertaker's advertisment: "*You* have only to die; *we* do the rest." And, furthermore, I had a tutor for foreign languages, a pallid German gentleman whose lessons did not interest me, but who was kind enough to give me a nice little book of Dürer's etchings that long ago has vanished into the limbo of the lost.

And I rejoiced also in a dancing-mistress, Madame Soutten, of Harley Street, a stout lady with bandolined black hair, who might have taught Dickens' Mrs. Wititterly—the lady "all soul" who never could forget, no never, the night that she danced with the Baronet's nephew at Exeter. I do hope that these reminiscences will not resemble hers. With all these preceptors wasted on a sterile soil, ah, what a favoured boy was I.

Those days, too, were the perquisite of the German governess, very thorough but very stiff and absurdly offensible. They

would never have been happy without a perpetual grievance and my sister Edith invented a generic term for them—"Schnipses"—a phonetic definition. Horrible "brothers," too, used sometimes to visit them and play in our nursery. I dare say that they suffered much from the children that they could never comprehend, for as the same sister used to sing of them:

Your silly observations
I cannot understand.
I would I were from England sped
To my own Fazerland.

But how few of these fräuleins could attach the hearts of the schoolroom?

Prince's Gardens, when we came to it, was absolutely semi-sylvan. Behind our house—where now stand the Ennismore Mews—was a big green meadow with sheep in it that were actually white. The Exhibition Road had not yet erupted into public buildings. In Cromwell Place, where then lived our friends the Millais and the dear Arthur Coleridges, was a turnpike leading to extensive strawberry gardens. The Brompton Road straggled with its quaint high causeway and the white stakes with connecting chains opposite the parish church. Harrods as yet was not, and when it began it was a tiny butter shop. Where I now live in Egerton Gardens were two secluded and embowered houses approached by a lane, one of them belonging to Sir Julian Penrose. Knightsbridge was not yet a pandemonium. Further west on one side, Gore House still flourished, Kensington High Street was still an ancient highway, and Campden Hill a cockney Parnassus. Hammersmith showed a gardened township remote, indeed, from those crossways of hell which its Broadway now figures. The eighteenth century still haunted its little wooden footbridge dividing the two Malls, while it pervaded Putney's white one gracefully spanning the river. The first survives, the second has vanished, and the eighteenth century atmosphere has been choked. But then one could still speak of the adjoining country, and the compass of everything was airier and more spacious. Impudence had not yet triumphed over dignity.

Many of the old street cries, too, still remained; the milk-maids with their yokes and the hawkers with strings of onions, the

Italians with trays of plaster images or operatic voices that atoned for their barrel-organs, added an antique picturesqueness to the scene. On the other side Mr. Tattersall inhabited a Queen Anne manor. The exhibition was in full fling and the "Horticultural" pleasaunce that surrounded it was considered a miracle, with its fountains and its Black-Prince statue of Albert, "the white flower of a blameless life." These exhibitions, which were to prelude eternal peace, proved great opportunities for the builders to "develope" neighbourhoods. Prince's Gate coincided with the 1851 exhibition and was partly the work of Mr. Cubitt, afterwards Lord Ashcombe. Prince's Gardens coincided with the exhibition of 1862 and proceeded from the Freake activities which extended to Cromwell House and much of the Cromwell Road. There is a story of that road—where it is still always Sunday afternoon—that is usually attributed to Andrew Lang, but a variation of it is antecedent. When the underground railway began an old lady asked a constable her nearest way to the Earl's Court Station. "You go straight down the Cromwell Road, mum, till you drop," was the apt reply, "and then you turn to the left."

Every Easter we would drive down through Richmond Park, where I plucked the elysian bluebells, to the old-fashioned hostelry of the Star and Garter, which seemed coeval with the romance of the Hill. From Wimbledon to Richmond, from Richmond to Kingston and Twickenham the whole landscape showed a garden-land of historic houses and associations—a brocade of memories, as it were, through which the silver tissue of the winding Thames wandered. It must be owned that this was a golden age for the comfortable classes environed by a sense of security and stability of which no other great nation could boast. Its emblem was the exhibition itself, which seemed the Victorian ark to which the dove of commerce had brought back her olive leaf after the deluges of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. England was never more of an island than then. And while grave American issues were pending, the American women found their heaven in Paris while the foreigner dreaded London because of its Sundays.

The furniture in the exhibition, solid as it was, fell far below the high watermark of taste that renowned the preceding

century. Many of the wares were downright ugly, but there were other attractions outside the merchandise, among which the scented glass-fountain—where Disraeli first met his Mrs. Bridges Willyams—was prominent. And there were entertainments given for charities in the building. One I especially remember. The young Toole and the older Buckstone and Paul Bedford presided: humourists of distinction. What it was all about I forget, but the only visible appliance was a sort of creaking mangle, every turn of which by Paul Bedford elicited peals of such laughter as reverberates long afterwards.

It must have been in the spring of 1867 that I saw someone more significant—none other than Garibaldi, who had been luncheoning with the Lord-knows-whom in Prince's Gate. An open barouche stood before the door. It swang open and a wiry form with a sailor's face jumped into it and drove off briskly. He wore the shirt named after him which servants always call "Gariborldy." The crowd cheered, and the great Italian emancipator doffed a cap which stays in my memory as the undress fez of the Bersaglieri.

How haunted is the adjoining park by the presences of the past, whether near or far—the rosy-cheeked Carlyle with bent back and crabbed countenance whom I recall plodding along accompanied by some new pallid and dishevelled protégé, the great Disraeli in his brown coat driving in his perfect carriage with his dear little old Mary Ann in her red shawl beside him, Gladstone, Dantesque and Popelike, the burly, truculent Bright, the joyous Edward Prince of Wales, the two handsome Chevaliers Stuart, who might have stepped out of a Vandyke picture. Beaux and belles, wits and blockheads, roughs and rufflers, viziers and tribunes from Cromwell downwards flit like shadows beneath its trees, Triumphs and terrors, rebellions and pageants, duels and suicides—Sheridan thrusting at Mathews, Harriet Westbrook in the Serpentine. And there have been unknown tragic figures also. I myself remember the haggard and bearded horseman who would ride up and down the Row, round and round the Park, ever searching with fixed and piteous gaze for someone who never came—the wife who years ago had left him desolate.

Those were the times when children were allowed to peep over

the banisters on dinner-party nights in the sure and certain hope of ices to follow. What formal banquets those were—some dozen dishes and twenty-four guests, with the set flowers and the silver epergne around which clustered the frosted figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. A few generals, a few government officials, a few merchant-princes, hardly made for light and gaiety. After dinner and before the tea came round, some young ladies would inflict their songs—" We have been friends together " and the like—or climb the piano to stir the postprandial coma. Below stairs the butler was swallowing the heeltaps while the footman handed titbits to the housemaid. And then off the guests would drive and perhaps the host would murmur a thanksgiving. In social converse we have certainly improved on the feasts that, intellectually, were fasts—as long and as dull as that Cromwell Road. And on Sundays the younger men would make their circuit, leaving cards, or " sowing seeds " as the unkind expressed it.

With several of our neighbours we were intimate. Mr. and the first Mrs. Childers shall head the list. I knew them from early days and have nothing but uniform kindness to remember. Their son Rowland was to be much with me, both at Harrow and Balliol, where he asked the learned Mr. Reginald Pool, when he first came up with a somewhat verdant-green-like look, whether he was " any relation of the Pools of Bethesda." Mr. Childers was a tall imposing man with a long brown beard and a Cabinet-air (before he sat there) about his whole bearing. I remember some eight years onwards being taken by my father to congratulate him on his appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty. In the suavest of tones he expressed his awful sense of responsibility, and his reluctance to accept the burden. Even then I could not help thinking that such protestations might be common form. His enemies—nor could these have been many—used, in allusion to his Christian names of Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, to call him Huge Cunning Worldly. The penultimate of these names was derived, I think, from one of his eighteenth-century forbears, Lord Eardley, the son of Sampson Gideon (*alias* Abudiente), who was knighted by Queen Anne for his services to the Duke of Marlborough.

While Mr. Childers was at the head of the Admiralty he was

good enough to take me in the official yacht for a delightful cruise round the coast of Devonshire, and the trio—his elder daughter Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Simeon) being the third—tramped over Exmoor together. He treated a boy like myself on complete terms of equality and many were the subjects and objects about which he unbosomed himself. At such moments he never beat about any bush, and I recollect his verdict on a certain young lady as " very good, but oh, so plain." I fancy that, like many of his colleagues, he suffered much in dreams, or nightmares, from Mr. Gladstone.

Another of our friendly families was the Mannings. Mr. Charles Manning was a brother of the future Cardinal, who had married the comforting Miss Henniker when he was a septuagenarian and was rewarded by the appearance of two daughters, who showed small signs of age and were always lively and pleasant. He was a co-director with my father of the then St. Catherine's Dock Company—a post which, after a few years, my father resigned because he said that the directors at their meetings paid over-much attention to old sherry and too little to hard work.

Mr. Manning was tall, brisk, courteous and rather taciturn, with a drawn mouth not unlike his brother's. Years afterwards he, my father, and I were walking together when he said to me : " Come along, my boy. My brother has just been made a Cardinal and I want you to see him sitting with ' all his secretaries around him.' " How foolish boyhood can be ! The prospect then did not allure me and I stuttered some excuse. But after a longer lapse of time the undeserved opportunity recurred. My friend, George Russell, who always maintained that the ascetic Cardinal's cardinal virtue at the dinner-table had been preceded by a hearty luncheon at home, wanted me to meet him not only as a possible contributor to " Time " but as a fellow-old-Harrovian. At his instigation the affair was arranged. He had been long Archbishop of Westminster ; he was recently installed in his new habitation. In some trepidation I repaired to the Palace.

Directly I crossed the stone threshold I realized that I was in Rome. The staircase, everything, were so Italian. What Sir Walter Scott would have styled a " seneschal " ushered me into a large hall of audience—also Italian in the extreme. After a pause, two high folding doors on the left side of me were flung

open and one of the most dramatic figures I have ever seen slowly advanced to greet me. His thin face and hands were like lighted alabaster: you seemed to see through them. He wore his red berretta and, I think, his robe and a cape. An antique cross dangled from his neck. His look was austere and somewhat imperious. He stooped a little but the fixity of his gaze gave an erect impression. His voice was gentle and singularly clear. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of his manner. It put me instantly at ease—the true test of good breeding. He began by recalling his Harrow days and inquiring about mine. He told me of his father, the city magnifico whose house in Billiter Square—for Governors of the Bank then lived in the city—was a miniature *palazzo* with a porte-cochère. From this courtyard he would drive his own coach and four every year to the Ascot races. This and much more interested me very much, but it was not what I chiefly wanted to ascertain, his views on the Temporal Power. Such a fencing off the subject somewhat resembled the attitude to successive Ministers of Lord Nelson, the hero's worldly clergyman-brother, who called annually on Downing Street with a view to some fresh promotion. It is said that the bigwig, knowing his man, would start by speaking of the crops and the weather till the impatient bishopric-hunter would blurt out: "Yes, but that does not happen to be exactly my errand. I wished to remind you that so-and-so is very ill and that a vacancy may soon occur in such-and-such a diocese."

Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" was certainly Manning to the life and so also was the Monsignore a true copy of Capel, whom my parents used to meet. At last we reached the desired theme. I ventured to submit that from a merely terrestrial point of view the papal power over a free-thought-ridden and united Italy was extinct. The ultramontane Cardinal wholly disagreed. "In the recent elections," he said, "the influence of the Holy See was greater than ever. One day you will see the Pope's temporal power in full vigour and more than restored." I have been waiting a long time for that consummation to arrive, but as yet it has not. The Archbishop then very kindly presented me with a book that he had just written on this very subject. Idiot that I was, I never thought of asking him to inscribe his name. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*"

Then there were the Hodgsons, he a partner in Barings with a delightful French mother, she the clever daughter of Cicero's biographer, Mr. Forsyth. There was also the great shipowner, Mr. Green, a polished patriarch, who, though stone blind, always spoke as if he saw. His son was afterwards to marry the second daughter of Sir Daniel Cooper, who had been Speaker of the Australian Parliament. We saw much of the family and Lady Cooper was ever constant in all our joys and sorrows. Their eldest son—afterwards a racing friend of King Edward's—became a social figure. I often went to their children's parties, and children's parties on the whole seem to me the least-changed of all our institutions, except muffins and marmalade. In their dining-room, I remember, hung a picture of Henri Quatre playing with his children, which fascinated me : it is the trifles that rivet a child's imagination, only they must be as light as air. My father used to ride with Sir Daniel in the Row, and many were their confabulations with, I fancy, occasional disagreements between a man so outspoken as my father and one so wisely conventional as Sir Daniel.

My father had a nephew—a great though silent admirer of the future Lady Green—who often dined with us on Sundays. I only mention him here with this corkscrew pen of mine, because he was so intimate with the Pattis. He used to tell us much about the two sisters, Adelina and the lame Carlotta, and of Strakosch, who married the younger, and then "ran" the elder for all that she was worth. Carlotta was my cousin's favourite in every way. On one occasion, Adelina took off one of her shoes just before her entrance on the stage and refused to put it on again until she had been paid her high salary. After she had married the Marquis de Caux I remember him sitting assiduously at all the performances and jealously fixing his young and talented wife with his opera-glasses. How wonderful she was, and yet always, it seemed to me, with the manufactured mechanism of the little nightingale that springs and trills out of its jewelled box. But her Rosina in the "*Nozze di Figaro*" was perfect, and she may be said to have made "Home, Sweet Home," a national song.

A few more vignettes of our old familiars. Before I come to the Cunliffe-Owens, the Millais and the Coleridges, I must spirit

you across the Park to the Sandfords. Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Sandford and his genial wife, an aunt of my dear old Harrow and Oxford friend, Robert Findlay, were the king and queen of good-fellowship. Sir Francis had been prominent in the Education Office and later was Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office and a Privy Councillor. He served with distinction on the committee for the 1851 exhibition under the presidency of Prince Albert. His cousin was Bishop of Gibraltar and he once told me a very good story about him. Part of his diocese *in partibus* was Monte Carlo, whither, when the English Church there was founded, he repaired for that odd contrast with the place, a confirmation. He was lodged in the Hôtel de Paris, which, as everyone knows, is not famous for prudery. Every attention was paid to him in that paradise of the flesh-pots.

On the eve of departure he asked for his bill. After mysterious delays the host himself came forward and said that he could not dream of charging "Mi Lor" a *sou* because the fact that an English Bishop had been a guest would prove of infinite service to the house. How different to the Swiss hotel-keepers, who, as my Uncle Osborne used to say, being mostly Members of Parliament, brought in a bill in winter for the disestablishment of the Swiss Church and in summer for the disestablishment of the English purse. The most jovial of diners-out, Sir Francis was no mean judge of a menu, and I remember an old lady whose *chef* was famous, once observing to him when he announced that there was to be that rarity in those days, a fortnight's session in December, "So much the better, then, my dear Sir Francis, fourteen nights, fourteen good dinners." Always he made allowances for foibles or failings, always he looked on the bright side of things, always he was occupied yet always at leisure to serve or aid. Though his temperament was different, his face was a mellower and revised edition of the future Lord Russell of Killowen.

Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, who presided over the South Kensington Museum, are also indissociable from my boyhood. Sir Philip was the most debonair and amiable of men with a perfection of tact only equalled by the perfection of his French. His father, a retired sea-captain, had lived for a considerable time, owing to his health, at Avignon, and there

one of my great uncles, who resorted thither for the same reason, had struck up a friendship with him and his young son whose career was as yet undecided. By a stroke of fortune he married a lady whose family was in great favour at the Prussian Court, and so our own royalties were led to interest themselves in his future. The South Kensington Museum, which was then housed in the unsightly ramshackle warehouse that was known as The Boilers, owed much to his organizing power.

Often, after playing with the Owen children, I was allowed to ramble at will and at odd hours through that wonderful collection, but the one thing that stamped itself on my memory was a finely-wrought mediæval silver boat with curved sails that seemed to catch the wind. His eldest son, who now lives in America, and the second, who died, were constant playmates; the third, now Sir Hugo, has blossomed out into a millionaire and owner of race-horses. One sister was to marry into the great and philanthropic tobacco firm through which Sir Hugo earned his fortune and of which some envious wit once remarked: "Where there's a Wills I'm away." The eldest son was sent as quite a youth to represent England at the Vienna exhibition, and he told me of an experience there which, trivial as it seemed, accounts for something of the most awful catastrophe in our generation. Our late King Edward was there in the full flush of enjoyment, and his boy-nephew, the ex-Kaiser, took upon himself to give his uncle impertinent advice and to send poisonous reports to his grandmother, the Queen. This, very naturally, caused an explosion and thus, as my informant said who witnessed it, sowed the seeds of a life-long aversion.

The mention of the Prince of Wales and King of Hearts brings back to my memory the splendid illuminations on the night of his wedding. They seemed like the Feast of Lanterns. I was taken with a large party. Though the crowds of London were Tom Thumbs and Minnie Warrens (how well I remember those delightful dwarfs!) compared with the Blunderbores of to-day, our carriage made slow progress and in the block on old London Bridge we had heaps of time to behold and admire. All along either side stood medallions with wreaths, flags and torches of the beautiful bride's Danish ancestors. She was, indeed, a fairy-queen, and those who are still privileged to see her each year

on her own rose-day can hardly believe that much more than half a century has passed since her radiance first won our affections.

One of the Cunliffe-Owen children was my mother's godson, while the eldest daughter became the wife of Major Malet, the brother of Colonel Harold Malet, once commanding the 18th Hussars. Of his unique and most attractive personality I shall have more to say hereafter.

Let me now pass to the Coleridges and the Millais, at this period near neighbours and much in touch with each other. Arthur Coleridge, the father of a poetess worthy of her ancestral fame, the cousin of the great judge and other dignitaries, was a Bohemian saint with an infinite faculty for friendship, conversation, and the succour of distress. Every Christmas, when "Good King Wenceslas looked out," he would gather round him some whom he knew to be straitened or lonely or even extra-bores, and give them "the feast of Stephen" with right rollicking cheer. He revelled in the tuneful company of organists—Sir Frederick Bridge and his predecessors. He loved the wits and kept the softest corner in his heart for the wastrels. When he was beset by "the runagates," if they were not pestilent, they did not "continue in scarceness." His beautiful voice, which singled him out for a professional career ere Themis cast her shadow over the Muses, his distinguished Cambridge colleagues, his association with Jenny Lind and her husband, his love of old churches, old churchmen, old soldiers, old classics, old times, and old wine, his passion for Dr. Johnson, all linked him with the best traditions of the eighteenth century. Words cannot express my gratitude to him or my reverence for his influence and example. If Bunyan's "Christian" had only been more like Arthur Coleridge, what a magnetic pilgrimage his would have proved.

My gifted sister Edith, herself a kindred spirit, was a constant companion of his daughter, Mary, with whom, too, she shared both authorship, studies and ideals. Together they had Greek lessons from the illuminative Lionel Johnson, of Eton. Each of them may be said to have garlanded goodness with roses instead of, as alas too often happens, rendering both religion and philanthropy repulsive and acid. The Coleridge family formed a centre

of attraction ; they knew such delightful people and told such humourous stories. When he died he was good enough to leave me his edition of Horace Walpole's " Letters," which I re-read again and again as a weak antidote to Boswell's " Johnson "—that eighteenth-century Bible. One of his great allies whom I also came to know was the revered Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, the vice-provost of Eton, who married a Ritchie, of the Thackeray cousinhood. There was something historical about Cornish, something, I mean, that assured you of his counterparts in Elizabethan or Carolean Devonshire ; and, indeed, you may mark epochs and counties in many a passer-by—the flower-girls of Charles II, the Lincolnshire puritans, the filibusters of Queen Anne, nay, even Mary of Scots herself in an omnibus.

In appearance Cornish resembled the donor in a *cinque-cento* Flemish Holy Family picture. Serene, incisive, and much travelled both in mind and heart, a first-rate scholar with quiet touches of chastened humour, he presented a great contrast to his devoted wife, the sister of Mrs. Herbert Paul and Miss Emily Ritchie, the cousin of Thackeray's daughter and my sister Edith's bosom friend. None of these were so emotional as Mrs. Cornish, who passed her life in alternate ecstasy and a humour by turns ironic and sympathetic. She could be very abrupt. At a dinner-party in Howard Sturgis's delicious abode she once startled a quite average youth by suddenly inquiring in her staccato voice : " What do you think of past emotion ? "

Another mutual acquaintance was Mr. Byng, the popular chaplain of the House of Commons and incumbent of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Sentimental, amusing, eloquent (with just a touch, perhaps, of Charles Honeyman) he charmed his congregation. It was somewhat later than my pony period when he arrived on the scene and we sat under him in a pew near the beautiful Miss Herbert, the actress (Mrs. Crabb), the Milbankes who recalled Byron's retort that his mother-in-law was " dangerously well again," and, I think, the FitzClarences with their Georgian faces. I knew Mr. Byng well from boyhood. He was the most agreeable man of the world who ever wore the cloth. He once preached a beautiful sermon on The Prodigal Son, and after it, as was his good-natured wont, invited one of his churchwardens, an intelligent stationer, to luncheon. He

asked Mr. Byng the reason of the seeming injustice to the faithful elder son when the Prodigal returned. "Ah," said the vicar, who knew the race-course, "*he* was the favourite, but the other was first in the field." Mr. Byng was not a business man ; he would, as so many clergymen do, first order the reredos and then ask his parishioners to pay.

As time went on, the church finances became gravely deranged and the late Lord Justice Denman and my father were instrumental in making the rough places plain. Mr. Byng and his charming wife retired for a space abroad, and I remember Arthur Coleridge's amusement at one of many letters addressed to him from Dresden, which implored him to send out an Ovid, "for you will remember that I, too, am an exile." At last the exile returned. The unexpected had happened in his sudden succession to the Earldom of Strafford with its fair demesne of Wrotham. Shortly afterwards he and I stood at the windows of the Oxford and Cambridge Club. There was hardly one person of any mark that he did not characterize inimitably and illustrate by amusing anecdote. He was good enough to ask me to walk with him in the park. Carriage after carriage sailed by and the very dowagers who had been the iciest during the Propontian "exile" bowed the most deferently. We were highly amused. It was a page from Thackeray. Much later on, he met with a sad accident. He had been staying with a friend and reading close by the bedroom fire. He became drowsy and fell into it—luckily not far enough to be more than scorched, but enough in all conscience to shock the system and lay him up. On his recovery I congratulated him at the club. "Yes," he characteristically replied, "I have been plucked from the fire like a brand from the burning." That was the last time that I can recollect the pleasure of meeting him. Peace be to his ashes. He did many kind actions unobserved, he bore no man ill-will—but he ought never to have taken holy orders.

The organist of his church, also a friend of Arthur Coleridge, was none other than the future Sir Arthur Sullivan. Years onwards, when I met him before I came to know his colleague in triumph, he suggested to me what a success might be made by a topical libretto on the model of a French revue. That, I think, must have been in the eighties, long before our English

version or perversion of that crisp model had arrived here to stay. He also told me that Gilbert's verses (which not seldom were poetical lyrics) adapted themselves far better to a musical setting than any of Tennyson's best songs. Gilbert, he said was not inherently musical, but he had an infinite sense of rhythm and wealth of emphasis.

What a treat in those early days it was to hear Sullivan's voluntaries on the organ. As the first " Mendelssohn scholar " he preserved Mendelssohn's fine apostolic succession. It was at about this period, so Coleridge told me, that he became acquainted with the musical Duke of Edinburgh, whom I can remember playing the first violin in an orchestra. Together they played not music only but cards, from which followed occasional losses that he could then ill afford. " A. D. C." used willingly to hand out the " fivers," which were punctually repaid.

One thing touched me greatly when I saw him and his mother together at Pontresina—his unfailing devotion. I do not think that a more warm-hearted man ever lived.

Very different was another close friend of Coleridge—one whom I was to know and appreciate in after days—the late Sir Henry Cunningham, of Indian and social distinction. He was what one might style a celestial diplomatist, for he united the refined arts of this world to the pure innocence of the next. He was son of that Harrow vicar who refused to sanction the burial of Byron's daughter, Allegra in the churchyard, the trusted associate in his Cambridge days of all its light and leading. During a long career there were few people or things or books worth knowing or seeing or reading that he had not known and seen and read, while he himself had proved a novelist of distinction.

His inner spirituality shone all the more through his polished irony when blindness clouded his advancing years, and, in Shakespeare's phrase, he " could turn diseases to commodity." A true philanthropist, without a trace of pharisaism, he was also, like Lord Spencer, the *beau idéal* of an English gentleman—gentle in the best sense, a man in every sense of the word. His features and expression reminded one not a little of Thackeray's, and his courteous, quiet sarcasms added a French sauce to the varied banquet of his conversation. His Liberalism, I think, underwent some eclipse as the unbridled vagaries of a so-called democracy

began to play their pranks on Britain. To give and take was a standard much opposed to taking without giving. But music was his consolation.

At Coleridge's, too, I enjoyed my sole opportunity of meeting Jenny Lind, though I already knew both her husband and her son. It was at an afternoon party. She sat at the piano accompanying a young lady singer, for old as she was she never lost her interest in youth. I can see her now marking time by tapping her feet and ejaculating rather impatiently: "One, two, three." I gathered that her temper was not always quite so sweet as her voice, but ever she was *sans peur* and ever *sans reproche*, the dignifier of that stage which she adorned.

Coleridge, too, used often to talk about Mendelssohn with an enthusiasm for his character and genius that rivalled my own. He had heard many a story from the Horsley sisters, whom Mendelssohn admired almost as much as Fanny Kemble. He told me how fascinated Mendelssohn was in his latter days (he was even younger than Raphael when he died) by the great singer, Clara Novello. And we spoke of his playfulness. One day when Chorley—the Athenæum's musical critic—was complaining to him about art and affairs in general, Mendelssohn, as usual at the piano, silently played out of the "Messiah" "Chorley he hath borne our sorrows." His lovely "Spring Song," which only the other day I heard a street violinist mangling to distraction, and from perversions of which I have suffered even in burlesques, owed its origin to a pretty incident. He was staying with the Beneckes at Denmark Hill. It was a perfect summer morning and the party had begged Mendelssohn to go with them to Windsor, but he decided to stay behind with the children. The windows opened on to the garden. He sat down, to improvise, but after each of the few bars, the children kept running in to take his hands off the keyboard and urge him to play with *them*. Each time he consented and each time he returned. You can hear that story in the appoggiaturas of the piece.

Again, once a lady asked him what the refrain of fluttering notes in a part of his "Italian Symphony" signified. Laughingly he owned that nothing romantic had inspired it. He had noticed in the Bay of Naples a little felucca, to the stern of which had

been attached a pasteboard marionette of a dancing lady; every time the breeze caught it she kicked up her heels, and this it was that suggested the tremolo. We used to treasure a charming autograph of his in English, which has disappeared I know not how. It was addressed at Leipzig to a certain Count Reuss, who had invited him to play trios at his house. "I will come," part of it ran, "in full trio dress—at least my fingers. What do you say to a trio by," and then he drew a spirited sketch of haymakers near a cave—that was to say, "by Hayden."

Mendelssohn tempts a further delay, but I must hasten to the Millais household. Millais, when I first knew him, was painting his picture of "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh." This now hangs in the Tate Gallery, but was commissioned by a great friend of us both at whose hospitable house by the way I was to meet Thackeray's Mrs. Brookfield, in her black mantilla, the picture of picturesqueness, and Leighton, so like Praxiteles, and Mrs. Simpson, of whom more hereafter. I was allowed sometimes to sit in Millais' studio while his two handsome sons sat as models for young Raleigh and his companion. In his velvet jacket at the easel, transferring his imagination to the canvas with a bold and certain brush, how superb he looked! How superb they all were: Mrs. Millais, the "Fair Maid of Perth"; the children, dreams of beauty; the graceful sister-in-law, Mrs. Stibbard. That studio, of course, was much smaller than the next in Palace Gate, but in it everything was at close quarters: it framed the family, than which no more exquisite group could be imagined. A bracing air of health and vigour heightened the charm—the air that blew across the border fresh from the artist's beloved moors and mountains.

Young Millais and I used to play together and with the eldest of the Cunliffe-Owens we made a trial-trip on the brand-new underground railway. How wonderful we fancied it, how we ran in and out and roundabout it, what fun we had with the guard! Ah, little did I anticipate that with my own dear boys another trial-trip was to be made in the modern tube, transformed for us into an enchanter's palace, and that in the quicksands of time those bright and buoyant presences were to be whelmed by an heroic death. As little could we foresee that any breath of

First Sketch by Millais for his Picture of Sir Isumbras.

pain or trouble was ever even to ruffle the crystal surface of the Millais' homestead.

Let me try to characterize Millais by a quick series of irregular glimpses. Years passed by and he had removed to the big house of which he was justly proud. He is painting Carlyle, whom he disliked and compared in my hearing to those rough aggressives whom he had seen gathered around Christopher North in Edinburgh. Lady Ashburton was in attendance, and when the sitting was over and the new house shown till they descended its marble staircase, she hesitatingly returned to say that Mr. Carlyle wished her to inquire if all this magnificence was made " out of his earnings as a painter." No wonder that Millais was wroth. " Tell Mr. Carlyle," he cried, leaning over the landing, " that luckily my art is better rewarded than his." Oddly enough, long afterwards, the late Lord Burnham told me that a similar question had once been asked him by a no less likely guest than Mr. Gladstone himself, who scarcely ever was lacking in social taste.

Later on Millais is in contact with Mr. Gladstone, who, he assures me, has not a grain of humour in his composition. It was the time of the Home Rule Bill, and Mr. G. is much harassed. Millais would dine with him at the House of Commons and try to cheer him up. " Mr. Gladstone," he says, " yesterday I saw one of those pavement artists near my new house, chalking his pictures and putting a hand pointing to it with the words: ' This man makes millions, while I sit here.' " " Who are your pavement artists ? " inquires Mr. Gladstone. " Oh, don't you know ? " rejoins Millais, " they are called Screevers." " And what are Screevers ? " " Well, they are men who chalk on the pavements coloured images of a jockey, a fish, and next to them, say, an ' Ecce homo.' " " Do you mean to tell me, Millais," responds Gladstone, " that such profanities are publicly perpetrated in the streets of London ? " Possibly, if Gladstone had been both more human and more humourous, England might have been saved much.

And next, Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Langtry—curious collocation—are luncheoning with Millais. Wisdom sits on the one side of Beauty and Sport in the shape of a shrewd, racing bachelor, on the other, Millais, always eager to set guests at ease, asks his

friend how he liked the congenial belle. "She was very nice, but I found Gladstone so interesting. *We talked across.*"

Again Millais is speaking of strange happenings, one of which, about a dream, has been recorded in his "Life." "I will tell you," he said "of a million-to-one coincidence. Long ago I was staying with a lady who pressed me to see the picture-gallery of her neighbour, the Duchess of Blank, who showed us over it. In the collection were some masterpieces. At last she stopped before an eighteenth-century portrait of a lovely girl. 'I want you,' she said, 'to pay special attention to this fine portrait of my husband's grandmother, by Romney. It is one of our heirlooms and has never left this room. Romney came down here to paint it; it was framed by the village carpenter.' Piqued by my silence, she plied me with questions till I had to confess that, strange as it might seem, I could not recognize any trace in it of Romney's touch. She was much annoyed at my candour. That afternoon I returned to town and dined with Alfred de Rothschild. After dinner, over our cigars, he told me that there was something that he particularly wanted me to see before we parted—a new acquisition. He took me to an adjoining room and what was my surprise when I beheld the original of the morning's picture. The Duke had evidently been led to sell the heirloom and replace it by a clever copy. And the Duchess was none the wiser."

And now, to recapture his youth. Here is its presentiment as given to me in his own graphic words. He was a boy of seventeen already installed in a Gower Street studio. A tap at the door. The youthful painter opens it and there enters a tall, elderly gentleman with a kindly gaze and a critical mouth. Spectacles are on his flattish nose. "Mr. Millais, I believe." The lad bows. "I," he continued, "am Mr. Thackeray, of whom you may have heard. I have seen some of your sketches, which interest me exceedingly. Will it be a liberty if I ask you to show me more?" The great novelist, always an artist, grows more and more engrossed. "If you have nothing better to do, will you dine with me to-night?" The boy is delighted. He dines with genius and meets Mrs. Gore, the fashionable authoress. But, after dinner, Thackeray reads aloud to them a portion of—what do you think? Of the manuscript of "Vanity Fair." This was

the prelude to a lasting friendship, which only closed on that sad morning when Thackeray was found dead in his bed by his manservant.

Another, the converse of the last. Millais at the zenith of his powers is fishing in Scotland. By a chance he encounters a frail, pale, aspiring youth sketching. At once he recognizes the divine spark. In every way he aids and befriends him, and is rewarded by the hectic stripling's fame. He was none other than Frederick Walker (the Little Billee of " Trilby ") whose idyls of weald, wold and hamlet, whose idealization of what to the blind herd is commonplace, have added one more pastoral to English art.

And still another. Millais had long known and reverenced George Eliot as the most profound novelist of her age. Regularly he would attend her Sunday parties in St. John's Wood. But the last time he went, a change, he said, had come over her. She discoursed heavily of German philosophy. She played Beethoven with an elephantine touch. It was too much for him and reluctantly he made his exit. The people were new, the talk was tall. " It was too much for an ignoramus like me," he murmured.

These dissolving-views thicken. A shadow has overcast his threshold. He is already ill—how ill he did not realize, nor are some of the sweet home-roses without their thorns. He takes me up to the Raleigh picture in the dining-room of the country house where we are staying. There is a heap of stones in its foreground. " How often do you think I had to paint those stones before I was satisfied—some seventeen times." This reminded me of the many versions of " O Rest in the Lord," by Mendelssohn, before he, too, could be satisfied. " Come for a walk." His throat is already husky, but he lights his eternal pipe—the pipe of peace. We ramble through the pretty country around Virginia Water. I had just published in the " Quarterly Review " an article on " The Fathers of English Impressionism—from Donne to Keats," and he was good enough to be interested, as he was always interested in young things, and would stroll with me to the railway station, opening the illustrated papers and exclaiming—like Matthew Arnold of his own compositions : " How good this is." It is of Keats that we speak and he knew him by heart. He revelled in perhaps the greatest of English lyric

poets—for even his epics were in essence lyrical. The veteran recurs to his pre-Raphaelite days with a wistful affection that was by no means the regret that his damners with faint praise would have us imagine. He speaks lovingly of Charlie Collins (the novelist's brother), his beloved companion of those fresh spring-days. It is Charlie's walking-stick that he is holding now and on the following page you will see the drawing of it in a letter that he wrote to me afterwards. He was never ashamed of "Bubbles": he delighted to paint his grandson. Of all painters he admires Vandyke the most, and was very fond of the "Time with a Scythe" which he bought at Christie's. Alas, the scythe of Time is already threatening to mow him down.

One comment on "Bubbles." I cannot but smile when I hear the over-nice, who do not scruple to puff and huckster the deformed daubs of paulo-post-futurists, denouncing the "commercialization" of art. If a painter does his best with conscience, what does it matter who buys his creations? The labourer is worthy of his hire—and the higher it is the better. The great Italian masters did not blush for the frescoes which glorified their patrons. And these superfine trouncers of Millais are often of the elect whose productions are without form and void. One of these once showed his *chef d'œuvre* to a friend. "What a magnificent sunset!" he exclaimed in appreciation. "Sunset!" the young revolutionary replied. "Sunset! Why, it is my portrait of your uncle." Nor does it avail to scathe "conventions." Topsy-turvydom itself is equally conventional, only, being ugly as sin, it is not half so attractive. It is fast becoming the cult of the hideous. And even where striking, if perverted, talent is shown, it contrasts with the time-honoured much as the Ritz Hotel does with St. Paul's—the hotel chosen by two blasé youths hungering for novelty, when they said: "Let us go to a restaurant and *hear* the *nouveaux riches* eat." Millais was never bizarre, never precious, never among those who hold forth on "the Corregiosity of Corregio." He was a muscular artist. And one day it will be reacknowledged that Art means the discovery of beauty even in disfigurement and not the discovery of disfigurement even in beauty.

2, Palace Gate,
Kensington.
28 *Jany.*, '95.

Dear Sichel,

I have left behind me a favourite stick which was given me by Charles Collins, who wrote "A Cruise on Wheels." I value it—so please send it here. It is shaped

Ever yrs. sincerely,

JOHN E. MILLAIS.

If you have to come up to Town you might bring it here.

Still another scene, though rather out of rotation. He is painting the portrait of Disraeli—mutual admirers. As Disraeli enters, worn and ill but resolved to stand, not sit, Miss Millais is at the door. "And how is my dear Apelles?" inquires the observed of all observers. While Millais works at the likeness that was fated to remain unfinished, while they discuss the past and the present, he sees the ex-premier's eyes fixed on the mezzotint of Gladstone's portrait by Apelles. "Would you, by chance, care to have it? I wished to offer it, but somehow feared that it might not be wholly acceptable." "My dear fellow, don't imagine that I have the slightest prejudice. *My* difficulty is this. I have seen almost everybody in my long life and have understood them. But I have passed most of my life in trying to understand that man and I cannot." He walked away out of the room with that mezzotint tucked under his arm.

One sad farewell scene. Millais is stricken indeed. He knows that the hour-glass is running down. We are walking slowly in the Park. He is just going to abdicate his presidency of the Academy. "I held on to it," he says, "as long as I could, because I wished to secure the succession to my dear old comrade, Leighton. Leighton, my boy, is the greatest draughtsman as draughtsman that England has ever produced." I remember no more and think that his remaining words were about both our families, and so he fades from sight and blossoms into immortality. How the Athenians would have prized his unaffected strength and sense of beauty, his readiness of tongue! Though no orator, how quick he was in repartee! When my father was himself a dying man he met Millais quietly at dinner in the house of a mutual friend. They were alone, and my father chaffed him about his fortune. "You have only to make a blot in exchange for a hundred pounds." "All right, my dear fellow, give me a pen. *I* will make the blot, and *you* shall hand me the cheque."

On the switchback of the years let me again swing down to the early sixties. Well do I recollect both the building of the great organ in the Albert Hall and the progress of the sculptures round the base of the Albert Memorial—the two structures being irreverently connected as a huge cake and its monster ornament.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen took us privately to see the preparations for the former and I was allowed to rove among the forest of gigantic organ pipes. It formed a colossal litter. I was so small and they so immense that I felt like a Lilliputian among the Brobdingnags. No one can form an idea of those pipes who has not seen them prone on the ground as a child. The Albert Hall was considered perfection, but its acoustic defects became more prominent as it grew up. Yet it was a fitting tribute to the Prince Consort, himself a musician of no mean order. And it has done more to popularize good music than any other influence of its date, for the old St. James's Hall, with its entrancing "Monday Pops," belied their name in appealing most to trained appreciators. As, however, it also became the home of the Christy Minstrels it was "popular" in the extreme, and in early childhood I used often to sing "So early in the morning," "Wait for the waggon," and others of the negro ditties which so captivated the far from musical Mr. Gladstone. I shall always think that the Salvation Army bears the same relation to the High Church as the Moore and Burgess melodies to the Italian opera.

The Albert Hall's interior is noble, and on gala nights in those early days it presented a magnificent spectacle. I particularly remember two—both, unless I mistake, in the seventies. A blaze of beauty and glory adorned the first, as, waiting for the carriage in the hall, a short, dark figure, with a beautiful young lady by his side, came up to my father and claimed an old acquaintanceship in China. It was Arthur Sassoon, whom my father at first failed to recognize, because in China he had not worn the European garb. And the beautiful young lady whom he introduced to us was his bride, née Nina Perugia. Both in stature and bearing her husband seemed the antithesis of his tall, smiling, handsome brother, Reuben.

The second fête-night was in my Oxford days. It was the end of the term. The present Lord Milner had done me the kindness of sitting up all night while I finished at high pressure a prize-essay. After that all-night sitting I sallied forth at seven and rowed on the river. In the afternoon I packed up and hurried home for the summer vacation. I found that I was just in time for a box at the Albert Hall. Not a whit jaded—

for youth is youth—I gladly accompanied my parents, to find that our neighbours were none other than the two beautiful Misses Tennant, of Richmond Terrace, the future Lady Stanley, whom Millais painted as a girl hesitating over a written proposal of marriage which she holds in her hands, and the future wife of Myers, the poet whom Watts portrayed. I fear that my parents found me sadly restless and inattentive that evening till the interval enabled me to enter the next box. We shall encounter the Tennants again when I peep at the seventies.

It was, I think, through Mr. Westmacott, whose daughters we knew, that I was admitted to see the unfinished sculptures round the base of the Memorial, ere the stooping pose of its hero under his rococo canopy had disfigured the whole. Its procession of poets, artists and musicians, so sensitive, so living, made even a little boy feel their immortality and their kinship. Some of them seemed even more impressive than when they were completed. The huge groups at the four corners were still rough-hewn and the blocks of Empire looked all the greater for their unshaped shapeliness. Our London climate, however, is a cruel stepmother to sculpture and perhaps the present century is ungrateful to the Victorian sculptors, some of whom could rival Flaxman, and surpass Thorwalsden and Canova. In connection with the former an unfamiliar story of the Frankfort Rothschild may be worth recounting. He once gave a brilliant party in honour of the statuesque Dane. As Thorwalsden was leaving and thanking his host for the welcome that he had received and the beauty that he had seen, Rothschild said : " On the contrary. It is we who are your debtors, for all who behold you might be pardoned for imagining that you yourself are perhaps your own *chef d'œuvre.*"

But a third chapter of my life was now to open. My health, so the doctor said, needed country air ; I was little more than eight years old, and my parents with many misgivings decided that for a space I must leave home before a private school could be chosen. Mr. Eaton told my father of Mr. Hutton, the vicar of Hemel Hempstead, who received several boys in a like predicament and superintended their education—a school, yet not a school. After a painful parting I was taken down to Hemel

Hempstead on a sadly contrasting summer's morning. Educational surroundings have altered so greatly in our heyday of "emancipation," that my experiences may be worth a retrospect. They shall be "continued in our next"—that world-worn formula for the vermicular narrative of a truant pen.

> . . . twisting and turning,
> Going to work
> Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork.

CHAPTER III

Interval

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, when I knew it, was a picturesque old-world township completely severed from Boxmoor. The vicarage was a roomy house with a gay garden. The vicar, Mr. Hutton (the father of my first Harrow housemaster), was one of the few genuine evangelicals left—almost a Calvinist. He was very tall, very kind and very strict, with the most warm-hearted wife possible and two nice little sons, one of whom, Ralph, eventually went into the Navy. The other pupils when I arrived were but three. We were carefully mothered, not only by Mrs. Hutton but by a delightful old nurse, Mrs. Page. At the outset we were taught by two successive governesses, one elderly and plain, whose boots, together with a glass of eau-de-Cologne and water immersing a tooth-brush upside down, were, why I know not, deposited every morning outside the door of a bedroom communicating with our study. The next, younger and skittish, flirted with the curate, a lanky red-faced individual with small watery eyes. Eventually, however, we had a capital tutor, Mr. Strickland, who afterwards married a lady well known to my family and settled down in Ambleside. Our Sundays were awful. The green missionary-box, with its varnished panorama of niggers under palm-trees, inaugurated the fast, and its voracious slit exacted our pennies like some post office of piety. When we were not at church, we were set down to paint texts—especially "Thou God Seest Me" with a robin holding a sprig of holly in the "T" and the very dustiest gold paint in the world wherewith to emblazon it. We grew sick of being so incessantly surveyed by the Eye Divine. By a secular concession we *were* allowed a short afternoon walk in the adjacent park of the big house which belonged to the Astley Coopers. But even this occasion was improved by holding up its owner—an apparently harmless celibate with an eye-glass, one glass eye,

and long black whiskers—as an awful example of profligacy personified. Could he perhaps have been what the circulars of wine-merchants catalogue as " Amoroso : nice character " ? At nightfall we were condemned to a maddening scripture game. A little pasteboard box was put upon the table. It held many compartments, in each of which was hidden a rolled-up and numbered scroll, while a little paper reference book was jealously guarded by Mr. Hutton. You pulled out a scroll at random. It contained a text, and if you guessed the chapter and verse corresponding to the booklet's number, why, it counted one to *you*. A perfect end, this, surely, to a perfect day. We were, of course, treated to Mrs. Sherwood's " Little Henry and his Bearer Boosey "—a veritable child's guide to Indian pieties, and to her immortal " Fairchild Family," both parts of which brightened boyhood with its unconscious humour. Its Sunday walks dwarfed ours to insignificance and it must, indeed, have been cheering for children to profit by the sight of a malefactor hanging in chains. Each petty escapade in that gloomy round is stigmatized as a sin till vice gains a reactionary attraction.

Mr. Fairchild, it may be observed, in these sermonizing excursions usually soon withdraws himself from his martyred innocents and reads a book (can it have been a novel ?) while they are pretending to enjoy some meagre refection. In this sense he " features " the conventional St. Joseph in the Italian paintings, who, standing or sitting, is always apart and out of the picture. Whatever extremes may profane our twentieth-century Sundays, the Sabbatarianism of the last shed a blight on the budding spirit. Who can wonder that Byron ascribed his errors to the Calvinism of his nurse ?

The weekdays, however, were normal and agreeable. Every one around was good-natured, and the parish might have been that of the Vicar of Wakefield. The old squire, Mr. Thatcher, would invite us to haymaking parties and gooseberry champagne. The young ladies' school, kept by a Miss Innes, was good enough to treat us to lemonade and Mrs. Gatty's " Parables from Nature." We had our lessons and our games, and an old drill-sergeant, with memories of Balaclava, who used to run round the asphalt yard with me on his back, but once, being a trifle less sober than usual, managed to give me a nasty fall. One little

habit of the house must, I fancy, have been unique. For economy's sake, I suppose, each of us, at meals, wore a shining black oilcloth bib ! Nor were we without literature. Mr. Hutton would sometimes of an evening read Shakespeare's " Richard the Third " aloud to us, pausing a moment to point downwards and exclaim with his sonorous voice : " O, Richard, Richard, where are you now ? "

I remember three little episodes which may be worth chronicling. The first scene, on a lovely mid-day, is that of a smart open carriage with gay outriders in light blue jackets and white beaver hats. Inside, a slim, dashing patrician with a black moustache and nestling by him a good and good-natured looking young lady beaming as the rustic crowd huzza'd. It was the Duke of Teck with his bride, Princess Mary of Cambridge, driving from their wedding en route for their honeymoon at Ashton Park—the seat of Earl Brownlow.

The second scene is a complete contrast. Those wonder-workers, the Davenport brothers, with their magic cupboard, were then in full swing. You might tie them up there with knots of iron, but, hey presto ! in a trice, like politicians in distress, they escaped laughing from their hiding place which, of course, you were at liberty to explore. Hemel Hempstead did not often experience such thrills, and, indeed, it was not the brothers whom we were permitted to see. Flaming advertisements heralded the approach of a Signor Rubini (the admired-in-ordinary of every European Court), who would outdo the Davenports. The night arrived and the Town Hall was packed as the wheeled cupboard appeared amid tumultuous applause, and after it Signor Rubini. He was a lean, pallid gentleman in a greasy dress suit embellished with a ribbon which some took, by the law of contraries, to be that of the Bath. A little speech followed in broken English. Let anyone who liked examine the cupboard to prove that there was no deception, let anyone who liked step up from the audience and tie him up in any knots they liked. They could not like them more than he would like them. Within half an hour he would be free. In fact there was nobody who liked everything that anybody else liked more than Signor Rubini.

The village plumber and his son—Hale by name and hale

by nature—at once stood up to accept the challenge. They knotted him with cords so heavy and in toils so intricate, that the poor fellow winced, though throughout " he smiled a sort of sickly smile " as a proof of unfailing confidence. The door of the cupboard was then solemnly locked. Half an hour passed—but no Signor Rubini. Three quarters of an hour, and still not a sign. The audience became restive, till suddenly a piteous moan was heard, and Mr. Hale stepped up and forced the door. They were closeted together for a few breathless moments during which the ropes were being hacked at by a big clasp-knife. Gasping, haggard, perspiring with agony, emerged the defeated man with his stolid companion. We sincerely pitied him, but I grieve to relate that his attempted explanation was hissed by several. How merciless some folks can be to the unsuccessful!

The third experience was less dramatic. There was a combined chemist and stationer in the High Street of grave and Noah-like aspect. I made some trifling purchase there and received in the change what purported to be a florin. It was very worn and thin, a curious outlandish coin, and it must have been Mr. Hutton who told me that round its rim was a Latin motto : " *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*" In a word—it was an Armada medal—a fact that set my heart romantically throbbing. By what strange migrations through the centuries had this historic harbinger of triumph reached that humble shop? But, alas, somehow, somewhere it vanished—" *Afflavit Deus et dissipatur.*"

At the close of nigh two years, I brought back a prize " for good conduct " in the shape of the Milton which I use to this day. An affectionate inscription in the pretty handwriting of dear Mrs. Hutton still prefaces it, and I had already been rewarded with a silver pencil case for learning the first four hundred lines of " Paradise Lost " off by heart. And so farewell to dear old Hemel Hempstead, and the best of good people in it. It was a Paradise Lost.

At last I was to make the acquaintance of a real private school—the choice of some Harrovian friends whose son had been there. It was called The Rookery, and its place was Headington Hill, near Oxford. The proprietor and headmaster was a retired clergyman, the Reverend

J. A. W. Taylor, whom we profanely spoke of as the jacket and waistcoat tailor. He looked very like what I imagine Prospero to have been, a benevolent wizard with a flowing white beard. The old house was winning, with spacious rooms and an enchanter's garden. Everywhere hung eighteenth-century pictures, for his grandmother, I believe, had been one of the many Court-painters to George III. Mr. Taylor was really a man of mark, a wide-minded scholar, very perceptive and intellectual. One of his daughters was an accomplished artist and did your humble servant the honour of portraying him in oils. The nearness to Oxford, the breezes of the hill and Mr. Taylor's own instruction distinguished the school from many others. But one drawback there was for the greater part of the two years that I spent there—the under-masters. An odd set they certainly were. The first was a Pole, a Mr. Dembski, a mysterious and black-bearded being married to a wife much older than himself. Was he an exile, could he have been a refugee? Or what else? Who can say? His learning was vast, but his ways were wondrous. Our washing place was a long basement room abutting on playing fields. It contained numbers of tin basins, in several of which he actually kept and cherished snakes. Never shall I forget my horror of these reptiles. Then he would write down the Lord's Prayer in I cannot recall how many languages—at any rate in every European one, including the dead tongues, and modern Greek; in Arabic too, in Persian, in Hebrew, in Syriac. And he offered a prize for the boy who could transcribe the most. But his cricket was pitiable, much worse than that of the tiniest girl.

His successor, however, was English and fond of games, but he was rough, not always ready, and somewhat of the school-board order. The last was infinitely the best—a jolly, red-haired Yorkshireman with a shrewd humour and many sympathies. He it was who first introduced me to "Nicholas Nickleby," which, to this day, remains my favourite among the creations of the great uncommercial traveller for humanity. He read it to us aloud on winter evenings, varying his expressive voice to suit each part, and his impersonation of John Browdie could not have been surpassed by the author himself.

Those were not the days when schoolboys were spared discomfort. The pampered pupils of our softer twentieth century

would have turned up their noses at our surroundings. We were taught to swim in the old-fashioned manner of being tied to a rope dangling from a super-fishing rod. Our bedrooms were bare and their beds procrustean. Our provender was such that I call to mind a feeling of envy when I read in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," or is it "Peveril of the Peak?" the episode of the *chef* riding in the epicurean's retinue and the accident that overturned his delicious sauces. But we were all the better for these comparative hardships, which were much mitigated by the jovial manservant, Billy, who had been a scout in an Oxford college.

We used to be taken in pairs for tedious walks, and when caterpillars were in season we found a strange pleasure in collecting them from the hedgerows. I regret to say that we would import our little tin boxes of them into the damp and ancient Headington Church, where we profaned the service by surreptitiously letting the caterpillars loose to race each other. A very, very old gentleman was the rector, with a voice as muffled as a funeral bell. His sermons were not inspiring. One, I think, took for its text "Huzz his first-born and Buzz his brother." What he made of it, as was said of the Peace of Utrecht, passes understanding. Another was on the Flood. "The first day it rained," huskily began the preacher, "there was nothing remarkable in that. The second day it rained: there was nothing so *very* remarkable in that," and so forth, "but when it still rained on the fourteenth day, then it began to be something very, very remarkable indeed." It is not always the country parson who fails to interest, his hearers are often the offenders. A village clergyman, on the eve of his departure to take up the post of chaplain to some London prison, opened his farewell sermon by saying that he was going to make another and less tangible departure. He was going to reserve his text till the end. "All these years," he proceeded, "you have taken little interest in the parish, in the services, and, I fear, none in me. As you know, I have reluctantly accepted the post of a prison chaplain. And now for my text: 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

Two years had elapsed and the time came for Harrow, where my uncle, who used to drive up to Headington with some of his roystering Oxford companions and give me an outing, had

been in the fifties. Mr. Taylor had a son-in-law, a Mr. Young, the incumbent of Ovington, with a quiverful of children, and thus fully equipped to " cram " candidates for a public school examination. So to Ovington, though I think I could have passed Youngless, I was consigned. It was a pleasant Buckinghamshire village. And there was a Lady Bountiful of the parish as there had been near Hemel Hempstead. Both still wore the curliwigs of the Lawrence period, and nothing could exceed her generosity. She gave us the free run of her luxuriant gardens and made us run races for a prize that I won. It was a new book, " Agathos," an allegory by " Soapy Sam," Bishop of Oxford. That indeed was the very prime of other-worldly romances and I remember one given to me by Mr. Hutton entitled " The Old Helmet." It blended flirtation with evangelism and its coloured frontispiece depicted a spick-and-span missionary standing on the doorsteps of a stately country house before which a charming young lady was about to dismount from a well-bred horse. Years onwards I came across two of these gems. One was called " Ada in Jerusalem " ; it masked the pushing precocity of a self-conscious coquette under the veil of a sacred zeal. The second was the diary of a pietist philanderer, rife with such passages as " X, an infidel, called on me yesterday." And, later, on the top of these, ensued a long succession of episcopal memoirs, the death-bed scenes of which exhibited such exclamations as: "About this time he began to call loudly for water and the Archbishop of Canterbury." I cannot but think it well that this kind of falsetto fiction has gone out of vogue, for it forwarded neither holiness nor romance.

But before I proceed with the springtide of life at Harrow, a brief interlude must be sketched. Our Christmases were passed at my grandmother's house near Eccles, then wholly countrified. It was what the auctioneers term " the Georgian mansion," an alluring abode, which must have imbued me with my lifelong enthusiasm for the eighteenth century. Its rambling corridors, its classical pillars and proportions, its mahogany doors, its gardens, fields and Queen Anne stables, to me seemed a dream. My young uncles were full of fun. Both of them hunted a great deal, and the Balliol undergraduate used to bring his friskiest Oxford friends to join our Christmas reunion. It could

boast a laundry and a brew-house; I can still smell the liquor in the trough of the back-yard—such beer as is not now procurable. We skated and acted and danced and played billiards to our hearts' content. And when I was very little I used to be set on a table to sing "I am the Gorilla of Monsieur Chaillu," or another ditty of the day, "Not for Joseph." The Darbyshires (their son was famous in the Oxford boat), the Langtons, the Birleys, were perpetual visitors. An ancient butler was my friend and patron, while the old lady's maid (who wore a china brooch enamelled with the "Lord's Supper") used to spoil me with her dainties. Sometimes when my parents were abroad I would stay there in summer when the archery-parties, which Leech has immortalized, with their climax of dances, were in full swing. Two aged servants in Lincoln green would stand at each target, pull out the arrows, and report the results.

How well do I remember coming thither for the summer holidays in 1870, dining on the lawn and an ideal night, and suddenly hearing the announcement of the Franco-Prussian War. It seemed as if the firm earth were crumbling beneath us. And the Victorian Insurance Company had received a heavy shock. After the 1862 Exhibition war had seemed a chimera, and who knew what might happen in the face of portents so perilous? Though the crisis did not embroil us, it was in fact an overture to the great tragedy of the Great War. But those who live near Vesuvius are seldom afraid. Our home horizon soon cleared and the apprehension vanished. As a lady who had been shipwrecked once wrote to a friend: "How nice it is once more to be on terra firma—you feel no terror and the ground is ever so much firmer."

Once, when my grandmother was away on a visit, that roguish old butler did what he ought not to have done and whisked me off to a Lancashire fair, now extinct—the Eccles Wakes. There were countless shows. The fat lady, of course, who tripped down a creaking plank in short tartan skirts without breaking it. The Living Skeleton—heralded by a big daub outside his booth portraying him as he appeared in tights when under anxious examination by all the pundits of St. Bartholomew's, while, inside, a rather bibulous person took great pains to assure us, before the collection box went round, that he was liberally

nourished from his own table. There was another tent with an illuminated transparency advertising the unparalleled picture of the death of General Wolfe; if you passed it the indignant proprietor gibed at you with: "Go to your twopenny bull-dogs; *you* don't care for *h*art, *you* don't."

Then there was the Blue Horse, "same as was shown to and bid for by 'Is Royal 'Ighness the Prints of Wales." But above all there was the booth-theatre, where, I presume with impropriety, we witnessed an extraordinary old play picked up from some book-barrow. It was entitled "The Wife of Seven Husbands." There was an elderly married Lothario dressed, as far as possible, in the garb of Charles II, his lace ruffles being manifestly manufactured out of a cut-up petticoat. There was an hypothetically young wife of jaundiced appearance, who, when Lothario taunted her with a lack of confidence, exclaimed: "Faithless! I could trust ye *h*alone in an *H*indian 'arem." But the crowning stroke was the duel scene in "Goodman's Fields." The hero had given the Lothario aforesaid his death-thrust, and this was his dying curse: "May your wife run away from ye, may your cheeildren desert ye——" (pause). "May ye lose yer *h*appetite," and with this he died.

My parents saw no harm in taking me very early to the real theatre. At the old Lyceum were being performed a series of edifying historical plays. I call to mind an Italian one of some vague period in the Renaissance. The stout Mrs. Elseworthy was the Queen of somewhere or another, as she generally was, and very imposing she looked. Mr. Widdicombe played the comic villain, and Mr. Emery (was he the father or grandfather of Mrs. Cyril Maude?) some most important and oracular personage. But what I best recollect was the St. James's, where the fair Miss Herbert charmed us in "She Stoops to Conquer," and where, shortly afterwards, the vivacious Mrs. John Wood quite swept us off our feet. In one play where someone sang the song of the Dutchman, "O vere and o vere is my little wee dog," and in another when she herself warbled "Cherry Ripe," she shone to perfection. If I mistake not Charles Mathews himself figured with her in some romantic comedy, where, turned into a blonde-haired youth, he was hastily hidden in a huge water-butt. A step onwards and I saw Fechter in "Hamlet." Much as he was

admired he did not please my immature mind ; his accent was so marked, his gesture so overdone, and when it came to " Toby orrr not Toby, that is the question," even a bathos supervened. But he was splendid at the Lyceum in the melodramatic " Duke's Motto," and his rolling enunciation of its refrain, " I am here," made every fibre tingle.

Again, who that witnessed them can ever forget those signal plays by Robertson, and their perfect presentation by the Bancrofts at the Royalty Theatre ? " Caste " with the quaint Honeyman as Eccles, " Society " with Bancroft as the Swell, " Ours " with its Crimean hut ; I saw and loved them all from the first. The freshness of their stage-nature, the sparkle of their spontaneity were fitting vents for the inexhaustible naturalness of the late Lady Bancroft, who as Marie Wilton enthralled every section of her audience. The play of her mind and countenance, her rainbow-changes of pertness and pathos, were such as no generation is likely in that setting to see again. And Miss Fanny Josephs, too, was the incarnation of Thackeray's Ethel Newcome when she acted the part of an arch young heroine.

Tom Robertson—who by the way was the first author of " David Garrick "—the youngest brother of Mrs. Kendal, was indeed the Anthony Trollope of our stage. He realized a social cycle with minute fidelity : his characters were not merely types, but persons. And when some of his plays were revived by the Bancrofts in their Haymarket environment, I cannot but think that they lost by the finery of their surroundings. My dear old friend, Dauglish, was a favourite of Lady Bancroft, and once she actually called out *sotto voce* to him in the front row of the stalls with a twinkle in her eye and cigar case in her hand : " Try a cigar, Daugles ! " Just as Bancroft always seemed to me the impersonation of a military Apollo, so his wife was the very embodiment of Thalia, and, were there not parallel examples, it might seem strange that she should have started in burlesque. Both in face and talent she closely resembled the eighteenth-century Mrs. Abington when she took the town by storm on the first night of that " School for Scandal," which the Bancrofts were to revive so early in their Haymarket régime, and to perpetuate by the minuet-curtain painted by Val Prinsep, whom

I well remember as a bearded *bon vivant.* What prophetess could have foretold Marie Wilton's future when she played at the Strand ?

And if such a Delphic Pythoness had existed one might well have plumbed the depths of divination. When I was at Harrow a lady used to advertise that for half a crown she would tell your character by your handwriting, and for five shillings your future in addition. I sent her the higher fee and was only assured that one day I should

> Make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand sweet song.

This, I fear, has not been fulfilled. As for the Egyptian art of palmistry, I have always thought that it works by a dangerous suggestion. Everyone likes to hear about him or herself for half an hour, and what is heard accomplishes itself—second-sight, on the other hand, is a faculty with foundations.

About this very time my grandmother told me of a curious personal experience in the debatable ground of clairvoyance, then chiefly regarded as a black art. A friend of hers, wife to a professor of moral philosophy, had a son in Australia, from whom for close on a year she had heard nothing. Consumed with anxiety she resolved to consult a Manchester clairvoyante. But—so helpful when put to the touch is moral philosophy—she dreaded to go alone into the cave of this Witch of Endor. So grandmother was induced to support her. Together they drove to the mean street which the far-seeing " Lizzie " inhabited. They found a perfectly ignorant, ordinary woman, who forthwith fell into a trance with her eyes open. Suddenly, word by word and step by step, she described the unknown place where the son was living. She beheld him just recovering from a long illness, at length sitting down to write to his mother. And, before she came to, she announced that the letter of good cheer would shortly arrive. And so in due course it happened. Is it not quite possible that this gift of the far-sight may be one of those primitive senses—like the far-hearing and the far-scent—that civilization has extinguished save in the primitives, who are often among the commonest and the least instructed ? How is it that to this day there are still places where somehow the

aborigines get wind of occurrences hundreds of miles away? It is absurd to classify a faculty like this with spirit-rapping or planchette. It is a survival of what once may have been a sixth or a seventh sense.

Such, save for a brief visit to Paris, in 1867, were my main experiences before I entered on that Harrow life which was to colour and cheer the whole of my own, at once the source and the salt of inspiration:

> . . . That schoolboy spot
> We ne'er forget though there we are forgot.

There are no friendships like those at a public school, none that both share and impart so much with such meaning. As Harrow's own poet sang in the face of the shadows:

> Ye friends of my childhood, whose loved recollection
> Compared with the present embitters the past,
> Where memory first dawned on the powers of reflection
> And friendships were formed too romantic to last.

But this last line is a contradiction in terms. If the romance will not last, the friendship is worth nothing. For romance is the recognition of wonder, habit its obliteration. The friendship that feeds on custom is a second-hand suit, outworn ere you wear it.

CHAPTER IV

Harrow

THERE is a magic that clings to an Acropolis. Athens, Jerusalem, Rome, each has renowned her sacred mount and temple of inspiration. Harrow is the Acropolis of England. Muses and memories still haunt the hill crowned by a church of which Charles II said that it was the only "visible church" known to him. As our modest old Latin song—now disused—has it :

Super campos caput tollis,
Quam dilecta nostra Collis.
Praestas ceteris Parnassis.
Vix unius valent assis.

which I may be allowed thus to render :

Proudly o'er the plains extended,
Rear a head beloved, befriended,
Prize-Parnassus, queen of many !—
Scarce the rest are worth a penny.

It was a damp October evening in 1868 when my father took his inwardly trembling boy to Mr. Hutton's small house on the steep approach to the school. The cold stars twinkled through mist. The school bell was ringing and my heart sank within me :

Five hundred faces, and all so strange !
Life in front of me—home behind.
I felt like a waif before the wind,
Tossed on an ocean of shock and change.

Words of welcome were spoken by Mrs. Hutton the first, a daughter of Mr. Harris, that "under-master" on whose commemorative sundial is inscribed "True to Time and Thee." Mr. Hutton, with an air of "Here's richness for you," showed us my room with its two fold-up beds. Another fresh victim

stood there whom his mother was helping to unpack. His name was Tayleur. He was to become, and, thank heaven, still remains, my greatest friend. One last good-bye, and we were left alone.

Years afterwards my dear Dr. Butler told me of his own homesickness when his father, Dr. Butler the first, Byron's head master, deposited him with their devoted Dr. Vaughan. "After he had bidden me farewell," he said, with that pointed inimitable emphasis of his, "a great big boy who was to share my room, came up to me and thrust a penknife into my wrist, saying (in his punctuated accents): 'There's for you, you *littel something.*'"

Our Harrow of the sixties was still very much as Sheridan, Byron, Peel and Palmerston had left it. The wavering High Street, the wholly rural surroundings, were unchanged. Only the indistinguishable counterpart of the old school building which Dr. Butler the first had set up, the newer school buildings, the chapel (a miniature of Sainte Chapelle), the Vaughan Library and Terrace were additions. You reached the place from Euston and took double the time that an age of speed has quickened. Once there you might have been a hundred miles away from "The smoke, the wealth, the roar of Rome." The "tuck" shops, where we had so often to eke out our slender rations, were simple, but Fuller's was famous. There it was that I first perused the jargon of the law, for her hot sausages would sometimes be wrapped up in ancient documents on which the words: "Now This Indenture Witnesseth" were prominent.

When, two years or so onwards, I came to edit "The Harrovian" with George Russell and the present Right Honourable Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, we commemorated the sallow Miss Fuller by a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens," the last line of each stanza being not "*Zoe mou sas agapo*" but "*Chacun, chacun a son gout.*"

Maid of Fuller's ere we part
Give, O give me back the tart,
Or, if that has left the shop,
An acidulated drop.
Something sweet and soft to chew—
Chacun, chacun à son gout.

. . . . .

Dunbar Plunket Barton, George W. E. Russell, Walter Sichel
(as co-editors of "The Harrovian").

By those messes undefined
Dear to each Harrovian mind,
By yon fly embalmed in stew,
Chacun, chacun à son gout.

Besides Fuller's there was in summer Nery's for a somewhat chemical lemonade, and Smith (with a beauteous daughter) for iced strawberry mashes. And there was Sergeant Hutton, the grocer, who kept a back shop for tea and muffins to refresh us after "footer." It was rumoured that this enterprising tradesman sometimes supplied the headmaster with wines, in handing which (when monitors were the guests) his humourous butler would whisper the mock-names of famous vintages.

Two old cadgers then infested the school. For us they formed a kind of low music-hall entertainment, which was periodically proclaimed "out of bounds." "The Man, William Goodge" was an arrant blackguard whom I remember tracking the graceful Dr. Butler as he sailed back from first school and importuning him to buy the "little dawg" which he carried under his arm. Repeated and refined "Go aways" were quite unavailing. At last he stood on the doorstep and took his revenge: "D'yer think I'd sell my little dawg to such a blank, blank, blank as *you?*" For a being so sensitive as was the dear Doctor, this sentence was a penance. But the other, popularly known as "Lord Ambridge" or merely "Bottles" was a merry knave after Shakespeare's own heart. Though he smuggled spirits and hawked ferrets, he was yet a sportsman with a varied répertoire of rascalities. One could not help a sneaking sort of liking for him. He would go out with the harriers riding a jackass in a tattered cap and gown. He would fulminate speeches that would have electrified our present House of Commons. And in our demagogue day—who knows?—he might have risen to be a Cabinet Minister! When Lord George Hamilton revisited the glimpses of the moon some years after he had quitted Harrow, I am credibly informed that he met "Bottles." It was on a sultry afternoon. "How are you, my lord," said Bottles. "Pretty well, thank you, and how, Bottles, are *you*?" "Dry, my lord, dry," was the toper's answer. Let America learn.

Outside these bully-blucks we could boast of "cards." Such was the cheery old "Custos" or head porter, the vendor of

cricket bats, racquets, and footballs, on all of which he was an expert authority. With his mulberry face and front protuberance he looked the living image of Mr. Weller, senior. There was "Dumps," too, the bellringer, with a trepanned head, and "Noggs." The former with his grin was piquantly personal. After I sang much in the school concerts he would always eye me askew whenever he passed, piping out in a mock falsetto:

> Early one mor-or-ning jest as the sun was ri-i-sing
> I heard a maiden singing-ing in the vall-i-ly below:
> "O never lea-ea-ve me,
> O don't de-cei-ei-ve me,
> How could you u-u-use a poor-oor maiden so?"

There were marked characters, too, among the masters. The primeval Mr. Middlemist (my uncle's house-master in Dr. Vaughan's day) taught arithmetic, while old Mr. Marillier—"Tique" (or, strictly speaking, "Teek")—by some bureaucratic excrescence took charge of mathematics as well as Mr. Hayward—"*Tria juncta in uno*," to which Mr. Bushell was to be added. Mr. Middlemist seemed to be a dry precisian, but to me he was ever expansive and indulged me in the same two exercises of Colenso's vulgar fractions during the whole of my Harrow career. They were all that I was fit for and I never managed to solve even them quite correctly. Others, however, were not so favoured. There was a boy named Gordon Cumming who was notoriously slack, and to this day I can see the crook of Mr. Middlemist's lean forefinger as he beckoned to him, saying in his withered voice: "Gordon Cumming, Gordon Cumming, some boys are idle and some indolent. *You're* both." I am no master of style, but never could I fathom this fine distinction. Apropos of Colenso, when I read him as a human document I found a number of exercises on pecuniary embarrassments such as: "A, a bankrupt, can only pay two shillings in the pound. B, one of his creditors, has put in a claim for ten thousand," and so forth. This close eye on the Portugal Street shrine of insolvency never struck me as natural till I heard that long before he became an African bishop and convulsed the orthodox by faint heresies he was rumoured to have been in financial straits. This may not have been true, but after all

mathematicians are flesh and blood, and something autobiographical may well vitalize the skeletons of their abstracts.

Mr. Middlemist, I believe, had something to do with the London and North-Western Railway, but he never spoke of his private concerns. Through his reticence he was reputed a bachelor, but when he died two young Masters Middlemist followed the hearse—a surprise that flustered the Harrow dovecote. I was told that his widow—a most respectable housekeeper—had for years, and by her own choice, been relegated to the Kentish coast.

Another " drôll " was Mr. Steel, a man of classical achievements and venerable appearance, much resembling the picture of " Old Agrippa," the wizard of nursery rhyme. He was the only person I ever knew who always carried a blue umbrella, and, to my amazement, when I went up to Oxford, I found that these same blue umbrellas had migrated to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Nettleship, a scholar of scholars. He had a rich, juicy voice, and as a clergyman, would occupy our chapel pulpit some twice a term. The sermons were peculiar. One, I remember, introduced a lady nurse during the American War who, as she passed through the wards of the wounded, " when she perceived from the sufferer's pallid cheeks and ebbing breath that recovery was hopeless, laid on the pillow— " here a pause and a rolling of the " r "—" a rose. But when she saw the faint flush of returning health mantling on the patient's cheek, would on his pillow lay—a bun." And the bun-bathos was delivered with a long drawn-out solemnity. In form, however, he was a Draco, and there was a shocking irony in his tone when he told some transgressor : " Very well, then, *we* will write out five hundred lines." This was accepted literally, and the boy only wrote two hundred and fifty, after the model of the creditor in the parable. A sad irony attended his own death. Before his retirement his admirers presented him with a desired billiard table. But he did not live to use it and it only availed to support his coffin.

Mr. Steel's house was The Grove, the dwelling which Sheridan had rented for nearly a year after he first entered parliament. There he lived in great style, as usual on expectations and not unlike Colenso's " A, a bankrupt." His coach drove to and from London most days or nights during the session and there exists an old coloured print of his ample stables that still front

the high road. There his lovely and sometimes lonely wife sang her angelic songs. There Burke came down to visit him and wheeled his child's perambulator on the green before the old King's Head Inn. As a Harrow boy, with his parents absent in France, Sheridan had always been forlorn, out-at-elbows and mutinous, and it must have pleased him to air his nursling fame near the old school where Dr. Parr had already predicted his brilliant future.

Mr. Hayward (a fourth mathematical master) presided over The Park. If I remember, he wore a velvet waistcoat, but little else do I recollect about him except his tawny beard. Round The Park, however, a romance still hovers. It had been the fine villeggiatura of Lord Northwick, who, in the early nineteenth century invited Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton and a distinguished party to meet their old friend the Duke of Sussex for the Harrow speech day. I wonder whether Lady Hamilton heard Byron as Zanga on that occasion. That the boys cheered both her and the hero of the Nile is a foregone conclusion.

And why, I wonder, in a school so classical, was there, later, still a fifth teacher of mathematics, the Reverend Done Bushell, from whom—to mend me for Middlemist—I received some extra tuition? Antiquarian, divine, the owner of Caldy Island leased to Anglican monks, he was what the French call *un original.* His humour was rollicking and not always conscious. He would speak in deep jerky accents of the Fourth Form as " The Fourth the Form," and George Russell commemorated these idiosyncrasies in a satire worthy of Pope, one couplet of which may here be quoted :

> But hapless Somers bowed beneath the storm
> And fled ejected to " The Fourth the Form."

In his classroom hung black replicas of the brasses on the tombs of our founder, John Lyon, and his wife. Time had eliminated the upper part of one and the lower part of the other, and few who heard it will forget the quaint language and characteristic chuckle with which Mr. Bushell pointed out these defects to his pupils. After Mr. Middlemist's day he would read part of the chapel service and happily was to return after many years of regretted absence to his old vocation. Always it seemed to me that when the turn came for this part of the responses, Dr. Butler was resolved

to outrun them. Each would dwell on "Have mercy upon us," but the head master would catch him up prematurely and prolong the petition. It was a sort of race between them. Sometimes Mr. Bushell used to preach and one of his sermons in which he emphasized and emulated St. Paul's converted exultation stays with me: "I am a thief—but what o' that? I am a murderer, but what o' that?" And so on. There was something that bordered on the comic about these incongruous confessions shouted out on his fervidest top-note. One had only to look on his hearty face with its pleasant twinkle to realize the discrepancy.

In the same way, but in a far different manner, Mr. Watson, my future house-master, who was to decoy me from my small house, would always provoke a smothered smile by one sentence in his prayer before Sunday supper, which he read in tones deliberately dry and pedantic. "We know," it ran, "and our consciences know also, whether we are, or are likely to be, any the better for what we have heard this day." It was the "or likely to be," I imagine, that made us profane. By the way, the same conscientious instructor, who was very proud of his wife being a Digby (connected also with Lord Belper), would inquire of the second fifth form as to who had won some small naval battle. Every boy gave the sole name that he knew, quite regardless of period—Drake, Nelson, St. Vincent. "No, quite wrong—wrong again," "Vanity" would repeat. "Can none of you tell me who won it? Then I must tell you. Mrs. Watson's great-uncle." Mr. Watson's *sobriquet* sprang partly from his good-looking, clearly-chiselled face, and partly, I was told, from the fancy waistcoats of his bachelor efflorescence. Mr. Watson, a fellow of All Souls, was most honourable but rather pompous, with scanty tact and a hypersensitiveness to ridicule. When I was in his house we instituted a kind of mock "Masters' Meeting," in which we imitated our rulers. Unfortunately he stood listening through the keyhole at the very moment when I was mimicking his voice—so they said—to the life.

I was then a monitor and this was *lèse-majesté* with a vengeance. He took occasion to set me "lines" afterwards on some pretext of laxity in keeping order. No monitor would tolerate such an indignity, so when his servant—a brother of

the proscribed Goodge—came to remind me that I had ignored the penalty and must, though in bed, come down to him immediately, I ventured to present my compliments and tell him that I was asleep. He did not excel in any real sense of humour. When the moment of departure arrived and I expressed a hope that we should see something of his nice son, Arthur, in London, and perhaps go to a theatre together, his answer was: "Oh, please don't say that. We wish to keep him pure." But I am sure that my ebulliences must have tried him sorely and that all of us owed much to his punctilious example and accurate tuition. If only I had realized how human he was underneath so starched an exterior!

But, to return, Mr. Bushell was not only amusing and well informed but very hospitable, and his wife—still happily with us—both lively and pretty. I wonder if the present Sir Charles Metcalfe, of South African fame, remembers a dinner which we both attended. I seem to see him now, a slim, comely youth, old for his years, as he sat on a sofa in Mr. Bushell's drawing-room and flirted with Mrs. Bushell's equally pretty sister. Harrow found no better enthusiast for her than Mr. Bushell, and his carriage regularly attended the Lords cricket matches up to the time of his death. The hot weather would try him sorely, and in this regard one more excerpt from Russell's satire may be given. Its closing line was a ribald Alexandrine:

> . . . The last I saw of him
> He winged his way through air a greasy Seraphim.

There was another worthy, Mr. Bull, whose eccentricities were confined to economy, and he, also, owned a voice among a thousand. It was the custom at the end of term for the house-master to dole out "journey-money." One of his boys—the son of a canon—lived at Leeds, which in those days was a Sabbath day's journey. When his turn came to receive the dole he was presented with fourpence over the price of a third-class railway ticket. The lad stared at the pence. But Mr. Bull was not to be cajoled from the stern path of duty. "Twopence for bun, twopence for glass of beer," he retorted with his Shibboleth way of pronouncing "s's," and then, as a crowning blow, "ample!"

Mr. Rendall, himself the father of a distinguished head master, was both kind and accomplished—an absolute gentleman. But he, too, had a touch of what servants call the "curio." His biblical teaching on Sunday afternoons was a trifle meticulous. Once he was discussing the problem of to whom precisely St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews was addressed. "It is uncertain," he said, speaking through his nose, "whether it was written to a congregation composed entirely of Jews or to a mixed congregation of Jews and Gentiles, or to a congregation composed of Greeks and Hebrews, or of Hebrews and Romans, or to a congregation——" It was summer, the force of nature could no further go. We slept.

Then—one of Dr. Butler's newer gains—there was Mr. Farrar, the famed author of "Eric, or Little by Little," the future Archdeacon of Westminster and Dean of Canterbury, whom Mr. Jowett once described to me as "all flowers and figures." He was a very able, a most amiable and eloquent classic and preacher. But though his book sentimentalized school life, which it depicted far less robustly than Hughes had done in his "Tom Brown," Mr. Farrar never understood boys. For him they were little barbarians whom he rejoiced to civilize. When he took—was it the Third Fifth?—Form he would set subjects for a short English poem to be written in half an hour, as if Harrow retailed Byrons. One of the themes was "Samson"—I presume because we were "Philistines." Only one of the productions comes back to me and one verse only of that, but it was priceless:

> Samson was a valiant man,
> A member of the Tribe of Dan,
> And so indeed it came to pass
> That with the jaw-bone of an ass
> He went and slew ten thousand men—
> They never troubled him again.

Poetical himself, he could not suffer the unromantics gladly. "Why," I once heard him exclaim in form to a foreign boy, "why do you gorgonize me with that stony British stare?" The last time I met him was in the precincts of his beloved Canterbury Cathedral—as warm-hearted, as interesting, as cordial, as little the set dignitary of the Church as ever. His picturesqueness quickened a popular interest in high things where a barer

style would have failed. And though his " Life of Christ " was profanely sneered at as a Cook's excursion it gained a real hold on his generation.

And above all there was Westcott, whose fame both as theologian, thinker, and bishop was to outstrip them all. Pale, ascetic, retiring, shy with the restraint of profundity, he impressed Harrow without influencing it. He could not stamp his perfect character on boys who faintly discerned the spiritual power within him. The gentle conscience, the deep study they perceived, but it did not grip them. To sway boys you must be more spectacular than such a nature ever can be.

Another of our newer masters was the preceptor of that science which our deaf ignorance derided. Dr. Butler's brother-in-law was Sir Francis Galton, and, with the statesmanship that always distinguished our great head master, he early realized the modern necessity for scientific education. So in he called Mr. Griffith to teach us what our stupidity nicknamed " Stinks." I grieve to say—and the fault was ours—that his lessons were a farce. Mr. Griffith was a shrinking man, who confronted a set of boyish ruffians. His experiments, his coloured lights, air pumps, and retorts were regarded both as idle amusements and targets for ridicule. Some would exhaust the air pump before the lesson simply for the malicious pleasure of watching him pump the air in again. Others would spill his mercury. One boy, a smart, clever American, blasé before he came to us, who seemed some seventy years old, would languidly clap his hands at the rainbow-lights and cry " Bwavo " in a Dundreary drawl. The poor man was beside himself and we learned as much about science as he did about fair play.

We had two masters of modern languages—a further innovation. The distinguished M. Masson, who wore the gown of Bordeaux University, taught French, and while he did manage to keep order, found it hard to import accent. He was so facetious that we were always laughing with him instead of (as was then the hard experience of many a Frenchman) at him. I remember one of his stories. An Englishman in a French railway carriage who wanted the blinds drawn down politely asked the Frenchman nearest the window to " *Tirer les aveugles.*" It was not very good, but it served his purpose. He was most versatile. When

I was competing for the Bourchier History Prize, the period being that of Ferdinand and Isabella, he gave trenchant lectures on the Moors in Spain, and I recollect that one of his headings ran: "Quarls in the Araym," which was discovered to signify "Quarrels in the Harem."

Mr. Ruault, a French-Swiss of the serenest and most gentlemanlike demeanour, by some strange anomaly taught us German, the result being that a native of Rhineland was heard one speech-day inquiring what language was being spoken in a scene from Lessing's "Mina von Barnhelm." Moreover John Smith, that beloved old latter-day saint who daily trudged in his plaid shawl from and back to Pinner, humbly content to take the Fourth Form and with simple earnestness to give every new boy a pathetic "pie-jaw" in the Vaughan Library, John Smith, I repeat, always referred to Goethe's "Italian Journey" as "Italiensky, laddie." This was in no way any fault of Mr. Ruault, who knew German perfectly but was only powerless to implant accent. The blame belonged to a system that allows foreign languages to be learned from non-nationals. After I had secured a firm footing in the school I recall with what amusement I lit on a blue book containing the report of a royal commission appointed some years earlier to ascertain every condition of public school life. Mr. Ruault was asked insinuatingly by these inquisitors where he had learnt German. His frank answer, one recalling the terse thrusts and parries in a Greek tragedy, was this: "I learned German in Germany."

He was not so diplomatic as the dear doctor was when heckled almost offensively concerning the fare furnished in his own house. Questioned as to what the boys were given to eat at luncheon he mellifluously answered: "The same meat or meats as I have at my own table." And, being further worried about eggs for breakfast: "We do not give eggs," he rejoined, "but in some houses there is a large urn in which, if a boy brings an egg, it may be boiled"—a reply, surely, worthy of Metternich—"there is great virtue in an 'if.'" I cannot say that either in my small or my big house the food was always satisfactory. Indeed, I was deputed to petition Mr. Hutton in this regard, and there was a pudding supplied by Mr. Watson before afternoon football that was vulgarly known as "Vanity's hat." But I do not think that

we had much true cause to murmur. The main drawback really was that we were driven to the expensive tuck-shops and that our supplementary hampers from home encouraged parasites. The small beer provided at supper was rightly very small beer indeed, and I remember Bouverie (who wrote "My Friend Jim") being severely punished for shouting at the supper-table: "Please pass me the soap." "What did you say?" asked the injured master with the cry of a pained peacock. "I said the soap, sir." "And what did you mean?" "I meant the cheese, sir."

Three more sketches in this crayon-gallery of our under-masters ere I resume the thread, if indeed a thread it be instead of a tangle. They shall be the vignettes of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Edward Malet Young, and of Mr. Edward Bowen.

Mr. Holmes, known to all as the "Skipper," was our man of the world, his handsome and amiable wife our woman of the world, and his sylph-like eldest daughter our world-débutante. He was a capital fellow and all of us liked him, but the worldly avocations aforesaid did not always please the powers. He even went so far as to sanction private theatricals—the play performed being Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," superintended by the author himself. Long afterwards Sir William told me of the conferences as to censorship that ensued with Dr. Butler. There are perfectly innocent words in this capital play which the fastidious conscience of the Harrovian King Arthur insisted on changing, with the result, as Gilbert assured me, that the lines were spoiled and the curiosity whetted.

We shall meet the English Aristophanes hereafter, but an initial story of his must now be given in his own words. When his "Ruddigore" was produced there was a clamour in some of the newspapers about its title, which, it was urged, tended to connote such a vulgarism as "bloody gore." Gilbert had given his old friend, Boughton, the artist, and his wife, first-night tickets. And Boughton, in his letter of thanks for the great pleasure it had afforded them, owned himself a little inclined to the cavils of these critics. Gilbert himself told me that he penned the following answer: "I am so glad that you both enjoyed yourselves. But I cannot at all agree with you that there is the slightest connection between 'ruddy' and 'bloody.'

For instance, if I were to call your cheek a ' ruddy ' cheek, that would be poetical license. But if I were to call your letter ' bloody ' cheek—that would be the strict truth." Once again, in this connection. Some time in the eighties I was riding in the Row with Frank Lockwood, I think and some friends when Gilbert joined us. Someone mentioned a rather *risqué* French novel. " That, I should suppose," remarked another, " would bring a blush to the cheek of Modesty." " Modesty ! " sharply returned Gilbert, " Cheek ! I never know that modesty *could* have any cheek."

Mr. Holmes was a trifle lax in form and occasionally one could notice a large " crib " protruding from his desk. There was a very solid-and-stolid-looking boy whom we will name " Smith." He was nicknamed " Dagon." Dagon Smith used to do his early morning " con " (construe) with the aid of a crib carefully concealed and eked out with an assumed slowness that simulated difficulty. Then Mr. Holmes, his gaze momentarily averted from his own crib, would thus address his form : " Now, all of you take a leaf out of Smith's book. Smith is not a quick boy. He is not a clever boy, but he is painstaking in the extreme and his perseverance will one day make him a scholar. He sets an example to every one of you."

Conversely, George Russell, my old friend—unhappily now no more—when called on to translate the " Antigone " aloud, would, with literary instinct, render " Μήτης ἐμε " by " Mother mine." " Now," commented the skipper, his eyes glued to his own interpreter, " now listen to Russell. The rest of you would have crudely construed it as ' My mother.' Russell knows better than that. Russell knows poetry. · Russell is versed in poetical idiom. The literary inversion makes all the difference. ' My mother ' is prose. ' Mother mine ' is poetry. Let this be a lesson to you in style."

Mr. Holmes had a true sense of humour and a jolly infectious laugh to express it : there was nothing of the highbrow about him. During the hay season there used to be an irruption of casual tramps who, in every way, proved a pest. It was morning school. A scuffle was heard outside. And suddenly a stumpy, boozy vagrant managed to precipitate himself into the presence. We stopped. Mr. Holmes was just warning the intruder off

when he transformed himself into a suppliant. His pose would have done credit to Drury Lane. He bowed his head, advanced meekly to the platform, then crept on all fours till he reached it and finally knelt down before Mr. Holmes. The scene was irresistible, and there were so many suppliants in the Greek plays with which we were wrestling.

It is out of time, it may be out of place, but in this " half boozy " connection I cannot refrain from citing two of the best stories I know of occasional and pardonable lapsers into imperfect articulation. The chatty chairman of some city dinner had failed to mark how much of the rare vintages he was imbibing. His first toast, of course, was " The King." And this is how he gave it. Raising his glass at a slight angle he solemnly jerked out : " Kinklemen, The Gent ! " The second story shall be as short. A diner-out near Piccadilly was endeavouring to return home, bereft alike of the topographical sense and the chronological. Clutching a policeman with one hand and a lamp-post with the other, he uttered these undying words : " Conshtble, is thish Piccalilly or Wenshday ? "

One parting word about " The Skipper." Whenever he was either in an irritable or a tantalizing mood he had one unfailing recipe—" Two hundred Greek." If boys annoyed him, if the favourite had lost the Derby—" Two hundred Greek." Sometimes he would sort boys into indiscriminate groups, ask them posers and warn them that the consequence of answering out of turn would be the charge of " The two hundred." And, misliking the master in the adjoining form-rooms, he aired another trick of obliquely scathing him. Pleased or displeased, he would ejaculate : " You had better say that to the fellow in the next room." Who that fellow was no wild horses shall drag from me. And if I were pressed I could only repeat the toper's Wenshday just mentioned—" Piccalilly or Wenshday."

Mr. Young, a super-refined Etonian, might have been shocked at this solecism. He was well aware of being the nephew of the poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, and all about him was of the neatest and prettiest. Though, after he quitted Harrow, he was to marry and then blossomed into being the strong head master of the ancient Sherborne School, robustness never struck me as his forte at Harrow. Indeed, with all his accomplishments he

appeared to me (and I had to bring him Latin exercises) somewhat finicking and even feminine. But what boy can judge of his judges? He seemed to me to have never experienced any of life's rough-and-tumble and gave me the perhaps false impression of a hothouse plant. But such are ever the ways of cultivated coteries as I have found to *their* cost a thousand times over. It is no good being second-hand, yet this was the *métier* of Victorian "Cultchaw," and Agag surely must have belonged to it when he approached Saul, so "delicately." This, however, only applies to Mr. Young's outlook. A first-rate versifier and classic, he once showed me some playful stanzas that he had composed as an advertisement for Field's Ozokerit Candle. The first stanza sticks in my mind:

A martyr burning to the end,
Oh, who would not revere it?
A beauty that can never bend,
Ah, cruel Ozokerit!

When Tayleur and I made "the grand tour," in 1889, we were recommended a dragoman by the Athenian legation. Angelos Melissimi was his honeyed name, but a flimsier and fatter charlatan never existed. In his book of testimonials stood the name of our old Harrow acquaintance, nor was Angelo ever weary of extolling "Mr. Aidwud Malt Young." At the end of our Greek trip my friend, besought to contribute a testimonial inscribed in his book, "Angelos Melissimi is a thorough dragoman and did us thoroughly," a certificate which may be compared to that much earlier one in Syria of "I was a stranger and he took me in."

Edward Bowen was "quite another story." I knew him far less and perhaps liked him less than the others. But he was a truly remarkable man—at once an enthusiast and a judge. He presided over the new "Modern School" with an unmagisterial force and fire. He was an historian, a poet, and a critic. His early Harrow songs gave John Farmer the opportunity of playing a minor Sullivan to a minor Gilbert. Together they founded that cycle of Harrow folk-songs which is now world-renowned. He was an athlete, a thinker, an expert in military records, specially those of the Waterloo battle, not a touch or turn of

which was unknown to him. His love of Harrow far exceeded that of a stepson, and, of the masters, he was at once the most originative and original. Even his manner of address was his own, for nobody else said " Yes, boy, boy," and " No, boy, boy." There was something, however, about him, I know not what, rather cosmopolitan, and I suspect that at this moment he might have championed that costly debating society known as the League of Nations. In wit, however, he by no means rivalled his illustrious brother, the late Lord Bowen, of whom two, perhaps, trite stories will bear repetition. When the Judicature Acts Committee were considering the phrasing of their preface, Lord Bowen it was who interrupted the suggestion of " Conscious as we are of our own imperfections " with " Don't you think that instead of ' our own ' we should write ' each other's ' ? " It was he again who penned the familiar anacreontic on the vanishing umbrellas at the Athenæum Club :

The rain, it raineth on the just
And also on the unjust fella.
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

He, once more, who at the same Club gently inquired whether it was not a committee of bishops who chose its French novels. And in mentioning the Athenæum Club—never the most social—I may as well have done with a true and typical anecdote. A member sat dozing—" his custom always of an afternoon "—in the great library. Another member happened to stumble and tread on his toes. Forthwith he begged his pardon. " Oh, please don't beg *my* pardon, sir," was the compliment of the downtrodden, " this is the most sociable thing that has ever happened here to me yet."

But if Edward Bowen could not match his redoubtable brother, he will live as long as Harrow survives by the whimsical depth of his songs. " Queen Elizabeth," " When Raleigh rose," " If time is up," " The Fairies," " Byron lay," " Forty years on " —these are immortal, and the last has become Harrow's National Anthem.

In this regard I may venture to recall that the last verse—the " gud " (or goody) one, as Farmer called it, was allotted t

(Farmer said written for) me, and that in any case I was the first to sing it. Surely the inspiration of its end is more than local :

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun ;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.

More than a decade and a half over those forty years has passed over my head, and yet, after blighting sorrows and trials, I cannot own that " I am shorter in wind " though certainly " in memory long." Neither am I yet " feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder "—which only proves the progress of modern sanitation, or perhaps one's own vitality. And yet, as Lord Bolingbroke exclaimed when Queen Anne died : " What a world is this, and how doth fortune banter us ! "

A tribute of admiring affection to Dr. Butler must await the close of this chapter, while John Farmer, too, will be characterized in his turn. How odd that I should have been destined to embalm both of my chief instructors. When Jowett died and Sir Courtenay Ilbert was to have reviewed his " Life and Letters," he became ill and " The Quarterly Review " begged me at a very short notice to bridge the gap. When my dear Dr. Butler left us I reviewed Mr. Graham's biography, not only in " The Edinburgh Review " but also in " The Times Literary Supplement " and " The Saturday Review." However small our sphere, I, for one, feel convinced that nothing happens to us by chance. With individuals as with nations, the great Unseen Hand is ever moving us—even the pawns—on the vast chess board of existence.

But all this while a wistful little boy has been left shivering on the brink of Harrow. In 1868, bullying was far from extinct, and perhaps it was worse in a little house than a big—worse, that is, if you were not a " fag." Unfortunately, however, in taking the Remove, I was immune from this service. I shall always regret it. The fagging system has its abuses, just as the monitorial power to cane delinquents its perversions, but these are exceptional. In the common run that semi-feudal bond protected the weak and ennobled the strong. It was

chivalrous. True, when I began, the dancing over red-hot irons was a brutality of the past, but the shutting-up of novices in the folding beds still remained, and the boyish Jacks-in-office, whether jacketed or coat-tailed, are perhaps inherently cruel till they realize that they have met their match.

Baron Heath (our almost mythical Consul at Leghorn) used, in revisiting Harrow, to tell terrible tales of Byron's barbarities to him as a little boy, which may or may not have been strictly true, since anecdotage is unconsciously prone to exaggeration. Personally, I would rather be a little bullied than much spoon-fed on humanitarian pap, because in the end it is the bully who is hurt and not his victim. As I found by experience you have only to show a little firmness, a spark of pluck, and public opinion will dismiss the bully as an inferior coward. And if you have any mettle in you, it is good that gold should be tried in the furnace.

I do not know why it was that my father, who could have asked my uncle or his friends what the Harrow straw hat was, went to Lincoln and Bennett and, by some error, was handed a big broad-brimmed straw with "*Floreat Etona*" conspicuous inside it. My father, however, made me promise, before I had seen it, to make this Etonian hat outlast the term. Nothing could have been more ruinous. The hat and its wearer became notorious. *It* always, and *he* sometimes, were daily kicked down the High Street. But I kept my word, and not until I returned home for my first holidays with a pulp for a hat did I buy the real short-brimmed pancake which, with a "shell" jacket or, in higher forms, the swallow-tail coat, completes the Harrovian attire. I cannot help fancying that this constancy won me respect. Nor, as a rule, do the bullied become bullies, despite Tacitus' "*Durius quia toleraverat*" and Sheridan's footman in "The School for Scandal." All depends on the boy's own disposition. As a rule, the bullies who have been bullied would have been bullies even if they had not been.

I have mentioned Byron. Without his name where would the romance of Harrow have been? Moderns may say what they like, but Byron is the sole poet of his generation who still wields a world-wide appeal. He was the poet of passion, and about himself there is a strain daemonic and elemental—a flash of

lightning—that vibrates and will vibrate through the ages. Two Byronic memories are indissoluble from the Hill. One, the letter which his mother wrote to the head master from Newstead, complaining bitterly that her young son flatly refused to return for the ensuing term, and, indeed, had absented himself from *her*, because he was so madly in love with Miss Mary Chaworth (the heroine of his " Dream ")—a document jealously guarded amid the Byron manuscripts in the Vaughan Library. The other, the familiar story of his wild boyish frolic. An elderly citizen of London had advertised in a newspaper that a widower of strictly Christian principles was anxious to meet with a young lady of the same character " with a view to matrimony." Byron answered this invitation in a feigned hand, appointing the churchyard as their meeting place. He disguised himself as a girl and posted his friends behind the tombstones, maybe near that very Peachey memorial when " Byron lay, lazily lay." At the time appointed down by the coach came the unconscious victim. The Byronic damsel rushed to greet him, but at the same moment out sprang the band of young desperadoes, and together, they buffeted the luckless dotard back to the King's Head. Were they all bullies? Perhaps they were, but while the poet was in the school it certainly did not lack excitement.

Nor did we in our sober fashion, and, largely owing to Dr. Butler, our very Sundays were far from dull. The chapel services were cheerful, the music bright, the sermons often interesting, though there would be the usual long run of the new boy trying to say his prayers amid hurtling slippers and profane conversation. Personally I never came across that martyr. On Sunday afternoons Tayleur, my dear dead friend the talented Milverton Dauglish, and I would take long walks together on the tantalizing London Road and through country that now is town. Ealing was a village—where I smoked my first cigarette, Willesden, a small township with a burbling brook. I was early a member of the choir that then boasted special indulgences. We had an extra exeat and—romantic adventure—would drive up home in a fly. The choir sat in the chapel gallery, whence, I remember, once issued a sensation. We were listening to a sermon from an Indian missionary, who retailed the stale stories of boats on the Ganges with

surpliced " callers-to-deliver-their-land-from error's chain," where the natives were " converted in battalions and baptized in platoons." Suddenly the voice of a famous cricketer, safely ensconced, rang out with ribald resonance: " That's a blank lie ! " Result, in journalistic language, " Amazing Scene, Grave Situation."

The Harrow music was still on trial. Before my time, Goshawk, then hairdresser but since photographer, had been organist and instructor. Quite suddenly, and through Dr. Butler's discernment, John Farmer appeared on the scene, and a new era was inaugurated. He was a missionary of music, an apostle of enthusiasm. The truant son of a self-made manufacturer in the Midlands, and so democratic as to boast that he was born in a ditch, he had been trained in Germany and had married a Swiss wife. He was a born popularizer of song, fervid to effervescence, and with a half-Carlylese humour that bubbled out in his queer labels for everyday things. Our house-concerts he named " Bell-Tinkers," or " Sing-songs," bad singing was " a bee-in-a-bottle," the unco' good was " Gud," and so on.

With a spectacled chubby face, a brown moustache that seemed always hanging out to dry, supple hands on the right of which his third finger showed the foreign wedding ring, a rusty overcoat with a moulting fur collar, which he wore winter and summer, you would have thought him the roundest peg for the squarest hole in Harrow. But his undaunted spirit triumphed over all. Gradually he surmounted alike prejudice and lethargy. Boys came to realize that music was not womanish, masters, that man maketh manners. Unpopular at first, when our only songs were some old English ditties and sentimental German ballads well translated by Farrar, he contrived to spread a zest for a whole cycle of those folk-songs which he created. Bowen, Butler himself (in his " Old Damon and Old Pythias " and his beautiful Harrow hymn), Robertson from Rugby, R. H. Quick, and, long after those days, the incomparable Howson, fell into the mood and added to the libretti. Every hue of Harrow life, with its foreshadowings of the future, became melodized. And then he made nursery-rhyme quadrilles (which he played for us at home) and a Children's Oratorio. Nobody could resist the spell and the lilt of this itinerant Orpheus.

His music was not nearly so original as himself—you could detect snatches from fifty great composers in most of it, but the swing, the force and the bonfire of it were all his own. Just as Socrates was said to have brought wisdom into the market-place, Farmer may be said to have brought Apollo into the schoolroom and playing-fields. It was a unique performance. At first our little house-choirs were small and listless. Soon they became large and boisterous. The school concerts (in which I took part) turned from being poor imitations into being something without a parallel elsewhere. The preponderance of solos yielded to an exuberance of chorus. An orchestra that brought really classical music home to our hearts became an institution, till I remember that Dr. Butler invited Joachim—the Michael Angelo of the violin—to come down and entrance us. Everything went "*con brio.*" And all this was mainly the work of one unconventional man, which shows that character makes events and not events character.

When Joachim played for us in the old speech room, Dr. Butler returned thanks in a touching speech of thanks to the master, who, he hoped, might remember in all his triumphs of harmony and intellect the fresh young faces that he had spell-bound. Often afterwards he would recur to the modesty and the philosophy of the boy-genius that Mendelssohn had been the first to encourage. But I never heard him refer to another great visitor whom I suspect he himself had been instrumental in luring to Harrow. It is little known that in 1859—the year of Dr. Butler's first marriage—Thackeray delivered his lecture on the Georges to the young Harrovians in the same old speech room. What an event, and how it must have appealed despite the author's halting delivery. And why did Calverley, whose nephew was in the school, never come down and recite his inimitable "Fly Leaves" to his old school? If any one thing differentiated Dr. Butler from the best head masters elsewhere, it was the reach and width of his perceptive contact with the world outside.

One of the first questions which Dr. Butler asked the batches of new boys that he invited to breakfast in the autumn of 1868—before we were dismissed with a suave "I am afraid I must let you go now"—was whether we had any relations who were

candidates for Parliament, as many of us had at that moment of a general election. It was a terribly excited one in most places, not least at Harrow, and Farmer rushed in one afternoon much enraged because he had been pelted with "rotten eggs, genelmen." Lord George Hamilton, then a stripling, was opposed by Mr. Labouchere, who quite recently had been horse-whipped by Baron Maria Farina, of Cologne. When Labouchere twitted Lord George as "an infant in arms" he received a Roland for his Oliver in the retort of "Yes, but I have never been fed on *Farinaceous* food." And, unless I err, he was also the originator of another, often misattributed. Some bully-bluck bawled out to him: "Does your mother know you're out?" (a catchword of the Halls)—"No," was his ready answer, "but I hope that she will soon know that I am in."

The autumn early school was an ordeal.

> Every day in the early misty morning,
> Hark how the bell is ringing ding-a-ding-dong.

Most of us had no time to gulp down the cup of tepid tea and the crust provided before we ran for our lives to prayers in the Fourth Form room. For one, I never could work well before breakfast, for "when the little heart is *not* 'full' a little sets it off." As regards the early rising, which is supposed to make a man "healthy, wealthy and wise," I incline to the opinion of an old Scotch lady who once told me in her purest Doric that "It doesn't so much matter when ye get up as what do you do when ye *ayre* up." An equally frigid provision at night comes back to me on a memorable occasion later on.

By this time I had mounted rapidly in the school—too rapidly, and with wisdom my ascent was retarded. I was now in the big house of Mr. Watson, who had half-stolen me from the small one which Mr. Cruikshank (the head master's brother-in-law) had taken on when Mr. Hutton succeeded to the White House of Dr. Westcott. I was in close alliance with George Russell, whose father, Lord Charles (the posthumous godson of Charles James Fox), was then Serjeant of the House of Commons. Lord Charles and his wife were very kind to me and often invited me and their nephew, now Lord Ribblesdale, to the house which they

had taken in order to be near their Benjamin in term-time. I wonder if Lord Ribblesdale, alas now so ill, still remembers the *moue* that George would make when his dear old father knelt down for family prayers, or whether he recalls one of his capital contributions to the "Harrovian"—a skit on a French day with the hounds when the cavalcade returns "with a ha-la-li, heated but cheerful from the chase." Russell and I were once shamefully hoaxed by a contributor, who sent a Swinburne translation from Leopardi as his own. That boy was wiser in his generation than his young editors and has since written a book entitled, "Kings I have Known."

The third of our triumvirate was Dunbar Plunket Barton, one of the most fantastic frolickers alive as a future letter will show. His uncle was the popular Mr. David Plunket, afterwards Lord Rathmore. In the summer of 1871, Lord Charles generously invited Barton and me to accompany his son, dine with him and our respective uncles in the Serjeant's residence, and hear a debate afterwards in the House of Commons. Permission was granted by Dr. Butler for this exceptional treat and forth we sallied in the highest spirits. It was a wonderful evening. Mr. Plunket and my uncle themselves became schoolboys as they chaffed and laughed and quaffed; our host was of the courtliest and most communicative; our dinner—with claret-cup for heroes—seemed Lucullian.

The evening star and a crescent moon romanticized the river, a balmy breeze whispered through the big bay-window. The House, in those days, was still the best club in London, and we had seats in its best gallery, you may be sure. Disraeli, pale, penetrating, calm, critical, certain, had just sat down as we entered, and Gladstone rose infuriated and impassioned. He wore light-grey dangling trousers and a big dog rose in his buttonhole. He swept his arms, his eyes had lightning in them, his voice thundered in a deep diapason. What the subject was completely escapes me, but the picture will never pass. Every time that he scored a point he swung himself round and rallied his cheering supporters. Every time that he guarded his rather intricate sentences with such sophisms (in a Lancashire burr) as "Not that under certain circumstances and with due regard to other provisions," he confronted the motionless Dizzy, who

reclined as if half-comatose though his giant brain never ceased its alertness. From time to time, on some fresh outburst of voluminous vehemence, he softly stroked his knee—an old device of his for the enforcement of self-control. I would not have missed this sight at that moment for worlds. The time of departure came all too soon. We drove to Euston, travelled back by train, and walked uphill to "Vanity's" porch somewhere about midnight. The careful man had left us on his hall table one dry biscuit and one glass of water apiece. Over this banquet hung a large, if terse, inscription: "Please Don't Make A Noise."

Among those who were very good to me were Matthew and Mrs. Arnold, who also had repaired to Harrow for the sake of their sons, the elder of whom died so tragically while still a promising schoolboy. Though the poet knew some of our home-friends, and George Russell was his great favourite, I first came into close contact with him through the Tercentenary poem which he adjudged and I won. Originally it had a rhapsodical prelude which, characteristically, he called "a very misplaced, lyrical performance," though of the whole he honoured me by approving. He used to invite me to dinner at Byron House, and I remember one party where London wits were present. They were discussing some well-known mutual acquaintance who had lately died. "I should imagine," exclaimed Matthew Arnold with those Dundreary "r's" which were natural to him, "I should imagine that he is fwying beneath us much rather than flying above us."

While at Balliol I was great friends with his son Dick, extremely musical, very rollicking and athletic. Matthew Arnold wrote a most interesting letter in reply to some query of mine about Heine's genius, but it has vanished with all the autographs that my dear mother treasured and arranged. Matthew Arnold was always most humourous about Dick, whose tastes were scarcely his own. I remember after I had gone down from the 'Varsity meeting the Arnolds at a dinner-party given by Sir Henry and Lady Thring, and afterwards he had a long chat with me about his son. "You see," he said, confidentially, "dear Dickie ought to have been born a young man of fortune; that is the trouble. We all have our hobbies. Mine are Homer, literature, education. Dickie's

are music, champagne, and games. Yes, decidedly he should have been born a young man of fortune." He also told me in the Harrow days that he had been driven into writing his " St. Paul and Protestantism " and his " Literature and Dogma " because the poems that were his pride and pleasure brought in so little revenue. To me the most delightful of all his prose, if some of the Essays be excepted, is " Friendship's Garland." Nowhere is his irony more instructive and amusing. Who can forget that passage about " delicacy " in connection with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill ? " . . . Delicacy, surely I have heard that word before. Yes ! before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called Dixon's style lithe and sinewy " ; or that other about Coles' Truss Manufactory in Leicester Square, being a proof of the immortality of the soul, because no one could be condemned to look daily on anything so hideous without a certainty that one day a fairer future must be reserved for him.

When the Duke of Genoa—after much debate—joined the school, he lodged with the Arnolds, who asked George Russell and myself to meet him. I beheld an amiable, loosely-made lad of about fifteen, on whose ingenuous face a premature down was already sprouting. He stood at the tea-table dipping his bread and butter in the cup. " I like sops with my tea," he observed. His Harrow career was a great success and it is pleasant to think that an old Harrovian still survives as the Duke of Aosta. When he left, the King of Italy presented Matthew Arnold with a decoration. " Two things," said its recipient, " the King never refuses to a friend—a good cigar and the Order of St. Lazarus." Though Matthew Arnold was assailed as the white-kid-gloved critic of cultivation, there was nothing of the highbrow in his airy spirit. Drudging for years as a school-inspector for his livelihood, actuated always by the highest standards, he never lost the frolicsomeness of a boy or the finesse of a discerner who was also an onlooker :

> To stand aloft and view the flight
> Is all the pleasure of the game.

No one could have pursued theological controversy with a lightness and brightness like his. But he was at his best not in

disquisition nor even in criticism but in the poems that hellenicized the modern spirit, and in the crisp current of his conversation. He owned the artist's genuine joy in his own creations.

Years passed till, not long before I married, I entertained a spasmodic desire to turn publisher. Matthew Arnold wrote a friendly letter to me in this regard, but he wrote another to George Russell, which is more entertaining. The reference to the Christmas Number of the "World," which I wrote twice successively in prose and verse, lends it a personal touch which the other lacks.

It is not generally realized how great was Arnold's debt in many ways to the Heine whom, partly, he understood. His prose refrains about the "Philistines" were in essence taken from him, so were those contrasting phrases of "Hellenism" and "Hebraism," so were the lilt and *tournure* of more than one of his lyrics. His beautiful poem on Heine's grave shows a greater intelligence of that dual nature than his well-known essay; it touches him far more nearly, and both excel George Eliot's early article in comprehension. I cannot but think that as passing time restores our intellectual perspective, Matthew Arnold, who never liked to be confused with Sir Edwin—will rank among the greatest poets of the Victorian age, possibly, indeed, in thought and melody as the greatest of them all.

Talking of Heine's grave at Montmartre, I wonder if Matthew Arnold met with the same experience as mine when I visited it. I asked the *gardien* for "*le tombeau de Henri Heine, le celébre poéte,*" pronouncing Heine in the ordinary way. To this a "*Ne connais pas*" was the sole response. Then an idea flashed across me—"*Le tombeau de Henri Enne*"—"*Ah, parfaitement.*" They had long Parisianized the psalmist of modern feeling.

My voice and exaggerated boyish successes won me much hospitality and among others who then befriended me was Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Vaughan, who was to preside over the Bow Street police court. His first wife—a beauty—had been a sister of John Bright, the second, ever cordial to me and mine, was perhaps less striking but good-natured to a fault. One thing

Pains Hill Cottage,
Cobham, Surrey,
Novr. 10, 1887.

My Dear George,

Only imagine poor Sichel writing the whole Christmas Number of " The World " ; well indeed may he desire a change ! I would sooner be body-servant to the Hyrcanian tiger. I remember Sichel perfectly, and wish him very well, but to get him into partnership with a publisher is a pure business matter in which I can be of no use at all : his lawyer, or a business friend, are the people to go to. A man called Butler has just left the Education Department to join Rivington, and my little nephew was with Bentley—but how they managed it I have no notion. Introduce Sichel to this and that publisher I can, but for the purpose of getting a book brought out, not of getting taken into the house.

Ever yours affectly.,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

about her was, surely, unparalleled : at Christmas time she would garland the drawing-room of their London abode with chestnuts—an ill omen for these memoirs ! Mr. Vaughan was tall, formal, and oracular. He reminded one of Dickens' Sir Barnet Skettles, who would always say : " Make my compliments to your papa and mamma," but the most human of hearts beat under his old-fashioned deep-blue waistcoat. They would often invite me to ample Sunday luncheons and occasionally, by permission, to dinner. Two of these occasions rearise before me.

Dunbar Barton had accompanied me to the mid-day repast and we had done more than justice to the generous fare. Injustice was to follow. The terpsichorean Miss Vaughan (now Mrs. Brooke) had performed one of her dances and we issued forth into the pretty garden. Then Barton and I began pelting each other with apples. I wonder that we were ever bidden again. The other, was at a dinner-party not long before my last term. It was a lovely evening and two young ladies of a romantic turn asked me to stroll with them round the garden. The moon was high, the air was soft, a fragrance scented the night. We stopped before a pond. One of these Juliets then inquired whether, if she were to throw herself into it, I would dive in and bring her out. I did not mean to be unchivalrous, but a *mauvaise honte* overpowered me, and I blush to confess that I blurted out : " Certainly not." This is one of those side-stories that one tells against oneself, but it may be that Miss Sentimentality learned a lesson, however rudely though involuntarily delivered.

I did not cease to scribble verses, quite outside the prize compositions, at Harrow. One short set of these, based on Pindar's " The stirrings of the soul bewilder e'en the wise," I was bold enough to forward to the " Fortnightly Review," then edited by the present Lord Morley. His reply to me, writ with a flowing pen in blue ink, was one of which any stripling might well be proud and he would have published them, he said, had verse been at that time within the scope of his magazine. Apropos of this trifling incident, I may mention that, while reading for the Bar, I forwarded to my Harrow acquaintance, Longman, a parody of Andrew Lang's " Blue China " ballades. Unfortunately Longman was at this very moment on a

walking-tour with A. L. and he showed him the verses. They began :

I think if I were you, A. L.,
A wit and bard of fame,
I'd cease the dilettante-spell
Of ballades turned and tame.

A great impertinence, no doubt, though it was qualified by a later line closing with :

Alas, I'm only What's-his-name.

Longman, however, forwarded Lang's reply. It is so good that I must quote it, though once more it deservedly tells against myself :

Were I a bard called What's-his-name,
I'd gravely persevere
Till ballades from my pen that came
Were moderately clear.
At this old game I would not sneer
Till I could play the game—
And that will take you many a year,
My poet, What's-his-name.

I was presumptuous enough to rejoin by a fresh ballade a couplet of which ran :

One day I'll cross without a fear
A lance with you, A. L.

That moment arrived, as will be seen hereafter. No one could be nicer than he was when I met him long afterwards. The episode, if he remembered it, had only been an " Amenity of " very unequal " Authors."

Four Harrow scenes in particular stay with me ineffaceably vivid. The first is the Tercentenary speech-day. It was our gala of galas. The whole town was *en fête* and the continuous procession of carriages rivalled the beauty of Hyde Park in the flush of the season. Everyone that was most distinguished was there, for the Prince and Princess of Wales were to grace the scene. I was very nervous, for I had not only to act in the " speeches," but to recite my prize-poem before an exceptional audience.

Contrary to their wont the royalties were somewhat late as they arrived amid tumultuous cheers between the serried ranks of spectators. Dr. Butler bowed them in backwards along the red cloth the whole way from the head master's house to the speech room. All went well. Afterwards Dr. Butler was good enough to convey a very gracious message to me of approval from the late King Edward, but paternally, though I hope that I was not over-elated, he qualified the praise by observing with emphasis : " Whether he is a good judge or not is quite another matter."

What memories he had to recount of other speech-days, of Palmerston riding down in the rain and combing his wet whiskers in the newly-built Vaughan Library, of Peel and Lord Dalhousie, and bishops and archbishops galore. And how happy were his own speeches, not only in presenting the prizes, but after the luncheon. He was the most apt and graceful after-dinner speaker of his generation, Disraeli and Leighton only excepted. And how hospitable were his banquets in the marquee erected in the school yard. I believe that it was on this very occasion that Mrs. Butler had to call her housekeeper's attention afterwards to the enormous number of chickens ordered. The excuse was reported to be : " I can't help it mum. The *h*aristocracy don't like legs."

He was a graceful *raconteur*. One story was misascribed to him (for he denied its authenticity) yet it is too good to omit. A learned divine was asked by a lady which was the worst character, Henry VIII or Queen Mary ? " Queen Mary, without a doubt," was the answer, for " it is better to marry than to burn." The Doctor was very particular in " coaching " us for the scenes from plays annually presented. Whence he derived his stage knowledge I do not know, but I feel sure that he was mistaken in warning us " always to enter with the left shoulder forward," nor can I forget that in translating a sentence from Cicero he remarked " As we should now say, ' to bring down the pit.' " Ah, who will bring again the thrill, the scents, the bloom, of those brilliant gatherings when boys played at being men and men at being boys —*ver vitæ* :

Quand reviendra la jeunesse
Quand revivra sa promesse ?

Too true is it, as De Musset sings :

Le Temps emporte sur son aile
Et le printemps et l'hirondelle,
Et la vie et les jours perdus ;
Tout s'en va comme la fumée—
Et moi qui vous ai tant aimé,
Et toi qui ne t'en souviens plus !

The second scene is at the Eton and Harrow match. Lords is thronged in the days before seats were sold. Sitting in a big carriage is a lady I know, Mrs. Tennant, of Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, a handsome *saloniste*. With her are her lovely daughters—the elder, a blonde, the younger, a brunette—whom these pages have already touched. Seated next to their mother is a figure and a face like a Greek statue—form and features that age cannot wither. At once you feel that she embodies a splendid past. She was none other than Caroline Norton (afterwards Lady Stirling-Maxwell), Sheridan's granddaughter, the sister of the radiant Duchess of Somerset, Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Her voice was still a melody, her locks were still "the raven's," her whole presence vibrated with memories and meaning. Mrs. Tennant introduces me in some too flattering words and proud, indeed, I was thus to shake hands with history and hear her speak. How strange that long afterwards I was to be her grandfather's biographer and to stay with her nephew and grandnieces at Frampton Court. Proud, too, I was beyond measure when Mrs. Tennant begged me to ramble with her daughters across the cricket field during the interval before play was resumed.

Those old matches at Lords were very delightful. Batsmen in those days made no centuries and the bowling would now be considered slow ; the ground was not yet like the cloth of a billiard table ; but I was present when Bailey hit a ball right on to the top of the old Racquet Court. How we cheered for Harrow—which then usually won—and what rough scrimmages ensued between the rival schools when the match was over. Hats were battered in, and some blood sometimes flowed. But now, in the words of the ancient music-hall ditty :

We are so refoined
We draw down the bloind.

There was a dear old clergyman then—I think his name was Collins—who used annually to seek out some twenty boys and treat them to ices—an indulgence which bad Samaritans would resent. How different from Jane Austen's Mr. Collins(!)—

O the great days in the distance enchanted
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,
Hardly believable forty years on!
How we discoursed of them one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate.

And among the most anxious watchers of our cricket were those perpetual incumbents—Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Grimston—who devoted a great part of their lives to teaching the young idea how to bat. Sentinels they were of our fame, and faithful unto death in their green old age. Yes! In the words of another Harrow song:

There were wonderful giants of old, you know.

The third scene was radically different. One day I was enjoying the seclusion of our Vaughan Library when Dr. Butler entered, piloting an individual who, to judge from the Doctor's manner, was a personage. Superficially, however, he appeared to be a rather short and shabby person in spectacles who looked like a run-to-seed scientist—which perhaps he was. This was no other than Dom Pedro, the Bourbon ex-Emperor of the Brazils, who had been deposed and had sought refuge in the asylum of England. You could, I think, usually discern from Dr. Butler's bearing if his companion was someone out of the common. Not that he ever made distinctions, for he was

A veray parfaite gentil knight,

but that his native tact, an outcome of his good heart, always responded to his audience. Many years afterwards my wife and I enjoyed the hospitality of him and his accomplished second wife (such was her scholarship that the marriage was described as beyond the degrees of affinity) at the Lodge of Trinity College, where we were allotted those vast Judges' Chambers around

which one might take a considerable walk and then lose one's way. The guests were distinguished, including the late Professor Raleigh, truly a prince of professors and a king in the literary republic. Suddenly on Sunday another guest appeared—a handsome man of less than middle age, who was treated with great deference. He turned out to be the Bishop of—let us say—Rumtifoo. In the chapel he preached a most ascetic sermon. With intimacy he pictured all the trials of aboriginal life, all its rigours, all its vast though chequered opportunities for good. One could feel how unworthy one was to be merely listening to such an austere elevator of the converted native. Rather ashamed, we returned to the excellent luncheon that the Master's generosity had provided. After it, over our cigars, he and I had a long chat together. I owned how deeply I had been impressed with the hardships of his high calling, with the self-sacrifices entailed by every detail of habit and idiosyncrasy so graphically brought home to us. What was my astonishment when my Lord Bishop confessed that he had never yet been there at all, but was only about to take up his duties in that benighted land.

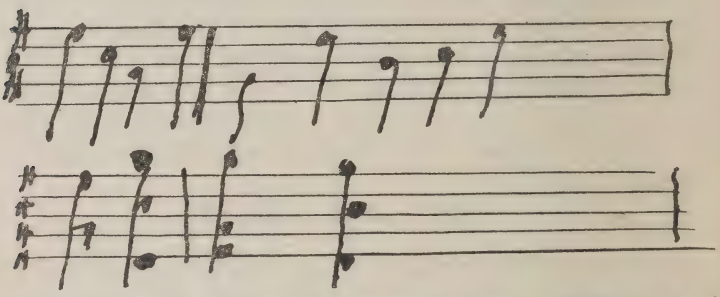
Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

The fourth scene was when Sidney Graves Hamilton, Arthur Denis Godley (now Public Orator at Oxford), and your humble servant had succeeded in the Balliol scholarship examination of 1872, and returned after many adventures to find ourselves "clapped down the school steps." I remember no other time when the school accorded such an honour except for triumphs in games and athletics. The thrill of such a recognition at such an age and in such a place sheds a spell that no other and graver magic can weave. Hamilton, who has passed "hence thitherward," was an extraordinary being. Shy and reserved, with a humour all his own, he must have written Latin verses in his cradle. Never have I come across such an inborn scholar. Godley was also very quiet, rather timid—even shrinking—innocent as a lamb, but a classic and humourist of the first order. He is a cousin of Dunbar Plunket Barton, who wrote the following letter to me during our joint absence at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford. His letter is so characteristic of one renowned throughout Ireland

that snatches of it must be given. The allusion to Rowland Childers refers to his having accompanied us on our expedition :

> I received your apologetic note this morning. I can quite imagine Childers on the steps of the Randolph completely overpowered by one glass of Tattonian Sherry, staggering to his room and exclaiming : "You rip." . . . You are placed in a room with one Alfred Denis Godley. . . . Beware of him ! Beneath that innocent eyes ; them unsuspected nose ; those harmless and nonchalant brow ; that *retroussé* chin ; and those childlike winning ways, lurks a nature ineffably corrupt, a mind unutterably, irrevocably wicked. He will corrupt you ! Yes, even you, Walter S. . . . Beware ! Beware ! He's fooling thee ! fooling thee.

Words by Tennyson. *Music by D. P. B.*



Yes, beware of Godley of the beetle brow. Take care of Childers, poor besotted boy, and of "our valued school"* Hamilton. I remain,

Your deeply pained but unsurprised
Moral Censor,
D. P. B.

P.S.—Give the enclosed to that degenerate man, George Russell.
P.P.S.—Watch Childers's bottle propensities. Beware A. D. G.
Take care of "our school" H.

There is a sad pleasure in re-reading some of the faded letters of congratulation which poured in so generously. The most amusing of them issued from George Russell, who, as an exhibitioner, was then already in residence at University College and sat up late with my father to hear and telegraph the result of

* This expression was a parody of one of Dr. Butler's.

the examination; another there is from Conyngham Greene—also a cousin of Barton's—and afterwards Ambassador. But one can linger too long over boyish success. The prize schoolboy is a proverbial failure:

> Not seldom clad in radiant vest
> Deceitfully goes forth the morn.

Yet the training, the competition, the public spirit, the fellow-feeling abide. When I was with my grandmother at Cadenabbia and we met the Trevelyans, Sir George was good enough to remind me that he and I had achieved the same Harrow distinction in opposite ways. He had won the prize poem once and the English essay thrice, and I—at what a distance from Macaulay's nephew!—the essay once and the poem thrice. Some time onwards—after the Aston riots—I published anonymously a rhymed "Aristophanic" travesty entitled "The Squires," in which Mr. Chamberlain played the part of Cleon. Sir George wrote to me that in his Cambridge days he did the same, or tried to do the same, through the "Parabasis" in his "Ladies in Parliament."

Sir George Trevelyan, though slightly junior to Dr. Butler, in their Harrovian prime had ever been closely linked with our head master. Indeed, he and the late Lord Spencer were among his earliest intimates. It is difficult to do justice in a few words to Dr. Butler's combination of gifts and qualities. He sprang from an Harrovian dynasty. He was a Cavalier-puritan uniting the light of the Renaissance to the fire of the Reformation. He was a fastidious humourist with an extraordinary memory, an idealist who seldom lost grasp of realities, a finished scholar with nothing of the pedagogue in his composition, and an idolizer of Harrow from his youth upwards. Harrow was not only a lady-love and he her troubadour. She was his Beatrice Portinari, a symbol of inspiration, his holy of holies. Although all boys were not at once drawn to him, all who really knew him fell under his spell.

A first-rate cricketer, he taught every one of us from first to last to "play the game." An interpreter of literature ancient and modern, his incessant exhortation was "Never say what you know to be wrong." He was an appreciative critic, and an

upholder of the loftiest standards without a trace of cant or bigotry or affectation. In a word, he was a Christian gentleman. His one foible was a certain over-refinement which his friends knew to be the surface of his spiritual fibre, but which others sometimes mistook as finical. When his second son was born he announced that " Teddy has a little brother." When he described to me a hot night in Cairo he would say that he stood upon a chair near a window " with virtually nothing on." But such delicacies never weakened his influence or his insight. Nor was it stupidity that roused his indignation, but apathy or depravity. And he never lost touch with the pupils whom he quickened. During all the ordeals and bereavements of the war he comforted and heartened the sorrowful. Further, he was entirely broad-minded, never permitting inherited prejudice to set him against reform or expansion. His liberality both of mind and hand was unbounded—profuse for others, sparing for himself. He lived for Harrow, and next to Harrow for Cambridge. How proud would he have been at this urgent juncture to have greeted the first Harrovian Prime Minister since Palmerston, the fifth in more than a century, of whom all save Lord Liverpool and Sir Robert Peel hailed from Cambridge.

George Russell I shall try to picture in the next chapter. Would that I had space to characterize some others of my contemporaries—Walter Long, my opponent in the debating society ; Ion Keith Falconer, radiant in his religion ; Childe Pemberton, a veritable Bayard ; my old friends Alec and Patrick Hadow, who belonged to a great cricketing family ; Argles, the simplest of saints ; Gore, a modernist in embryo ; Evans, the future explorer of Cnossus ; Milnes, the present Lord Crewe, then a dreamy boy, romantic, poetical, and, save in the last attribute, so keen a contrast with his father, Lord Houghton ; Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grey, always a *preux chevalier* of ideals ; Fladgate, the Nestor of Harrow and the nephew of the Garrick's " Papa " who had been in Paris when the allies made their peace after Napoleon's overthrow ; Paton, my predecessor in the prize-poem ; my old friend Tallents, who is now a Governor of the School ; and Harding Cox, a life-long sportsman, who only the other day reminded me that as a diminutive new-comer he complained to me, then a monitor, of having been excluded

from the shooting eleven on the plea that he was too small to handle a rifle. Somehow I seem to have had the sense to know that by birthright he was an adept, and the luck to redress this absurdity. A cynical woman once said : " You never do a good action without being punished for it." If such a trifling deed can so be dignified, it goes to disprove that rule.

And then, among many others, there were, Walter Frith, the joyous; Herbert Greene, scholar, humourist and recluse, and John Baird, who spoke French perfectly and wore a beard and a ring before he was eighteen. On one occasion he asked permission from Dr. Butler to extend his Easter holidays as he was invited to Egypt. " Do your parents allow it ? ". " Haven't got any parents." " Your guardians ? " " Haven't any."

Tragedies there were, too, in our life as well as comedies—poor little Cotterell brought back dead on a stretcher from the cricket field, great promise prematurely blasted, the degenerations of despair, the sacred fires quenched by the cold blasts of disfavour.

Harrow, both in tone and achievement, ranks as high as ever, and in many ways its boys of to-day reflect their long-past predecessors. There is no need for old Harrovian families to forswear their allegiance :

> Still jaunty Acres walks our cricket field,
> You know him by his swagger and his smile,
> And brave O'Trigger who would rather wield
> Two swords than seek to reconcile
> Two friends . . . . .

Nor does one ever feel at once so young and so old as when one rebreathes its air yet finds that some little friend there by his deference and reverence regards one as a centenarian.

Some years ago at a founder's day dinner the ever-green and ever-spruce Lord Claud Hamilton bantered Lord Long about the " high moral tone " that every Harrow generation claims for itself. And thus he addressed our host, the head master : " When I first came to Harrow, in the mid fifties, we said the same as my friend, Lord Long, has been saying about a subsequent generation. Mr. Ford, let me give two illustrations of our high moral tone. I made a bet that two of us would go up

to the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. We got two boys to personate us at 'bill.' We *ran* up to town and took a hansom cab, which was then a novelty. We returned before our house-bell sounded. And we were never found out—What do you think of that, Mr. Ford? Once more. In those days there were some Hindoo impostors, who would squat on the pavements and sell tracts and apples. I made a bet that I would do the same in the Harrow High Street. I coppered my face, I robed myself in an adjusted nightgown, I sat with my basket, and I sold all my tracts and all my apples without ever being discovered. What do you think of that, Mr. Ford?" We all thought the same.

At length arrived the mournful morning of departure. Kind Mr. Leaf, the father of a son distinguished alike as a scholar and banker, and of another whom Marlborough knows both as teacher and benefactor, stood on the Hill waving his hand and wishing me the success which he was rash enough to predict.

The world was all before me where to choose.

CHAPTER V

Oxford

WHEN I went up to Balliol in 1873 wearing my exhibitioner's gown, the dominating influence, both in the college and the university—some even added the universe—was Mr. Jowett. I do not know why we called him "Jowler," a name that suggests a much more doglike personality than his was.

He enjoyed the wide reputation of combining the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. His baby face and lack-lustre eyes, his thin tinkling voice, his figure leaning like the Tower of Pisa, bore out the last part of the metaphor, while his pouting and rather truculent mouth, which, when challenged, could become almost insolent, lent some colour to the first. He was always setting you up or down. Rudeness and mildness alternated in his bearing, much as it may have done in the case of Socrates. Like the Greek philosopher, too, his mental moderation did not extend to his favouritisms. The middling sort of man never appealed to him. He preferred extremes, cultivating either the young Alcibiades or the incipient Cleon. Like Socrates also his function was "to rouse, persuade and rebuke." The Sophists he abhorred though sometimes he flattered them. In a word, he was a peripatetic educator, much loved by his disciples, much feared by his victims. A man of the world in the common-room, he was, save with children, a don in the great houses that he loved to frequent. For he constituted himself a sort of benevolent registry office for appointments that might enable his fosterlings to rise.

His simplicity was complex, and he was by turns a benefactor and a bully, a trainer and a tyrant, an expounder of paradox and a proclaimer of platitude. In his teaching, moreover, he was often as inconclusive as he was peremptory. Much learning, however, had certainly not made him mad. Sanity was his watchword. His character, indeed, was the true talisman of his

influence, and it transcended his intellect. To many, and with reason, he was a " guide, philosopher and friend," though quite as many he exhausted by over-manuring their minds. His omniscience was, maybe, a myth, but his omnipotence in his own kingdom was a fact. That is how gradually he revealed himself to me, though Dr. Butler and my grandmother both reverenced him as sacrosanct. But we have Plato's own warrant for not always worshipping the idols of the market-place. There was, doubtless, much in him to honour, but, personally, I found little to love, and, if I am too candid in retrospect, this is the cause. " Love beareth all things, is not puffed up." Jowett was immensely " puffed up " by his idolizers, and idolatry breeds iconoclasts, though in those days of these there were few. But he himself did really prefer the iconoclast to the idolater, and if you stood up to him, so long as it was only within the college walls, he liked you the better for it. The late Mr. Mallock, who showed me the manuscript of his " New Republic " in its unexpurgated form long before it could find a publisher, incurred his wrath just because it dashed the image outside its shrine. " Ninety-nine young men of talent," remarked the Master, " could have written it, but the hundredth would have been too much of a gentleman to have it printed." Such in effect was his criticism—somewhat parochial, it must be owned.

He was my tutor for a considerable time, and I had to bring him essays. I did not find any solution to the problem of free will by being told Johnsonially : " Surely a man may move his leg this way or that," nor again any significance in his definition of wit as " a point " and of humour as " a straight line," because the real distinction between them surely is that the one resides in expression, the other in situation.

He liked to play the arbiter of worldly wisdom quite as much as his rôles of the guide to knowledge, and the glass of form. Mr. Hastings Russell was careless of costume, and when his father, by a sudden stroke, became Duke of Bedford and he, therefore, the Marquis of Tavistock, he was congratulated by the Master, and thus advised with a chirping solemnity : " I think that now, if I were you, I would pay a little more attention to my dress—a little longer in the trousers, a little shorter in the hat." His own always neat attire gave one a Quaker-like impression much

at variance with his connoisseurship of life. It seemed to me that so much of his philosophy was on the surface, and so much of his taste a semitone. He could be so very hard on a Corinthian style, though he never was so to mine. He seldom recognized that some exuberance is due to vitality.

I remember one winter's evening repairing with another to undergo the ordeal of reading our essays aloud to him. Jowett was standing pensively by the fireside. Hesitatingly my friend began with : " ' Know thyself ' were the immortal words graven on the golden gates of Delphi." Then Jowett nervously twice poked the fire, and wincing like a martyr on the rack, moaned out : " Oh, *don't.*" The poor fellow was utterly squashed.

He was fond of the fire. On one occasion the father of a rowdy undergraduate who had been requested to withdraw, came down to remonstrate with the Master, who was crooning, his head bent over the hearth. Nothing that the irate parent—himself an old Balliol man—could urge in extenuation moved him an inch. At last the father took his leave with a parting shot : " Good-bye, Mr. Jowett, I perceive that you are attached to that portion of a future state *in which you don't believe !* "

His harshness was not confined to the volatile. Once when Tennyson came down to stay with him and they were left *tête-à-tête* over the dessert, the sherry decanter went round. Jowett's sherry, which he chose himself, was a byword. " I don't like this sherry, Master," exclaimed the Laureate in his gruff way. " If you don't like it, don't drink it," was the return in his bell-like treble—a reply worthy of passing into a proverb. Everyone, too, will recall the retort which he made to Sir Robert Morier, the ambassador, while he was relating a rather risky anecdote after dinner : " Don't you think we had better join the ladies and finish it in the drawing-room." But not everyone is acquainted with his crusher to a nervous freshman whom he asked to a lonely dinner on his arrival. The new-comer, pricked into loquacity by a silence that could be felt, held forth on Goethe, a poet whom he knew by heart. All that he got for his pains was : " You are very conceited." (Q.E.D.)

The same undergraduate neglected to perfect a course of reading which Jowett had prescribed for the long vacation. Summoned to the awful presence, he was asked where he

had been—" In Switzerland." " With whom ? " " With my parents." " Then it was very silly of your parents to take you there." How like are these instances to the manners of Carlyle, whom Jowett loathed as an unsettler of youth. Once, as the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan told me, a young student, newly arrived in London, brought to the Grand Llama of Chelsea a letter of introduction—" Where are ye residing ? " He was told. " In what omnibus do ye drive as a rule ? " " In the So-and-so." " Ye are wrong ; there is much better society in the Hammersmith omnibus." " And what do ye usually do of an evening ? " " Oh, often my mother and I read aloud together." " Then your mother and ye are just a silly pair of fules." Hardly the soft answer that " turneth away wrath."

I could multiply such silhouettes by ten, but they would not lead to a real portrait, nor was Jowett's wisdom displayed in them. To " answer a fool "—or a dullard—" according to his folly " is often the easiest path to confirm it. Oracles raised on pinnacles tend to resemble Miss Edgeworth's " Old Poz."

Jowett could be highly strung as well as obstinately pugnacious. An eccentric but quite harmless Harrovian had shown some unusual signs of oddity. The Master immediately telegraphed to his relatives and meanwhile decreed that he should be locked up in his rooms. He enjoined that Robert Findlay and myself should keep watch over him night and day. The poor fellow was very downhearted, and in the evening begged for a game at billiards—a wish which we saw no earthly danger in humouring. I shall never forget Jowett's deranged outburst when he hauled us up for this breach of the letter of his law. One would have fancied *him* the person to be guarded much more vigilantly than our radically sane schoolfellow.

Jowett, on Dr. Johnson's model, had a kindly but queerly assorted household. The daughter of Knight, his gentle old butler, acted as housekeeper, the son whom he had " crammed " till his eyes had retreated into his head, was his secretary. I was once staying with him at Malvern (and never did I cherish a return ticket more fondly) when it became young Knight's turn to be crushed. Jowett would put him at the other end of the luncheon table. Knight had been asking ever so many learned but futile questions that seemed to have issued straight

from Magnall. Jowett, to silence him, swerved off into one of his good stories. Knight burst into roars of loyal laughter. "Don't laugh like that, Knight," tinkled Socrates, "*you're not my wife.*"

Apropos of his stories—often excellent—a distinguished friend of mine was a fellow-visitor and suddenly told me with great glee that he had lit on Jowler's manuscript book of stories. All were as neatly tabulated and numbered as if it had been a ledger. "Let us try the story on page twenty," my friend suggested, "and you will hear him cap it with that on page twenty-one." This was achieved and the expected happened. He could, however, be very agreeable and instructive, even when we had to bring him essays at near midnight, when he would discuss everybody and everything anyhow and everyhow. At that time he was busied on his Thucydides, the brunt of which was borne by the late and admirable Mr. Forbes, whose conscience (as well as Jowett) worried him to death. Forbes asked me about some seven alternative renderings of an apparently simple passage—"Διὰ τὴν λειποστρατίαν"—which seemed to mean "because of desertions from the army." Mundungus took it one way, Smelfungus, another. How *ought* it to be translated? His honest brow grew more and more wrinkled. I ventured to suggest the obvious, but that would not do at all—"ita putide Brunck," said one German annotator of its rottenness, while Brunck treated his own censor with equal courtesy. Flippantly I then hazarded, "Why not toss up for it?" and I am convinced that this is what Mr. Jowett would have done in the recesses of his study.

He once took me a walk in bad weather along a quagmire of a road. Suddenly he blurted out: "I wish Mr. Swinburne were here." "Why, Master?" I asked. "How he would have cursed! I should like to hear him swear," chuckled Jowett. When long afterwards I was favoured by a meeting with Swinburne, I repeated this, which delighted him vastly. "Did he say that?" he kept murmuring, while he rubbed his hands. "Capital. I *should* like to have heard him saying it. Capital!" Which only shows that his sacred Majesty, Charles II, ought never to have sanctioned the Act that punishes profane language in churchyards.

He was a capital *raconteur*, and all the more so, as there was nothing of the comedian in his demeanour. One among many of his anecdotes comes back to me now. It was about Sydney Smith, whom Jowett was old enough to have met. The clerical wit, who has so few clerical errors, was once at a dinner-party, where an exceedingly handsome lady, seated between two bishops, fronted him on the other side of the table. Afterwards one of his neighbours asked him, as a social omniscient, who she was. "I am not quite sure," was the repartee, "but I *think* that her name is Susannah." Not all of Jowett's own retorts were good, however, though even the poorest squared with his attitude as a master of the obvious. One day the Professor of political economy, the radical Thorold Rogers, came to him in a towering rage with an epigram of his own about "blustering Freeman and blundering Green." "What do you think," he roared, "about 'blustering,' rather good, eh, Master? But, Green, you see, is only 'blundering,' like most historians." "Don't you think," calmly returned Jowett, "that it is quite possible to be both blustering and blundering?"

Perhaps the dubious feature in an otherwise elevating and elevated nature was his test of talent by momentary success. As long as one renowned the college he was all smiles and encouragement. In that heyday he would invite one to meet all his "swells" for the week-end; nor, personally, can I forget how beautiful was Lady White Ridley. But when, doubtless by one's own fault, things went amiss, frown followed frown, offensiveness, offensiveness. He could not foresee that failure might prelude attainment. He was an intellectual broker, who looked forward no farther than a fortnight, and I am afraid that his "contangos" were rather exorbitant. An Italian professor, commissioned to investigate the universities, had letters to and luncheon with me in college. All that he would vouchsafe about the Master was: "Ah, he is a nice pink little man." He made little of his scholarship.

Had he a love story? It was always said that one he had—with Miss Florence Nightingale, which he is reported to have described to Miss Margot Tennant as on her part "violent," but I cannot believe it. I do not suppose him to have expected that any woman would have married him. He was too platonic for

wedded life. She might as well have married his own preface to Plato. Yet he was domestically inclined, and for years a devoted son and brother to his mother and sister concealed in the far background. A visitor of his in the Malvern lodgings once heard a distressing strum on the piano in the rooms above. " Master," he observed, " I wonder that you can work with that terrible sound incessantly disturbing you." All that he tinkled out was " My sister." His antecedents were " wrop in mystery." It was known, of course, that he had come up to Balliol from St. Paul's School, and after signal academic distinction, had for a time resided with his widowed mother in Paris. Why in Paris, who knew? Nor could Jowett ever speak good French or participate at all in the French genius. I saw the heretical Renan when he visited Oxford, but I never heard what passed between him and Jowett. Doubtless they were much in agreement intellectual, but Renan's style was beyond him. Jowett's was terse and clear, rather bald and somewhat of a dissenting sceptic's order, but it was never either so logical or so brilliant as the Frenchman's. Nor, with all his " mysticism " was he ever a poet or a romantic. He reminded me of Congreve's Mrs. Millamant surveying her *billets doux* on the toilet-table and begging her maid to " pin up my hair in prose."

He was not an ordained priest till he was twenty-eight years old. Early unorthodox, he surprised his competitors for the Balliol fellowship by signing the thirty-nine articles with a decisive: " Give me a pen." As a class he misliked bishops, and once asked me if I had ever met Thompson, the Archbishop of York, " the fattest and most selfish man in England," as he described him. " The only bishop," he continued, " that I ever loved was the Bishop of Norwich, the father of my dear old friend, Dean Stanley. And he was not in the least like a bishop, more like a sailor "—with a stress on the long drawn-out " or." " I can quite imagine," he proceeded, " any clergyman who wishes to influence his generation for good, playing his cards till he became a bishop, and then throwing off the mask." His northern pronunciation of the last word stays with me. His own sermons, which had a semi-unitarian ring, were peculiar. At Westminster Abbey, it was said, he once opened a Whit-Sunday homily with :

"All of you remember the beautiful myth of the tongues at Pentecost," and in Balliol Chapel, introducing the French Revolution, he remarked: "Some of you may have heard of the French nobleman who declared his certainty that God 'would not damn a man of his quality.'"

I think that his high ideals of personal religion, as contrasted with those of dogmatical creeds, rather resembled that of a Scotch professor—himself a Balliol man—about birds. He was walking with a colleague who broke an habitual silence by inquiring what was the winged specimen that was flying over them. "A magpie, of course," was the laconic reply. Another wordless interval succeeded, and then the colleague ejaculated: "That is not *my* idea of a magpie." "No, but it is God's," was the rejoinder. That was Jowett's outlook to the life. He hated Pusey and all his early persecutors like poison. He may have forgiven but he never forgot them. Towards intolerance he was a bigot, and he collected heretics, sacred or profane, with the ardour of a Voltaire, though his heresies in "Essays and Reviews" would now seem orthodox. He welcomed Colenso, who preached in chapel. He cultivated Swinburne and Lord Westbury. He would have rejoiced to invite an archbishop to meet the trio with the bland Matthew Arnold to reconcile them. Actress or duchess, rake or revivalist, a wizard or dullard—all were fish for his net.

How well I remember Dean Stanley's Balliol sermons. That distinguished presence, at once simple and subtle, suggested the fine flower of an eighteenth-century abbé. He would begin his sermons with some rare historical instance, gradually leading to a kind of mystic rationalism. For example: "There is a red brick wall that leads down to Cordova" would prelude some poeticization of the inward spiritual life. The university sermons were very mixed and we always used to call the red-gowned dons in the procession "scarlet creepers." But the best preacher I ever heard was Liddon denouncing doubt, though I thoroughly disagreed with his conclusions. His eloquence was also quite French in character and reminded one of Bossuet's. How alien to such discourses are those of the preacher after the Crimean War, who painted the distress of bereavement by: "Mothers have lost their props, widows their stays," or of the curate whom

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD REPULSING BISHOP COLENSO FROM ST. MARY'S.
AND MR. JOWETT WELCOMING HIM TO BALLIOL CHAPEL.

once I heard comparing the magnificence of Solomon's Temple to the glories that he had just witnessed at the installation of the Bishop of ——. I think that Jowett's religion, which certainly inspired his life, was Neo-platonic. But constitutionally he was debarred from partaking in its raptures while he was condemned to wonder at any certainty of belief or interpretations. His religion was all in profile, you never beheld its full face.

Of music he knew nothing, though his perceptions brought him to invite John Farmer to Harrovianize Balliol. In poetry he was a Victorian. Lord Westbury and another were once staying with him, when the second much pleased the Master by citing a fine passage from Tennyson, the Virgil of his day. But Lord Westbury would have none of it and, snapping his fingers. he retorted with a vibrant episode from " Don Juan " and a " There's for your *Miss* Tennyson ! "

In politics, Jowett was once good enough to unbosom himself to me. He was all for Gladstone, he said, till he went mad with misguided and mischievous enthusiasms, nor could he ever forgive him for refusing to appoint Matthew Arnold to the librarianship of the House of Commons merely on account of ecclesiastical prejudice. And then, sickened of the rant and cant concerning the Bulgarian atrocities, he found both illumination and steadfastness in Disraeli, whom he came to reverence. He told me that he met Disraeli for the first time at Christ Church as a guest of Dean Liddell. " Oddly enough," he said, " he spoke to me about the Jesuits." I could not help suspecting, however, that it might be guessed why a discerner so inseeing had chosen that theme for the Master of Balliol. For Disraeli it was who observed to Dean Stanley after a long and most interesting talk about real religion, " Quite so, Mr. Dean, only please remember no dogmas, no Deans, Mr. Dean." Much later, Jowett met Disraeli at the Duke of Bedford's and at a critical moment. Jowett thus confided his impressions. " I do believe," he said, " that if Dizzy were sitting on the brink of the bottomless pit and immediately about to fall into it, you could never guess his predicament. Such is his pluck and power of face."

Two things are incontestable. One, the personality which guided or decided the future careers of many among his disciples. The other, his quality as a translator, which enabled him to

render Greek thoughts or records in English clear and transparent as cut crystal, and also to bring ancient philosophies and actions into an unbroken line with contemporary tendencies. This interpretative faculty may also be said to have attended his individual relations. He translated a man's intellect and character to himself or at least often forced him to accept the Jowettian version and he also, as it were, translated life into divers languages—the terms of religion into every-day reason, those of metaphysics into commoner sense. And so, if coldly, he established some kinship between the heavens and earth, often, be it owned, a forced kinship, but always without fear or favour.

What was the secret of the spell which far and wide undeniably he exercised? It was not magnetism, for no sparks radiated from that even surface: he might stimulate, comfort, smooth or ruffle you, but he could not sweep you off your feet. He was the missionary of moderation. Nor was it wholly the strength of his character or the contrast between his mild appearance and the aggressive mentorship of his bearing which made him seem another John Penn. Rather, I think, was it the sureness that awed his votaries till he seemed a Sir Thomas More and a Samuel Johnson rolled into one. And even if he disinherited you, he liked to be regarded as a father. Though Plato formed the refrain of his life, there was little hellenic about him—none of the glow for beauty. His Delphic pronouncements appealed especially to women both young and old, thoughtful or thoughtless; the *fin-de-siécle* Miss Margot Tennant brought her pert pitcher to his fountain, and so did many of a sedater type. In grief and in joy he counselled them. And he made the earnest and the frivolous of both sexes realize that they could all prove influential—that the smallest seal could stamp itself on the wax of any world, and so all the London world and his wife and daughters came to stay with him over Sunday. Would that we had been able to know him better and to fathom the inmost depths of his being.

Of Ruskin, he observed to me, "A man of great sensibility, little sense." I must say at the risk of disgusting my old and good friend, Mr. Wedderburn, that in part I agreed. Ruskin at that time stirred up the undergraduates by conversations exquisite as his Platonic style, to bend their mind less on games

than on works of permanent utility. They were to make a road from Oxford to Hinxey. The artistic conscience responded. A coterie of enthusiasts dug and dug till that Utopian highway was accomplished. But the only solid result that I ever heard of it was when some unfortunate old woman broke, it was said, her leg on one of its unevenest irregularities. Through Mr. Wedderburn I was introduced to Ruskin, who did me the honour of asking me to take a long walk. Naturally he was most interesting, especially about the wild flowers by the way. But when we exchanged the wild flowers for tamer topics, he grew half hysterical. I happened to mention that Taglioni was giving dancing lessons on the Lake of Como. Then he broke loose: I can hear his voice's ascending alto now. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that the enchantress of the *jeunesse dorée* of Europe in her old age is reduced to such a means of subsistence," with much more in a similar vein. I confess that I thought this indignation as misplaced as his ecstasies at the worn-away effigies of old scholars in Santa Croce. But perhaps I was prejudiced about this remarkable man, who had been the first husband of Millais' wife and, once, a petulant censor of Millais himself, while, again, he had belittled Mendelssohn's "Oh for the wings" during an Oxford lecture which meant in effect "And then this little musical gentleman comes and tells us," and so forth. Ruskin certainly knew as little of music as I do about linear perspective. For all that, Ruskin did more—and with more charm—to quicken a sense of beauty in art and life than any English author before or after him. Where his exaggerativeness made a false step was in puritanizing beauty and imprisoning it in ethics.

One of my great friends was the late Mr. Harry Duff, sportsman, scholar, the cheeriest of companions and a veritable pillar of the shrewdest common sense. In his intellect he always reminded me of Lord Brougham. What would he not have achieved at the Bar had his health enabled him to remain in London? A fellow of All Souls', he would often invite me to the hospitalities of the "Pub" with the sign of the sun-dial. To one of the younger fellows was then allotted the duty of mixing their delicious salad, and he was none other than that eminent historian, Mr. Fletcher. Duff had all the instincts of

a Highland chieftain. He married one of the Peels, with whom my own family were to become connected—a niece, too, of the Lancashire Heywoods, who had been bankers in the days of James the First. We were more and more together in the after-days, and his untimely death left a great gap in a wide circle. For some years he devilled for the late Mr. Arthur Cohen, the great jurist, who started by helping Gladstone to settle the Alabama dilemma. Duff, indeed, acted as his secretary and would tell me how wrapt up in mathematical problems his leader was even while the most absorbed in his thorny cases.

And with Duff was coupled in happy association the late Mr. Rutherford, who graced his head mastership of Westminster School by a scholarship as wide and as human as his large-hearted sympathies. Who could have recognized in his magisterial guise the bohemian aspect at Balliol of a second Clive Newcome? And among future professors and *literati* were Mr. Raleigh and the late Mr. W. P. Ker, who illustrated not only English literature but an ingrained humour that sometimes spoke in silence. Such names must suffice for the moment since a complete list might prove as protracted as Homer's "Catalogue of the Ships."

But among my Balliol acquaintances, outside Harrovian intimates, stood out the present Lord Milner. We rowed together two years running in the Morrison Fours—the first year as second in the race, the next as winners. Alfred Milner was already a marked and remarkable man, very thoughtful and considerate, exceptionally well-read in a round that included foreign literature, always a master and never a servant of books, rather reserved, and hardly sparkling. He told me that he was, perhaps, one of the very few in England who had studied all the works of Ferdinand Lassalle. He won his Balliol scholarship in the same examination as that in which I won my exhibition, and my English essay was honoured by being placed second to his. The subject was whether the advance in science would increase or diminish wars. I do not know what Milner's solution was, but I maintained that scientific inventions would multiply wars, and unfortunately, so far, I have not been mistaken.

His speeches in our "Dervorguilla" debating society were

more convincing than captivating as befitted a mind wiser than it was clever. His German education gave him weight, but to it was superadded an elegance of his own. Unfervid, he radiated a certain gentle liveliness. About him there was something of the summer breeze but nothing of the wind, still less of the whirlwind. You felt that he was a counsellor far more than a captain of men. But though skilled in abstracts he had managed to escape the heavy coils of that German philosophy which, I cannot but hold, has done more to impair the robustness of Oxford than a thousand revolutionary tracts. After all, its philosophic *argot* is a make-believe, as for example Kant's " Categorical imperative " instead of the plain word " duty." And it rests mainly on bloodless hypotheses. Constantly it strives to explain the inexplicable through the unintelligible and thus to become a sort of secular theology in the hands of modernist schoolmen. Milner always seemed to understand in which direction another's brain was working and to have that sympathetic insight which in the intellectual sphere corresponds to charity in the spiritual. He was at root neither critical nor creative ; temperature not temperament distinguished him. I shall never forget his kindness in that all-night sitting already mentioned, when I was working against time.

In later years both Milner and I used to frequent the drawing-rooms of a distinguished lady of whom Oscar Wilde once said that, with the white *bandeau* in her hair, worn so as to intercept her chin from her neck, she looked exactly like Mary Queen of Scots immediately after execution. I only mention this here because as a backer of ambition our hostess would repeatedly ask me : "And how is young Milner doing ? " It must be admitted that " young Milner " has done exceedingly well. He was always modesty itself though a soft irony could pervade it. I recollect that at one of our annual Balliol dinners in London, after speaker on speaker had indulged in mutual admiration, Milner summed up the universal permeation by Balliol in every department so obliquely as rather to damp the ecstasies of the little-great. Not long before he left for his high commissionership in South Africa he dined with us, as charming and cautious as ever. He was careless of fashion. A cousin of mine was married to the present Sir John Hanbury Williams and was, therefore,

to become his châtelaine at Government House. I am sure that Lord Milner will be amused to learn what pains Sir John then took to choose collars for him that would look the part, and a charger at once imposing and manageable. Which reminds me that another of my friends once left a visiting card at a house in total forgetfulness of having used it before, and that on it was inscribed : " Please send a quiet horse " ; while still another by error left a day-waiter's card instead of his own with : " Samuel Deane. Evening parties attended."

Mr. Asquith, though some two years senior, was still at Balliol in my first term. Milner was friendly with him, but he had little to do with " the sons of Balliol flushed with insolence and wine." Cold and reticent he seldom mingled with the new public-school boys who knew him mainly as an occasional reader of the lessons in chapel delivered in clear though frigid tones. From the first Jowett formed the highest opinion of his practical ability quite outside his triumphant scholarship. He rightly predicted an exceptional career. Jowett it may have been who helped his condensed mind to express itself with preternatural point and terseness. Afterwards he was tutor for a somewhat chequered time to my friend, Sheffield Neave, and his brother, who, I fear, did not find him congenial. He displayed but little interest in anything outside politics and the classics.

Another of my older contemporaries was Prothero, now Lord Ernle. Pleasant and accomplished, he made friends with all, as also did the musical Finch-Hatton. In after years I was much thrown with Prothero when he was editing the " Quarterly Review," and a very delightful editor he was. He was good enough to invite my co-operation and I wrote much for him. One of my articles provoked a quite unexpected sensation. He had suggested to me the theme of our minor poets, with the result that the frank expression of my mind roused a storm of which I had not the slightest presentiment. When I wrote of Andrew Lang and his " blue china " ballades that in these he was " a schoolboy blowing bubbles," of the indignant Mr. Watson and the languorous Mr. Le Gallienne that " if the pose of the one was that of the wrestling Titan, that of the other was that of the slighted Adonis," above all when I sincerely praised Gilbert as lyrically a head and shoulders taller than any of them, the

fat was in the fire. Canon Ainger, whom I so much respected, wrote to complain of me as "a humourless writer," others found a perverse joy in formulating a perfectly apocryphal list of precedences in the order which marshalled the poetasters, and no one could have been more astonished than my unworthy self. Prothero begged me to reply, but I felt that what I had written I had written, so most generously he himself stepped into the breach and di posed of the clamour far more effectively than I could possibly have done. But never could I learn the lesson of not speaking out one's mind.

Another promising but perhaps over-emphatic personality, to be nipped not many years onwards in the bud, was Leonard Montefiore, much under Jowett's spell, ardent for social service, violent in radical opinions. And there were Arnold Toynbee, the gentlest and most self-effacing of refined philanthropists, his talented literary brother the comprehender of Horace Walpole, and Mr. (late Sir) William Davidson, handsome, painstaking, immensely accurate—with a handwriting of itself portending success—who then little dreamed of his official future. There was Mallock's friend, the strange, hectic, talented Hardinge—musical, poetical, intensely flippant and flippantly "intense," who on one occasion parodied the poetic vogue of the day in a distich :

> She sealed the letter with a kiss—
> And took it to the post office.

And there were Lymington, afterwards Earl of Portsmouth, Standish, the distinguished cosmopolitan, and the brilliant Arthur Baumann. Lymington was the darling son of a clever mother, who heralded him as a coming Pitt. Good-natured and studious, with orange locks, he used to speak at the Union, where he was unmercifully chaffed for describing ninety per cent. of a certain coast-line as such-and-such and the "remaining thirty per cent." as so-and-so. Occasionally he was "ragged," for he was rather solemn and also the cherisher of certain luxuries in a cupboard which we used to raid. He had not yet developed those church enthusiasms of which he became so chivalrous a champion.

Standish, of an old Catholic family, who came to us from France

learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, was excessively interesting, versed in history and society, an epigrammatist with a sense of humour all his own. Of someone who was a sallow doctrinaire he observed: "Ah, it is not blood in his veins, it is tea." His premature death cut short a career that might have been signal in diplomacy. A friend of his was the American, Louis Dyer, who was to marry a daughter of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the famous publisher. He, too, added a world-flavour to great learning and high standards, he, too, was to be cut short in his useful studies. His future brother-in-law, Malcolm Macmillan, who met so early and so tragic a death on the mountains of Broussa, demands more than a passing word. He was one who, had he survived, must have gained a high rank in our literature. There was something of Charles Lamb in his liberality and quaintness of expression, some kinship also between them in the doom that dogged his steps. His letters, some of which have been collected, were absolutely himself, now grave, now gay, manifold in their interests, descriptive yet never dull, suggestive yet never importunate, modest yet never disfigured by false humility, simple yet never exhaling that "affected simplicity which is a refined imposture."

Added to these was Alexander Wedderburn, whose legal career has borne out all the high hopes entertained of him, whose wide sympathies and activities, whether in art, literature or the drama, have remained constant as the tried friendships which they have cemented. Further, there were also two great friends of mine and each other, Louis Dunlop and Evelyn Fanshawe. The former was both an intellectual sportsman and a sportsman-like intellectual. There was nothing that he could not do or dare. Alas, a career destined to have been brilliant was early blasted by the wintry blasts of Munich.

With Evelyn Fanshawe I was intimate for many years till he too was cut short in his later prime. Sprung from an ancient family he adorned it by his distinction and talent. His father was the veteran admiral who would tell me that, as a midshipman, he well remembered the young Disraeli, with his friends James Clay and Meredith, landing at Malta. His mother was the sister both of Lord Cardwell and Lady Thring. With Fanshawe and our critical friend Lacaita I used to travel and climb, and when his illness

compelled him to seek a warm climate I stayed with him and his versatile wife in their sheltered home on the Scotch-Italian Loch Ard.

And among acquaintances there was one who tarried with us but for a term, after which he cruelly migrated to Corpus. This was Mr. Walkley, the most original and perceptive of dramatic critics, sympathetic with all literature and some philosophy. I do not remember if in that short space he exhibited the mastery of French which has since both distinguished and assisted him, but no one could be with him for an hour without discerning that his capacities were above the ordinary and moved beyond the college. Sincerely it may be said that to know him is a liberal education.

Of George Russell at University College I naturally saw much, though not so often as formerly and hereafter. His high Anglicanism was making strides and he frequented the Cowley Fathers, a High-Church brotherhood, who, it was frivolously rumoured, would regale him with good sherry and then threaten flagellation as a penance. He inherited that proneness to contradictions which has so often marked the Bedford family and which led the great Burke to denounce their chief for his impenitent new-Whiggism. A man of both worlds, one side of him leaned with insatiable curiosity to the artificial zone of society, while the other was constantly weaning him away to spiritual ambitions and social service. On the one hand, there was in him a spice of Horace Walpole, on the other, of William Wilberforce, though both were tinged with Gladstonian ecclesiasticism. How strange in this gifted and affectionate friend was the union of the suave fanatic and the inveterate *flaneur!* His sense of humour was quite exceptional, his mind as original as his pen, and his aspirations as intense as his prejudices. As quite a boy he had seemed a man and in later manhood with many distinctions he became a boy.

Nothing fascinated him so much as young people, and he would revisit Harrow with his man-servant to treat the sons of his old friends right royally. He and Wedderburn were the godfathers of my dear son, Oliver, whom he would invite with the rest, gossiping of the old days and the old humours. His memory wellnigh rivalled Macaulay's — nothing that ever blossomed there faded. Though a Whig-Radical of the staider

sort he was devoted on the literary side to Disraeli, and though *au fond* an aristocrat of the Harcourtian type, his enthusiasm for Charles Dickens knew no bounds. Calverley himself could not have explored and remembered every cranny of the great humourist's works better. All these various strains formed an atmosphere of association in which he revelled, and his warmest affections were so intertwined with reminiscence that those who only knew him on the surface might imagine that his memory was his heart. He coloured and cheered my life from the first days at Harrow to the close when he passed from us, leaving a great gap behind him of perception, friendship, ability and blamelessness. What fun we used to have together from the times when we ate ices from a jam-pot with a paper-knife in Mr. Watson's house, to when we drove down together with my parents through Richmond Park to Pembroke Lodge.

A tongue like his could not always be cautious and I fancy that his short spell of office as a parliamentary secretary for Indian affairs was hardly a success. In no sense was he a man of business. Moreover, he had the inquisitiveness which is scarcely *la grande curiosité*—the somewhat prying inquisitiveness of Horace Walpole. There seemed nobody of any mark whom he had not known and no one that he could not characterize and reproduce. For Matthew Arnold, from boyhood upwards, he nourished a deep and admiring affection, and his high-church affinities never at any rate prevented him from his association with Erastians when Christianity animated their lives. After the kind old Lord Charles Russell's death George thoughtfully presented me with a memorial in the shape of the Harrow "*Prolusiones*" from 1870 to 1873, in which the prize compositions of us both were bound together. And he accompanied the gift with a charming letter. Many letters I have of his abounding in wit, friendship, the contrasts between ideals and practice, and our joint associations, but this brief and simple one I treasure beyond all. For underneath it throbs a real emotion.

18, Wilton Street, S.W.,

My Dear Walter, *Nov.* 4, '95.

You told me on Saturday night that you did not possess a copy of your Mendelssohn. It is in my power to supply the lack, rather prettily.

My father kept the "*Prolusiones*" in which I figured, 1870–1–2, and had them bound together with those of 1873, which he added *for your sake*. He always had a great interest in your Harrow performances, and retained a most grateful recollection of your parents' kindness at Pitlochrie in 1872.

The hieroglyphics on the flyleaf are his intitials—C. J. F. R.

I got the book with some others of his on his death; but do not need it, as he also had the "*Prolns.*" bound for me.

Affly. yours,
G. W. E. R.

Some six or seven years onwards he told me two stories about Disraeli that he had just heard from Harcourt, and as Disraeli can never lose savour and an interest in Harcourt has been recently revived, they may both be repeated here. After the last Conservative débacle, Disraeli, old and ill but jaunty as ever, met Harcourt in Piccadilly. Harcourt begged to be allowed to accompany him if, after all that had happened, Disraeli did not object to their joint appearance. They strolled arm in arm. "Do tell me," inquired Harcourt, "how do you think we are getting on?" "Not well at all," was the reply, "I like the old-fashioned way. The first year you do something and succeed. The second year you do something and fail. The third year you spend in discussing whether it was a failure or not. The fourth, you go to the country which pronounces that it was. And here is the second." The last time that Harcourt stayed at Hughenden was after Lady Beaconsfield's death. He found him silent and pensive But at length he took Harcourt to see all the family portraits. Of his devoted wife in her comparative youth he observed: "Ah, Harcourt, she was a wonderful woman, a companion and counsellor in a thousand. She did not know who came first, the Greeks or the Romans, but she was a wonderful woman." And then he took him up to the bedroom where hung a picture of an angel carrying a beautiful child in his arms through the clouds. "This," intently standing before it, he said, "was painted by Downman, my father's friend. Observe how beautifully the draperies of the angel are arranged. *The baby's me.*" How many other unfamiliar stories could I add about the same genius. I will content myself with one. After he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in the fifties he was asked to dine with an ex-chancellor famous for his

bad dinners. A friend called on him and found they were to share the same fate. "And what, Dizzy, do you think that we shall get to eat ? " " Oh, deferred stock for the soup, I suppose."

When George Russell published his first book of anecdotage—" Collections and Recollections "—he embalmed our friendship by portraying me as " Lucian Gay " ; another he dedicated to me, and, I may add, that he collaborated with my sister, Edith, in a delightful novel satirizing alike the young and the old generation, which introduces Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse in modern garb. Those whom he loved he often chastened—even Gladstone—but never did his pen shed a blot.

Outside the college two further figures must not be forgotten. The one is Mr. Pater, the other Oscar Wilde, then an undergraduate at Magdalen with no bode of the wretched tragedies impending.

Mr. Pater had not yet written his " Marius The Epicurean," but he was already maturing the æstheticism which he read into the classics. For him the intellect was a connoisseur of the senses. Sounds, colours, perfumes, fastidiously discriminated and adjusted, were his instruments of style and judgment, and when he would pay calls of an afternoon on the young dons' wives in the parks, he would actually carry in his pocket silken wisps of divers hues to redress the colours that might offend his gaze. His languorous and somewhat faded look hinted the half-sensuous Nirvana that seemed his element. It is rumoured that when he was an examiner of Lincoln College he once placed highly a candidate who apparently was by no means above the average. When taxed for this preference his reply was characteristic : " My reason is clear. His name is Sanctuary. How *could* I begrudge distinction to one with a name like that ? "

While at Oxford I only met Wilde once—at a luncheon given by Childers to his father. He struck me as a brilliant " mask "—in Mrs. Gamp's phrase—of affectation, a posture heightened some years afterwards when I lit on him at Mrs. Simpson's, and I can see him there now, standing with hyacinthine locks and a long black silk ribbon from which dangled an old-fashioned seal. At this very Balliol luncheon he wore an ecclesiastical ring of oval amethyst on his third finger. In his later heyday I often saw him in society and remember his answer to me once when

I suggested that a periodical might be started countering the principal articles of the day. "I see," he said, "'Dynamite,' the new family magazine, price sixpence." On another occasion he defended Socialism (of which he knew nothing) against my attacks on the vague ground that it was so "beautiful" to do as one likes. This, however, reminded me of the Communist bragging up "ideals" and defining them as: "Everyone is to do as he likes, and if he won't *we'll soon make him.*" Though impugned as a plagiarist Wilde could be spontaneous enough as a wit, and indeed "neither a borrower nor a lender be" cannot apply to compelling authorship, for lend it must, if it is anything, and borrow it will, often unconsciously.

The best story about Wilde is so good that it deserves to live. He was at a party when the discussion turned on who really discovered America. An aggressive New Yorker repeated blatantly more than once: "I tell you, sir, that it was the great Columbus who first discovered our great country." Wilde softly inquired whether a certain adventurous Don Amerigo had not given its name to the continent just before Columbus found it. Still the Yankee persisted. "I see," sighed Wilde, "of course you *must* be right, though I fancy that I can explain the anomaly. Don Amerigo discovered it first, but it was *hushed up.*" In the war of wits Whistler, whom I saw at our old home afterwards, was the most nonchalant, and even Wilde would never have telegraphed at the last moment to his hostess at her daughter's wedding: "Sorry. Detained. Don't wait." But Whistler was quite incapable of producing such a sustained piece of whimsical wit as "The Importance of Being Ernest," a play that will survive all his others. Who can forget the reply to: "I have lost my father." "As well as your mother? How careless of you!" The best, because the truest, comment that Wilde ever dropped about literature was his answer to the dictum that: "Meredith is a prose Browning." "*And so is Browning.*" Had Wilde been at Balliol, what would Jowett have made of him? Could the Master have strengthened his fibre and powers, could he have saved him from himself?

But to re-seek Balliol. A new and a younger friend that I made there was Mr. Arthur Baumann, for many years in Parliament as member for Peckham, a master of speech and epigram-

matic point, a publicist whose every word tells, and in later years, for a space, the editor of "The Saturday Review." He it was who, when Lord Randolph Churchill, deserted by his fair-weather friends, nearly broke down in the House of Commons, handed him the glass of water like a second Sir Philip Sidney. He was out and out the best speaker at the Union of my time—better than Milner. A Conservative by conviction, a scorner of shibboleths veiled by high-sounding pretexts, an abominator of such as were good men in the worst sense of that word, he spoke fully as much from his heart as from his head—and always *le mot juste*. I call to mind two passages of pith and moment during the latter days of the Bulgarian-atrocity agitation and its sequels. In the first he tested Gladstone by performance. "What has he to offer? 'Twenty years ago I told you so—Bright and I, we told you so. I and Bright and Cobden, *we* told you so.'" In the second, he crisped the cruelty of Liberal and Radical humanitarianism in a sentence. "After the horrors that their policy must entail is it not strange to find that these gentlemen represent themselves as the sole purveyors of the milk of human kindness?" I used often to attend the Union debates, but only once did I propose a motion myself. The young are always generous and though I cannot in the least remember my subject I can remember how gratified I was by the reception accorded to the speech, while I was puzzled to account for the large attendance of dons.

On some of our Balliol ones I must for a moment dwell. The Dean—Mr. T. H. Green—was a famous philosopher, but, as the Master would have said, he was not the least like a philosopher. Not a speck of mystery or mistiness surrounded him. Simple, sympathetic, in every way delightful, he agreeably disappointed me who had expected to find a hermit in his cave or a St. Simeon on his pillar. Hegel had been utterly powerless to dehumanize him and a strong sense of humour leavened all his discourse. His shyness was of the sort that proffers welcome instead of that which is made the excuse for rudeness. And what could he not teach by gentle insinuation as contrasted with a network of didactic dogmas? Mr. Evelyn Abbott, too, who was a permanent invalid and had to be wheeled about in a bath chair, was another such child of grace, forbearing, patient, illuminating. The

petrified Mr. Woolcombe was of an antiquer type, conscientious, immovable. And here a story intrudes.

Mr. Bodley—afterwards to be Dilke's secretary and later still the interpreter of France—had come up older than we were, both in years and experience of the world. His rooms abutted on the narrow staircase at the top of which Mr. Woolcombe resided. Occasionally some boon companions would " bay the moon " and much disturb the solemn peace of Mr. Woolcombe. So he sent for Bodley who owned a mind of infinite resource and the mien of a converted Don Juan. Bodley, in dulcet tones, assured the recluse that he had intended long ago to have volunteered his apologies and explanations. He had used his utmost efforts to get rid of these unwelcome invaders of his industry—but in vain, for they had swooped down upon him before he was able—as his habit was—" to sport his oak." Mr. Woolcombe, therefore, would well understand his sympathy which, though selfish, was sincere. Mr. Woolcombe *did* understand. And Mr. Bodley it was, too, who being accosted on his dark staircase with : " Hallo, Symperson, is that you ? " responded in a drawl with : " Good God, no ! "

The Reverend T. K. Cheyne—the Hebrew scholar—was a species apart. Learned in all the secrets of exegesis, grotesque yet impressive, he lived on the reputation of complete disbelief without any audible expression of dangerous tenets. When Dunlop and my close friend Evelyn Fanshawe were unjustly " sent down " for some harmless escapade, Dick Arnold composed the music and I the words of an opera satirizing the whole Balliol donhood. One verse returns to me and it occurred in a song allotted to Professor Cheyne :

> For I really don't believe in anything at all,
> And I laugh within my sleeve as I simper grace in hall.
> And Confess-i-on Auricular
> Or anything particular
> Re-lig-i-ous is wormwood and gall, gall, gall,
> Is wormwood and gall.

It was, I fear, rather a profane affair and we used to watch the Master furtively peeping out from the dim religious light of his big window as we intoned its petition : " Great Jowler, we pray thee, give heed to us now." And thereby hangs a tale. An

intellectual lady who collected lions came down to Oxford at this time for Commemoration. Dick Arnold and I both knew and liked her. She asked us to call, each at separate times. To him she said: "I was sitting next to your dear father the other night and he told me of the burlesque on the Balliol dons that you have set to such brilliant music. Of course, the words are nothing—young Sichel wrote them I hear—but the music, *your* music, Mr. Arnold, gives the *cachet*." To me she said: "Only the other night I was hearing of your brilliant skit on the dons. I understand that young Arnold has set it to music, very tuneful, no doubt, but where would it be without your libretto, which of course makes all the difference?"

A truly refreshing Balliol don was Mr. Richard Nettleship, ever self-contained and over-indulgent to idleness. He treated you as if you knew everything so much better than he could ever hope to do and interested him far more than he could possibly interest you. The brother of the famed oculist and of the blue-umbrella bearer mentioned in the Harrow chapter, his attitude was that of one pleasantly puzzled with existence and perfectly pleased with ambiguity, though in fact there was little of mind, life and high emprise that he did not understand and practise. Then, as lecturer, there was Mr. Thomas Case, now fortunately still the vigorous President of Corpus. A great logician and humourist, never was there a mentality more alive, and he could convert syllogisms into diversions. He was and is a firm ally of Mr. Robert Reid (since Lord Loreburn), and both had distinguished themselves in games. Mr. Case indeed had won the university racquet match for Oxford and had played his part in a top-hat, if, to cite Byron's "Childe Harold":

> If tales tell true nor wrong that holy man.

At all times I was greatly attracted to him and I still read his manly anti-Bolshevist outbursts in "The Times" with admiration. His wife was a daughter of Sterndale Bennett, the friend of Mendelssohn, and this heightened my interest in his household. There was also the refined and accomplished Mr. Strachan-Davidson, who was to precede Mr. A. L. Smith (the brother-in-law of the original Trilby) as Master. Delicate,

both in taste and health, he shone most in companionship. And there was Mr. Goodwin, a great Homeric scholar but somewhat discursive (as I am now) in his lectures. During one of them an undergraduate penned the following doggerel:

There once were some lectures on Homer,
But I think that the name's a misnomer.
We heard much about particles,
Verbs, nouns and articles—
But uncommonly little of Homer.

Perhaps, however, the most singular of all was Mr. Francis de Paravicini (known as "Paravi"), whose airy nonchalance covered an immense faculty for taking pains. In appearance he might have been Voltaire's Marquis of Pococurante, and odd indeed it was to read over the college store instituted by Mr. Jowett for our economical comfort: "Francis de Paravicini, licensed to sell wines and spirits."

Passing from college to the outside lecture-rooms that we frequented, two scholars of the first order stood prominent—Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Bradley, the Master of University College and afterwards Dean of Westminster. The former, a handsome and athletic presence, expounded Roman history. His lectures were a pattern. They made all the dry bones live and clothed precision with romance. Mr. Bradley was alertness incarnate, activity was his watchword. None could guess from that haggard face and somewhat dishevelled appearance what a keen sportsman was the Master of University, but everyone realized that his renderings of Sophocles were vibrant in the extreme. He had a great scorn for some whom he held to be adulterators of the pure milk of the word and treated them as an inquisitor does heretics.

In especial I remember with distant sympathy Professor Lewis Campbell, of, I think, Glasgow University, on whom he poured all the vials of his scorn. Never can I forget the drawled-out rasp in his voice when he would say: "How, gentlemen, shall *we* take this beautiful passage? *We* take it in its true meaning. But there are some of high repute who, I grieve to admit, read it otherwise. How does Professor Campbell take it?" (here he grasped a book). "Professor Campbell,

gentlemen" (with inexpressible contempt), "Professor Campbell says——" And then we were left to wonder how Professor Campbell could ever have acquitted himself so poorly and to feel how superior we were. His lectures on Sophocles were excellent in every way, modernizing the poet as well as expounding his style. Before them, of course, he always read out our names in rotation, and I was highly tickled by a certain collocation in the list—"Mr. Fox, Mr. Badger, Mr. Bankes." Mr. Bankes is the distinguished Lord Justice, who had been with me at the Headington School, but Mr. Fox and Mr. Badger must have been long parted, and could scarcely have relished their conjunction.

My allusion to the great scholar's occasional dishevelment reminds me of another nonsense rhyme which someone scribbled during his lectures:

There once was a genius called Bradley,
Who neglected his shirt buttons sadly.
When rebuked for intentional
Slight of conventional
Customs, he buttoned them—badly.

His intellectual individuality was as vehement as his physical, and to more than one of his many children he transmitted some of his gifts. It is needless to state that Mrs. Woods, the distinguished novelist, who was to marry the late Master of the Temple, is his daughter, whom I remember as a girl.

Some of the eighteenth-century atmosphere still hovered around college common-rooms. The veteran President of Magdalen, who literally linked Oxford with the past, confined rowdy undergraduates to their rooms with the ban of: "This kind can go forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting," a text that I cannot imagine my old Balliol acquaintance who now adorns the presidency so applying. Nor can I imagine the following scene in the common-room of Brazenose. A member of the college who had long been a missionary in distant parts and had just returned was invited by the fellows after some hesitation to one of their jovial gatherings. One of them, thinking that he would appeal to their guest, opened conversation with: "I suppose a great door was opened to you in Rumtifoo."

" Door ! " he replied, " I should just think so. Why, you begin on four hundred a year." The general tone in such matters is higher now.

Mr. Cradock presided over that ancient college, a man of many gifts, of which his wife was one. She was as well known in London as at Oxford. She was a poignant conversationalist and observer of books, men and company. Mr. Jowett delighted in her society and inscribed some lines in her album about the bee which, though small in size, is great in energies. Afterwards she appeared in " Robert Elsmere." The Pattisons of Lincoln, all who are figures perhaps too familiar for me to re-picture. Mark Pattison looked the part of George Eliot's Isaac Casaubon, of whom he was popularly supposed to have been the original. Mrs. Pattison—afterwards Lady Dilke—was as variously accomplished in arts as he was in sciences, but in every way they were and appeared an oddly contrasted couple.

And then there were the Liddells, of Christ Church, as foremost in Belgravia as in Oxford. Who can forget the Dean, with a figure and face splendid in dignity, his magnificent wife and his radiant daughters, one of whom was the Alice in Wonderland of Mr. Dodson—that fountain of whimsical genius whose rainbows will shine for ever. The scholarship of Dean Liddell is embalmed in the Greek lexicon which he compiled with Robert Scott, but his fame really depends on the Alice-associations. Dean Liddell had been head master of Westminster School and chaplain to Prince Albert, so royalty was in the air. Many stories were told of his hospitable wife, who was never remiss in her attachment to noblemen. One in this connection, whether true or otherwise, is too good to be lost. Prince Leopold was then at " the House "—Mr. Bodley, who knew him, always called him " Luppah "—and a great tea-party was once given in his honour in the big drawing-room of Mrs. Liddell. By accident he spilled his tea-cup over the carpet. It was rumoured that the loyal hostess would never suffer that stain to be removed and that it was as religiously preserved as Rizzio's blood at Holyrood.

The last time that I beheld the Dean was not long before he died—driving near Ascot. His head was bowed, but he still looked as imperial as ever. What a pity that no great painter of that period ever set upon canvas a series of the beautiful families

that adorned the golden age—the Millais, the Moncrieffs, the Hamiltons, the Liddells, and perhaps one might add the Lethbridges—families pre-eminent not in single examples but in their entirety. Such harmonious wholes seem now almost extinct, but then they flourished in fragrant bouquets. The London season, with its quadruple array of carriages and horses, its cavalcade at evening in the Row, its " youth and bloom and this delightful world," its mirth, glory and glamour, was not merely a pageant but a solid asset of national good humour which countered the envy that has bred communism. The bystanders loved it, just as in the eighteenth century they loved the spirit of those who drew up the blinds at great parties that the throng outside might enjoy the spectacle. Who now could revel in a kaleidoscope of motors ? The disappearance of the horse, human and humanizing, has erased something of good humour and good fellowship. To what will the future lead us ? To a landscape of dead-level without mountains or undulations, where everyone is equally insignificant and most rather miserable ? Is this Utopia ? I trow not. The power and bent of England work otherwise and will reassert themselves. But one thing that we much desired has been achieved. The lot of hand-labour has been infinitely improved. The majority can now rightly share in the amenities of life, and this should be just the reason why the masked malice of a minority that would fain destroy without developing should be foiled. Had not the trade union organization been captured surreptitiously by designing cliques, who have thus been enabled to commandeer votes under specious pretexts, very little would have been heard of them or the malingerers whom far more than any others they represent. Something, on the other hand, is evident. If in the fifties the country gentlemen had only invited the dissenting ministers and their wives even to their garden-parties very little of the present propaganda, at any rate in its present misrepresentative shape would have occurred. Social dissatisfaction can prove a powerful solvent and trifles, light as air, often underlie issues the most crucial. Its influence is not restricted to the birthplaces of the Nonconformist Conscience that " has made cowards of us all." England and America alone among the nations have ostensibly permeated their foreign policies with its tenets, nor can the continent understand the political outlook

of our political pulpits. To take the lowest point of view, therefore, the Victorian squires and squiresses were not wise in their generation, while, to take the highest, the groundwork of true Christianity is now being subverted by the new and cunning allies of the old and sturdy dissenters. But themes like these must be re-touched hereafter.

Among the Oxford intellectuals who were to win renown were Mrs. Humphry Ward and her husband. He was then a Brazenose don and through the Arnolds I came to know her. She returns to me, a tall, slim, pale presence immersed in Spanish and music with no notion of ever producing a novel—which, as her uncle, Matthew, mistakenly affirmed, " no Arnold " could create. She was very serious and reserved, more thoughtful than scintillating, in conversation somewhat didactic, though the reverse of insignificant. All that she did mattered. It was George Russell who first forwarded her theological romance of " Robert Elsmere " by sending it to Gladstone, whom it fascinated. It dealt seriously with dogmatic doubt, but its lighter passages were heavy. The curtain-disquisitions of the Reverend Robert on theology could not but raise a smile and, able as the whole is, it adds an instance of the difficulties in turning a virtual treatise into a work of imagination. Her future characters, with their transferences from the past to the present, were to gain much in ease and flexibility—qualities which the Reverend Robert conspicuously ignored. I think that its permanent success was due not only to the earnestness of its honesty but to its acceptation as a short cut to Alpine heights, and in this respect it resembled the Rigi Railway. The best surely of all her fiction is " Helbeck of Bannisdale "—a wonderful realization of nature and human nature in relation to the Catholicism which it incarnates. Mrs. Humphry Ward may be said to have taken a degree in humour rather than to have been instinctively humourous, and she always remained something of a lecturer.

On one occasion she came to luncheon with me at Balliol, bringing her niece, Lucy Arnold, with her. I had done my best to deserve the honour by a successful parley with the Balliol *chef*, and still preserve the menu in which figured a *gelée à la Jowett*. Some eight of us were present, and Mrs Ward, I was pleased to see, did full justice to the fare. Judge of my

surprise, therefore, when, after a long conversation, she suddenly interposed with: "I think this luxury too great for an undergraduate." I sat reproved, but not ashamed. When her "Elinor" was adapted for the stage, to which it never could belong, Max Beerbohm wrote an excellent critique in the "Saturday Review." So far as memory serves me, it opened thus: "Blue, blue is the Italian sky; white, white shines the Italian villa. But hush, hush! Be very careful as you approach the marble threshold. Speak low lest you disturb the inmates. *Everyone* is unwell." This is true. In writing "Elinor" Mrs. Ward had yielded to the hospital-air of the moment, though as a rule her books are bracing. Where they fail, when they fail, it is through constraint. She seldom lets herself go; her ethics are so far in advance of her æsthetics. But no one more raised the intellectual and moral standards of her day and what she preached she more than practised. Nevertheless, seriously as she took life, she sometimes took herself even more seriously. My sister once in sending a letter of congratulation compared her to George Sand. Her answer expressed her pleasure at this new comparison, since as a rule she was compared to George Eliot. How small, however, are such specks as these when we regard the altitude of her outlook and the beneficence of her life.

Just now I trusted to memory for a quotation and I must do so once again. One Balliol summer I discovered that inestimable jewel, the first edition of the "Portuguese Handbook"—"for the Publishers in Peking." Issued in a blue wrapper, it purported to be a foreign guide to the English language with attached anecdotes, "idiotisms" and "proverbs." Mark Twain gave but a faint notion of its beauties in the excerpts which he entitled "English as She is Spoke." The close of its preface, so far as I remember, runs as follows: "We hope, then, who the little book for the care what we wrote him and for her typographical errors will be useful to the youth of this country and without, at which we dedicate him particularly." It certainly has been. A sporting dialogue begins with: "See, some black game what run." The King of Italy is always known as "Humbert King's Italy." The doleful story of a blind man on horseback opens with: "A blind common travel at a horse"; its proverbs abound

in such gems as: "To catch the occasions for the hairs" (to take time by the forelock), and the "idiotisms" include such quaint vulgarities as: "When him feel him snotley, blow his nose." We used to lie on the sward of the inner quad and literally scream over it. It must have been from this that Calverley took the pattern of his:

> I don't know any sweetest Miss
> What walk her in the gay parterre.

What are Ollendorff's vagaries about: "Where is the little man with the long nose? He is in the Dutchman's bedroom," (clearly so serviceable to travellers), in comparison with the Portuguese pidgin-English?

Before its magnificence, like the Queen of Sheba at Solomon's, we feel that there is no more spirit left in us. The guide-book to the Munich Gallery, extracts from which Mark Twain also utilized, is a pale approach, but at how long a distance. And the genuineness of that other masterpiece is the best voucher for that of its surpasser. Neither of them can be hoaxes. I was lucky enough to buy the latter at the doors when I visited the Pinacothek. Mark Twain by no means exhausted its treasures of picturesqueness. Nor can I resist three repetitions. One: "A landskip perfused with Maybugs." Another: "The Genius of Time, leaned against a book, lets fall an unleaved rose;" aside, an hourglass. The third, lurid with dissipation: "The Prodigal Son, a Night-and-Knee-piece." Later on there appeared a prospectus of "A Plaisir-journey in Hungary," also rich in pure and undefiled English, and I have seen in a Tyrolese hotel-list the recommendation of a liquor as: "A pleasant wein for trisful days." One word, however, never appears in any of these grotesques. I found it over the gateway of the Rouen burial-ground over which in past years used to hang this inscription: "Please to remember the *Grout* what takes care of this cemetery." In vain have I searched for the derivation of "Grout," which I suppose was intended to denote the guardian.

The Oxford habits have changed considerably since my time. Some scattered instances may suffice. The examinations then

were fewer and simpler, and though Plato assures us that the unexamined life is unliveable I have passed through so many of these furnaces that I am not so certain. There used to be some good stories about the examiners for theology. One of them asked a slacker what was St. Peter's answer to : " Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? " He replied : " Lord, I go a-fishing," to which the examiner retorted : " You'd better."

To smoke a cigar in the " High " was considered bad form in the early seventies. Of course there were no cinemas, and but one theatre—the unsavoury " Vic." But there were capital concerts, and our musical society was second to none. The Mitre was still an inn and not yet an hotel. The Clarendon was noted for its masonic banquets. And there was perhaps more extravagance if less freedom. The tradesmen were on a bigger but not a better scale and strange wines were retailed by them—one in especial—a claret—was known to some of us as " Château Nibbs." There was a shop in the " Broad " kept by a certain—or uncertain —Mrs. Hannah Cripps, who sent into college additions to our Sunday breakfasts. Was she a myth ? All that I know is that she died annually, for payments long deferred used to evoke a solicitor's black-edged letter urging that : " The executors of the late Mrs. Hannah Cripps " could bear the suspense no longer. But there were greater shops in those days—shops that the modern Oxford cannot show. Of these the chief was Spiers at once our Asprey and our Truefitt. Coopers still survives, the Fortnum and Mason of Magdalen Bridge. His marmalade is now world known but then it was merely local though equally good. An undergraduate, however, who afterwards became a guardsman, was once foolish enough to air the contempt that familiarity can breed. " I want some marmalade, please," he shouted out after an ice, " none of the beastly stuff you make yourself."

As for clubs they were legion. Vincents headed them and I fancy heads them still, and, why I know not, I had the honour of being a member. I used also to be an occasional guest of the convivial Bullingdon at Christ Church, where I remember seeing Lord Long of Wraxall performing the exacted feat of drinking off their huge silver beaker of wine at a draught.

The proctors were extraordinarily vigilant and their " bull-dogs " beat the record. On one occasion a reckless beau, at

whose premature funeral several young ladies appeared as his fiancées, was hauled up for an offence which he roundly denied. "But you admitted it at the time," urged the proctor as he repeated the artless confession of the delinquent. Cool as a cucumber he persevered in his denial. "I couldn't have said that, sir," he persisted, "because, you see, if I had said it *I should have been telling a lie.*" And thus the modern George Washington made his exit. Generally, too, there was much less noise in Oxford in that hushed period. Solemnity had not yet been laughed to scorn by mechanical din. Even the bicycle had not yet replaced the rare and unwieldy "bone-shaker." There was rest for eye and ear.

In study some of us may have been less strenuous and our subjects more limited, but I doubt if scholarship to-day is finer in quality. We were less bizarre than now seems the rule, and at Balliol there were then few undergraduates of colour except an alluring son of the King of Siam, who, when he matriculated, was reported to have received a telegram from his august father announcing that the triumph had been celebrated by the beheadal of twenty-five undesirable subjects. It was further rumoured that Jowett had strongly advised him not to change his religion. There were also two Japanese princes, the one convivial to a fault and passionately fond of cards, the other, heavier and more phlegmatic in bearing. The lively prince was the most in request and the more melodiously named, but the other, whose nomenclature could only be pronounced by a sneeze, was discovered to be the greater magnifico and indeed the paymaster. The only negro in my time at the university was Mr. Cole, appropriately known as King Cole, who did not seem to derive much benefit from the Oxford civilization. *Now*, I am informed, that the black preponderance is such that at a cinema-scene reproducing the aquatics of aborigines, some blasphemer in the audience shouted out: "Well rowed, Balliol!" —a truer story, surely, than the old fiction of the Balliolite who owed his life to the chief of the tribe turning out to be himself a Balliol man, who always refused to devour a fellow-graduate.

Some of us may have been more rowdy in those days, though I am certain neither less energetic nor more frivolous. One

scene I cannot efface. It was after a " wine " in celebration of our victory in the Morrison Fours. We rushed out into the quad. One of the banqueters then with difficulty climbed to the top of a tree and, " warbling his sweetest woodnotes wild," declared upon his oath that he was a bird. He could hardly have been one after Maeterlinck's heart. Shortly after my time another reveller was found by the Master squatting on the ground with an umbrella over his head. " What are you doing ? " severely asked Mr. Jowett. " Doing, sir ? " hiccoughed out the delinquent. " Can't you see that I am a mushroom ? " Socrates junior was, I have heard, very lenient to this absence of mind, possibly because Alciabides and Swinburne might easily have rivalled it.

Boys will be boys and if they work hard, keep their honour untarnished, and do not lose sight of the celestial lodestars, they are none the worse for such temporary lapses. Prigs and pedants are seldom epoch-making.

How beautiful were the Sunday vespers in the chapels of New and Magdalen College, how their angelic chorus and worshipful adoration raised the heart and cheered the will ! Milton himself was not insensible to the fairer accessories of devotion :

There let my due steps never fail.

And with what a zest, second only to schoolboy enthusiasm, we hailed every success in work or play, every effort of Oxford men to uphold their flag. That which marred work was the feverish cramming, surely the worst feature in our examination system. A certain Mr. Ashton Cross, who could impart more knowledge (and more persuasively) in half an hour than most could in half a year, was greatly and justly in request as a " coach." But he must have felt how mistaken were the doctors who prescribed such injections. Sybarites would hire by the hour perfectly uninstructed beings to read aloud Bohn's " cribs " to them while they lolled lazily in a cushioned punt along the lush banks of the Isis or the fritellaried Cherwell. Bohn's translations were not always consummate models of style. I call to mind one of these " readers " mouthing out quite unintelligibly a Sophoclean invocation to children who are

" the dear buds of life, supports of man's existence " as " O sprouts, O props of a man."

And how gay and artless were the commemoration dances in those historic halls that the past haunted and the present enjoyed. How exhilarating to sally forth from them—brothers, sisters, mothers laughing together—in the fresh flush of dawn through the free air and silent, ancient streets. It was a carnival of innocence. And then the Encænia in that old theatre surrounded by trunkless heads of Roman emperors that look like the effigies of " plucked " undergraduates! We were chartered libertines there. The long Latin compliments of the public orator to the celebrities receiving honorary degrees would be constantly interrupted by satirical emblems passed down from the gallery to the majestic arena. Songs and cynicisms mingled with the cheers. The water-parties, too, where love was first lisped, and the pranks that we played on each other. I remember one on an over-solemn but guileless being who, unless I err, has lately contributed to one of those myriad conferences which meet to part and part to meet again, as fruitless as they are frequent. It was a wet afternoon when the imp of mischief entered our bosoms. The person in question was so provokingly self-complacent, so reliant on the forehead with which he traded, that we resolved to hoax him. We ransacked the book of University Statutes to find the offence of which he was the least capable. We bought a piece of note-paper stamped with the arms of the chief proctor's college. We drew up a great indictment incorporating a Latin Commandment and summoning the innocent to attend the proctor for breach of it at ten the next morning. We pushed it through the crack beneath the door which hid his slumbering form. We never imagined that such a trick could deceive a baby. It was the time of the college " trials " or end-of-the-term examinations. Early next morning what was our surprise to see that these examinations were postponed. The spell had worked and when the martyr presented himself to remonstrate with his pretended executioner, he was told with a smile : " I am afraid, Mr. What's-his-name, that you have been the victim of a hoax."

In those golden summer festivals two reverend figures in their Master of Arts gowns used to stand at the Christ Church gates,

like angels at the gates of Eden, and with great courtesy to distribute tracts concerning the agonizing death-beds of "infidels"—the innocent John Stuart Mill being the leading example. I cannot imagine that nowadays they have found any apostolical successors. Nor could they compare with that delightful old Low-Church clergyman who used to stand and preach in Hyde Park near the Achilles statue, with a model footman behind him and a velvet cushion for his prayer book.

Musical stars, aye and music hall stars, used to visit us. There were the Robertsons from South America with their clergyman father, for whom we gave luncheon-parties, and—oh, the descent!—there was the "Great Vance" attended by an artiste called Miss Eunice, whose name he always pronounced as "you nice." Vance was famed for his song of "Immensikoff, the Shoreditch Toff," which smacked of the old-fashioned horseplay now so rightly out of vogue and favour. In his own way he was very good company, laughing so heartily that his light, long, Dundreary whiskers would gyrate around his plate. Many greater and more classical performers would give their concerts and afford us higher pleasures—for Oxford was really musical—but none imparted to boys the air of being so knowing as the "Great Vance."

And then the reading-parties, what fun they were! Though I have seen Mr. Jowett with his young men at the Tummel Falls I never had the chance of joining his Highland Academy. But Mr. Wedderburn will remember the days at Malvern Wells where we bought hock from the chemist, and schemed for an acquaintance with two charming young ladies by procuring a performance that included his song of "Shall I wasting in despair?" and our joint performance of the Cromwell scene from "Henry the Eighth," when I, as Wolsey, in a red-flannel dressing-gown, charged him, as Cromwell, to "fling away ambition"—with a side-glance at the two seraphs in the audience. Nor will my companions at Leamington forget the studious days there and the frugal habits of our Dickensian landlady, Miss Tidmarsh. The local organ published a glowing eulogy of that sporting town. Unfortunately the article's Latin quotation was not as grammatical as the praise, for it said that Leamington was not only a *rus in urbe*, but also an *urbe in rus*.

One memento of Balliol days must not be omitted. And that is elocution. None of the dons or the debating societies could teach us an art for lack of which talent has often failed in public life. It was Mr. Alfred Wigan, the accomplished comedian and gentleman, who came down to teach us, and we struck up quite a friendship between us. He lived in Brompton Square and I often visited him and his nice wife. On the stage he was more like a French actor than the average Briton who fixes his gaze on the gallery. But English he was to the core. Who that ever heard it can forget the perfection both of pathos and frolic in "The First Night," a first-rate play that might surely have been revived with Sir Charles Hawtrey in the title-rôle?

Yet let it not be deemed that our seed-time of existence was mainly passéed in loitering folly. High emprise, strenuous endeavour, are none the less real for hiding below the surface. There was much to exalt, to encourage, and to attune our energies, much communing together in quiet hours, and a great sense of community. Yet I shall always maintain that the university can never replace the public school, which, one way or another, is as the home to the hotel or a pipe to a cigar. There's no place like home. It rivets affection more than admiration. The narrower the sphere, the more intense is our attraction to it, and the impressionability of boyhood can never be replaced.

And still, if any influence could replace it, surely it would be Oxford's.

> Yet, O ye spires of Oxford, domes and towers,
> Gardens and groves, your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason.

She wields an ancestral spell of romantic devotion. In Church as in State she is the citadel of the cavaliers. The fair home of forlorn hopes and "of lost causes," the mistress of Chivalry, she ever beckons to us anew and ever upwards. And though cosmopolitans may strive to sap her patriotism, and a loose license her religion, loyalty is the genius of a place that, after every passing phase and experiment, under all developments and adaptations, must by the law of its being return and be at rest in the sanctuary. For Oxford is the Don Quixote of universities.

CHAPTER VI

The Three "L's"

THE three "L's" of my later youth were Law, Literature and London. The last was ever the background, the first my destination, the second, however unworthy I may be, my destiny and delight.

I started with equity at Lincoln's Inn, of which my uncle was a bencher, and where I was a pupil of the genial Mr. Giffard, who never ceased to remind me of the great "Gumputtee" patent case, now only reminiscent of a large gilt trade-mark imaging a huge Indian idol. Thence I proceeded to the Inner Temple and the common law, which were more congenial. My first master there was Mr. Robert Reid, the present Lord Loreburn. I fear that I did him scant justice except in political argument, which raged furiously between us, though most amicably, for more than a year. He was an inveterate Gladstonian and the future Solicitor-General and Lord Chancellor would send me blue book on blue book if perchance he might reclaim to the fold so black a sheep as I was. A great cricketer, a great scholar, a great lawyer, with a grasp of detail unrivalled, he failed to stir me into enthusiasm, though I have never forgotten his misguided zeal and unbounded kindness. But when I entered the chambers of the then Mr. J. C. Mathew, the whole vista was transformed. He was utterly unlike anyone else, so versatile, so buoyant, yet so concentrated.

Outwardly a precisian, he was the airiest of Irishmen. He always seemed to hit the right nail on the head. A wit of the first water, a lawyer who loved difficulty yet to whom nothing was ever difficult, with all the perseverance of mediocrity, yet with all the sparkle of genius. It used to be said of his big commercial cases that Mr. Mathew might have arrayed against him three statutes and the redoubtable Mr. Benjamin, but that over them all he could drive a coach and six. He did me great

honour and we became friends of his household. Often he asked me to walk back with him from the Temple to South Kensington. It was the moment of the Coleridge *cause célèbre* when the fastidious and rather sanctimonious Lord Chief Justice was sorely beset by the publicity of the suit brought against him by Mr. Adams, his daughter's betrothed. Never was a judge of such self-realized perfections in a like quandary. That the public should stare at him save as a consummate lawyer, politician and buttress of the High Church was far worse than when the lawless Dr. Kenealy had libelled him as :

Ready for thirty pence to sell thy God.

Mathew had long known and liked the Lord Chief Justice, but the gravity of his grief under these circumstances quite upset that of his old admirer.

One evening as we strolled back through Piccadilly I saw on the newspaper placards in large letters : " The Lament of the Llama." They were some verses on Lord Coleridge which I had ventured to write for the " St. James's Gazette," then directed by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the cleverest and most appreciative of editors. Mr. Mathew was much amused when I recited them. It so happened that Mr. Justice Manisty, a judge whose conscience always controlled his feelings, had just decided some intermediate proceedings in favour of the Coleridge side of the case. I asked Mr. Mathew what he thought of it, and his reply was : " Well, what can you expect from a judge of such reckless integrity ? " Years passed, and the widowed Lord Coleridge married again—the lady being young enough to have been his daughter. All that Mr. Mathew said to me about this surprise was : " I have lost all confidence in that chin," and those who recall the chin of Lord Coleridge will recognize the incisiveness of that comment.

Lord Coleridge I often heard both in court, on the home circuit (to which I transferred myself from the northern), and at a certain great " Gaudy," when Mr. Jowett feasted the sons of Balliol in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Coleridge rose to acknowledge the toast of the House of Lords and, after a sort of hymn of praise for the peers, these in effect, were his closing words : ". . . And yet, I often ask myself, every

morning as I shave myself I ask myself: 'Of what earthly use is the House of Lords?'" He, too, it was who in receiving a new Lord Mayor predicted the extinction of his worshipful office, remarking that in the march of events most time-honoured institutions disappeared. But prophecy was never his *forte*. An imposing figure, portly and well favoured, an old oar in the Oxford boat, in classics, in cultivation, in richly-toned eloquence a paragon, a refined lawyer and an ecclesiastical inquisitor, he shone through the irony of an assumed ignorance and insouciance. This did not always make for strict impartiality.

In one of the numberless "Truth" libel cases, which the cool Mr. Labouchere loved to propagate, the name of Miss Connie Gilchrist (afterwards Countess of Orkney) was mentioned by the late Lord Halsbury, then Mr. Hardinge Gifford. She was, of course, a popular favourite of the Gaiety stage. Coleridge immediately woke up from the dozing boredom that engrossed him on the bench whenever Bohemia was concerned. "Miss Gilchrist," he pensively murmured, "I am very ignorant not to have heard of her. Who *is* Miss Gilchrist?" just as, unless I err, he once enquired the profession of "Mr. Cornelius Grain." In another, the journalist who signed himself (I think) "Autolycus" was in the box. "What is your profession?" dulcetly inquired Lord Coleridge, to which he answered: "Oh, my lord, I suppose you would call me 'a picker-up of unconsidered trifles.'" In still another, where the "Daily Telegraph" was concerned, Lord Coleridge thus addressed the jury: "To show you, gentlemen, how perfectly unprejudiced my mind must be in this connection, I must confess to you that, odd as it may seem, I have never in the course of my life even so much as read a single word of the 'Daily Telegraph.'" And this a journal that had "the largest circulation in the world!"—an odd method, truly, of disclaiming prejudice.

But my mind travels back to a more crucial instance. It was at the Maidstone Assizes. A young village postman was charged with stealing some money from a letter. The defence raised was that the boy was a sort of village idiot, in Coleridge's purist pronunciation, an "imbēcile." The lad's defender was the late Mr. Douglas Kingsford, a most promising and popular advocate. This plea enraged Coleridge as being outside the letter of the

law, and when the poor old mother came up as a witness—some red-lamp chemist's widow, though she styled him a physician—Coleridge took upon himself to cross-examine her. " Your son was very fond of reading ? " " Oh, yes, sir—my lord—always at his books." " What sort of books—Shakespeare ? " " Oh, yes, sir—my lord—always at his Shakespeare." " ' —Mrs. Trimmer's History of France ' ? " Out came the again bewildered widow with : " Oh, yes, sir—my lord—sir." " The Bible ? " " Of course, sir—my lord—always at his Bible." " Thank you. That will do. You can step down." Then Coleridge thus delivered himself to the jury : " The defence set up in this case, as I hold improperly, is that this lad was an imbecile. You have heard his poor old mother. He is very fond of reading books that require intelligence. Shakespeare, gentlemen, a difficult book. Mrs. Trimmer's ' History of France,' a book far from easy. The Bible, gentlemen, a very difficult book indeed. It is for you to consider whether such studies are compatible with the mentality of an imbecile."

He revelled in deprecation. Once after assuming the black cap to sentence a murderer he prefaced his exhortation with : " Prisoner at the bar, you have been justly convicted, and it is a painful duty that I, one of the humblest of God's creatures, must now, as the law's unworthy instrument, perform." One is half-tempted to repeat Mr. Pecksniff's self-depreciation when he begged his daughter not to forget to remind him, when she handed him his bedroom candlestick that night, to pray for Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, " who has done me an injury."

But quite apart from his accomplishments and his " silver " tongue he had great qualities and a combination of them. He individualized all that he touched and no counterpart of him has reappeared. I remember this remarkable man when he was counsel in the Tichborne case, of which, much earlier, I was vouchsafed a glimpse. His ironical acuteness found expression in the formula : " Would you be surprised to hear ? " And the claimant as well, as among other witnesses, the humorous Mr. Baigent, *were* very much surprised to hear the posers put to them. Not only did his learning never flag, but his polished pungency animated even the dullest proceedings.

The Law Courts were intensely interesting and much more

specialized than they are now. Most of them were at Westminster, including the ancient Bail Court, and one could enjoy many intervals for snatches of the debates in the House of Commons, in whose refreshment-room, during the Home Rule crisis, I remember being startled by a Bath bun with a rusty nail in it, probably intended for one of Gladstone's opponents. In the city, too, was the Lord Mayor's Court with a peculiar procedure of its own. As it had been in the beginning it was, and never shall be again. Among the principal counsel whom it was my pleasure to know or study were then Henry Matthews, our home-friend, Frank Lockwood, Charles Russell (whose daughter was to marry my brother-in-law), Mr. Gully, afterwards Speaker and Lord Selby, Henry James, Farrer Herschell, Mr. (soon Mr. Justice) Day, the future Sir Charles Mathews, Serjeant Ballantyne and Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton).

Henry Matthews, afterwards Home Secretary in the Conservative Government and eventually Lord Llandaff, showed little of the lawyer in his bearing. He ought surely to have been in the diplomatic service—perchance of the Jesuits. The suavest, the most ironical and the most polished of advocates, an ornament both of the courts and of society, he never flew too high or too low and charmed juries into conviction. Nobody could be more persuasive when he defended or more caustic when he attacked, and even Coleridge could never compete with the classicality of his style. He was tall, with regular features, though his complexion was defective and spectacles hid the glow of his eyes. But his mouth betrayed both his oratory and his humour. I remember hearing him one hot summer afternoon in the sweltering Bail Court. He was defending a breach of promise action against Mr. Samuel Danks Waddy, an able though perhaps over-zealous advocate who somehow usually left the impression of a dissenting deacon, while his second name aptly imaged his perspiring condition. Matthews rose to reply. He pointed out that his client had been held up to execration for conduct that was not only quite honourable but inevitable under the circumstances. "But then," he added with a sub-hiss in his subdued accents, "his counsel arises and, with all those broad phylacteries on his brow that piety enjoins to flow almost to the hem of his garment, he paints him in colours the most odious." That cause was

gained: the "phylacteries" had done the trick. Was he, I wonder (for sometimes he appeared in the Chancery Courts), the author of that riddle about the old Vice-Chancellor, Malins, who was rumoured to have had as many spills from his steed as from the Appeal Court. "Why," it ran, "is Malins's horse like the Court of Appeal?" And the obvious answer was: "Because it is always reversing Malins." This guess is only hazarded because on one occasion the worthy Vice-Chancellor is said to have received a sarcastic set-down for presuming to criticize Henry Matthews's English.

Frank Lockwood was a first favourite everywhere. Cheery as a schoolboy, cool as a cucumber, hearty as a sailor, prompt as the post, a signal caricaturist, with the readiest of tongues, he won all hearts and most of his cases. Even while engaged on them he drew caricatures incessantly. Once I was sitting with him in the Divorce Court when the plaintiff tried to rebut an imputation of cruelty by disowning anything more than "represssive force," which was his way of hinting that the force was "moral." In two minutes Lockwood had sketched the situation: "Pa using repressive force to Ma and the girls." Another, which I treasure equally, he drew of me in reply to my inquiries about the reward to a detective who had discovered the thief of a watch much valued on account of its associations. The burly bobby stands towering above me with one podgy hand to his lips and the other expectantly spread out behind him, while I am represented as back to back with a hand correspondingly extended. Its inscription runs: "This, I believe, is the way in which it is usually done." Speaking of "repressive" force, I was riding with him in the Row just after he had been narrowly defeated at the York election. "The Times" had hailed this as a "moral victory" and so I made bold to congratulate him. "What *I* want, my dear fellow," he rejoined, "is not a moral but an immoral victory." He lived to become Solicitor-General.

His fame culminated in the Parnell Trial. A ridiculously young witness had given hostile evidence. But Lockwood would not cross-examine him. He only observed with a smile to the judge: "My lord, I call—the perambulator." Out of court his pleasantries were equally nimble. Everyone, I suppose,

CARICATURE BY SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

remembers the true story of his humourous self-announcement at a party to which both the Lockwoods and the Maclaines drove together. His brother-in-law's Highland title was " The Lochbuie." He told the butler to say " The Lochbuie and Mrs. Maclaine." The others trod close on his heels and immediately Frank Lockwood told the man to introduce him as " Twenty-four Lennox Gardens and Mrs. Lockwood." This is the best story of this type known to me, one other always excepted. Once at a Lancashire dinner-party the manservant announced : " Mr. Cowie." By an actual coincidence the next comer was a " Mr. Bullie," who of course gave his name. In the horror of the moment the man was constrained to say : " I dursn't, sir." That other Lancashire one of a rougher manservant who announced a well-known Mr. Tootal and his wife as " Mr. Tootal and Mrs. Tootal too " is not of such quality.

There is, however, a less familiar and even more idiomatic instance of Lockwood's humour. One summer he took a large rectory near Scarborough, but found that the produce of the garden was hardly " up to the advertisement," as the American once observed about Mount Vesuvius. The rector came to stay with him and officiate in the church at a moment of the tenancy which bordered on the harvest-home. The rector took occasion to hope that he was fully satisfied. " Oh, yes, on the whole, perfectly," said Lockwood, " only the words of that beautiful prayer are continually in my mind." " Which prayer ? " inquired the rector. " The prayer for fair weather," returned Lockwood, " You read it this morning, and my pet passage is the petition ' that we may receive the fruits of the earth in due season.' " The lesson was not lost. And this brings back to my rambling pen a triter tale of the German governess in the Albertian age who, returning from church with her employer, dilated on the tender humanity of our service, which included the governess in its prayers. Perplexed, he asked her to tell him precisely where. " Oh," she replied, " dat peaudiful piece where you pray for ' all women labboring of child.' " Has it ever occurred to the reader that our stately ritual contains both a stroke of covert irony and an admission of Divine right ? The Collect that invokes the heavenly grace on every dignitary of the church begins with : " Who alone doest great marvels," while the prayer for

the sovereign still retains its: "Well knowing whose authority he hath."

Both Sir Frank and Lady Lockwood were delightful in their home, which welcomed a wide circle of all sorts and conditions. The adjective, I think, that best depicts their parties is "enjoyable." How well I remember a supper at which his old friend, Mrs. Kendal—with whom I believe he had once acted as a provincial stroller—was the guest of the evening. Lockwood raises his glass and exclaims: "Madge!" with a glance that was an epigram of eloquence. The last time that I ever had the pleasure of being in his company was at Sir Charles Russell's when Lockwood was Solicitor-General. How he chaffed his host about politics. How he rollicked in impersonating gravity and then suddenly shaking his cap and bells till their peal became infectious. He seemed one of those whom not even sea-sickness could have unhinged. And yet under all that sangfroid of bonhomie simmered a constant nervousness that eventually came into the ascendant. He was the cheerer of his generation. How hard, how sad, that at the close despondency should have claimed him for her own!

Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Baron Russell of Killowen, was cast in a sterner mould. Tense, vehement, restless, masterful, untiring, he often seemed a miniature of Dean Swift. No one could be at once more feared and loved than he was. He threw all his fiery energies into everything that he did, whether in the law, in the House of Commons, in the Press, on the race-course or at the card-table. The wonder was that he did not wear himself out earlier. My first memory of him is at the Salford Assize Courts on the Northern Circuit, prone on the library floor and intent, with other choice spirits, on flipping sovereigns in some mysterious game of chance. Then I see him in the notorious Belt case when the sculptor of Byron's statue was impugned as the surreptitious employer of a "ghost" for his work. Russell defended him with a red-hot indignation that made a furnace of the facts. Words like "pulverize" habitually issued from his lips, and in this case it was that he quoted before a court thronged with all the fribbles of society, Beaumarchais's famous passage from "Figaro" about the birth of scandal in a village. This was

Caricature of the Author.

the purple patch of his argument, heightened by continual wavings of his bandana handkerchief and perpetual pinches of snuff.

Forensically his generous heart was often slandered by an overbearing manner. He was one who could secretly proffer the funds for an escape to a client whose protested innocence he knew to be hopeless. A case in point was the original of that which Sir Arthur Pinero dramatized as "Mrs. Dane's Defence." His cross-examination, however, was more than cross, it could be brutal. I heard him put such questions to a continental adventuress as sent a blush down the spine. The Parnell affair showed him at his highest. A consummate counsel, a zealous Gladstonian, an Irish patriot, his zest was as unflagging as his zeal, and when his son, now Sir Charles Russell, was too unwell to attend his office, he found time, amid all the press of his varied activities, to supervise that son's papers in the early morning. He was the kindest and most companionable of fathers, the warmest of friends, and the only thing (save artistry) that he could not do was to sit still. The sole doubt when he became Lord Chief Justice was whether his composure would be adequate to the dignity of his office. He soon proved that it could.

I once heard him relate a curious experience that might well give occasion for a *lever-de-rideau*. He was on the Newmarket race-course when he felt a man in the crowd tugging at his watch-pocket. Instantly he ran after him and ejaculating: "You scoundrel, give me my watch!" secured it and returned to his seat. He made no doubt that it was his. On his return, however, to the house where he was staying, what was his amazement to find his own watch left on his dressing-table; the thief had stolen someone else's. Here was a pretty predicament for the Lord Chief Justice of England. However, he lost no time or resource in discovering the owner to whom, in strict confidence, the watch was restored.

The sole exponent of the younger generation who could ever stand up to him was the late Sir Charles Gill, also a counsel for the Jockey Club, who once, if I remember, actually defeated him as David did Goliath. Sir Charles was the most "clubbable" man alive, and wherever he went he shone. In the law he

combined a great memory with extreme intuition and a thorough knowledge of the world. The Pharisees had good reason to fear and the publicans to love him. What regret, and to how many, his unexpected end leaves in our midst and not least at the Garrick Club.

The last time that I met the Lord Chief Justice was when I drove in the same carriage to the funeral of my father-in-law, Mr. John Holms, who was long his predecessor in the membership for Hackney, and indeed had greatly assisted his candidature. Mr. Holms, who had been a junior Lord of the Treasury, and afterwards Parliamentary Secretary for the Board of Trade in the Gladstonian Administration, had parted from his chief and become a Liberal Unionist. Like so many other loyal followers he could not bring himself to find salvation in a Home Rule that was more likely to kill than to cure the body politic.

Russell transmitted some of his abilities to each of his sons, all of whom have distinguished themselves and especially perhaps the second, to whom, in conjunction with his namesake, my Harrow comrade, I ventured to dedicate my Sheridan. His father's career was indeed meteoric. Starting as a solicitor, with no one to help him, his own unaided ability forced its way to pre-eminence in many spheres of endeavour.

When I first knew Mr. Gully and his family he went the Northern Circuit, where his courtesy to me was as unfailing as it is unforgettable. He formed a contrast to his friend, Charles Russell. Reposeful, even placid, he pleased by the even temperature of his amiability and abilities. His pace was slow but sure ; his face, serene and sanguine, wore a judicial calm. Not he himself could have ever then supposed that he would occupy the historical chair of Lenthall. Indeed, his opportunity for the Speakership came by a side-wind resembling the choice of a pope unbacked by the cardinals of either faction. But no selection could have been happier and Vernon Harcourt, his introducer, lived long enough to see it justified, for Lord Selby proved one of the wisest and most winning Speakers that the bede-roll of Westminster has ever known. He used to invite us to his parties in that picturesque room overlooking the river that flows like a stream of destiny by the spot that for centuries has made or marred the greatness of our country. One of his

daughters—Lady Granet, is she not ?—was a violinist of talent, nor did she look the less winning when she used to ply the "sweet art" of her music. Gully was by nature studious, and he told me when I first joined the Oxford and Cambridge Club how many pleasant nights of his youth he had spent in its splendid library. He spoke more of books and mankind than of law and lawyers.

Henry James—afterwards Lord James of Hereford—was another of these distinct personalities—the cameos of the law. His character was as clearly cut as the chiselled features on his olive face. Alert as an arrow, he darted at everything and usually hit the mark. Quick and adroit, he wielded the scimitar of Saladin rather than the broadsword of Cœur-de-Lion or the boxing-gloves of Russell or the foils of Lockwood. He was dapper in the extreme—the only counsel who powdered his wig. His cut and thrust became so habitual that its over-confidence sometimes laid him open to attack from the least likely quarters. Once at assizes he had been cross-examining a stolid Yorkshire yokel, who refused in any way to respond. At last James, with that biting smile of his, said: "*You're* a clever fellow, aren't you ?" Then with a slow guffaw the yokel retorted: "And if I waren't upon oath, I'd say the same of you, sir." *Solventur risu tabulae*—with a laugh the tables were turned. Nor was James's political insight always acute. Shooting one day with Vernon Harcourt, he turned on him for introducing the Hares and Rabbits Bill, one of his preserves. Harcourt asked why a measure like that should be blamed. "Why," James said, "you wanted it and I drew up the Bill, thinking, of course, that our party would reap the credit, and now the Tories have passed it." Had James profited by history he would have known that the Tories were not unlikely to pass certain Liberal statutes, nor the Liberals certain Tory ones.

I used to meet James at the house of a great friend of his, a relative of my own, but as the main business of the evening was whist, all that I noticed was the speed of his card-playing. He, too, was one of Gladstone's fencers-with-the-law—had any premier ever so many successive Attorneys and Solicitors-General ? James may be said to have been the "general" because his suppleness was so manifold, but Herschell was the

"particular," the solid column on whom Mr. G. was wont to lean.

There was little in the late Lord Herschell's appearance to reveal his extreme ability except the faint fire in his somewhat sunken eyes. Though at the Common Law Bar, to me he always seemed to possess a Chancery brain. But there was one characteristic of his that he shared with Mr. Benjamin, that prodigy of vicissitudes, who before he was driven to join the English Bar in middle-age had been War Minister for the Southern States of America and had lost his fortune in Overend and Gurney's bank. Both of them in developing an argument would begin with something that seemed to favour their antagonist, but as they gently proceeded it suddenly changed into a crushing blow. All appeared so simple, all was really so subtle. But Herschell had never led the unsuspected life of adventure that lay behind Benjamin's equally modest bearing. He was devoted to music, yet who would have dreamed it? To the mere observer he appeared rather to be some wonderful logical machine. It seemed incredible to fancy him as a man of action or to view him in any dramatic light.

Of Mr. Day I used to see much, and I was with him at the moment when he first heard of his elevation to the Bench. He was then no longer the Day before yesterday. Jovial, amusing, learned, he enjoyed a large practice in the Mayor's Court, and his face—that of some big fish turned comedian—lent itself to every *contretemps*. Who could have supposed that in one foible he was to prove such a fanatic when he became a judge? Bigamy, even where the proofs were unconvincing, was to him as a red rag is to a bull and the two-wived were sent howling to penal servitude. For to Day this offence was ecclesiastical more than secular—the violation of a sacrament. But then Mr. Justice Mathew and Henry Matthews were equally Roman Catholics, though constitutionally incapable of thus condemning the weaklings for whom often there was some domestic excuse. Moreover, they would have recognized that they were administering the Protestant law of a Protestant country in an age that was not mediæval. This mania, however, was his only weakness. Otherwise his qualities were as humane and human as his conversation. He collected water-colours with discrimi-

nation, he was very artistic, and in all his pursuits original. I do hope that this last sentence would never have reminded him of the famous epitaph on "Miss Jones, niece of Burke the Sublime," the most accomplished and virtuous of her sex, who "painted beautifully in water-colours, and 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

The late Sir Charles Mathews had not yet won his persuasive fame when first I met him. It was the sphere of private theatricals that rendered me that service. For to know him was to be pleased, and Minos himself would have been propitiated by his presence. His soft and engaging voice made him an ideal mediator or deliverer, and I am quite sure that he would have rescued Eurydice from the shades much more speedily than could Orpheus. With the theatrical traditions of his adopted father to inspire him, he was perfect in gesture and point. Nor was it then so rare that Thespis should companion Themis, as Quintin Twiss and Dundas Gardiner attest, the first of whom I used often to meet—a born comedian, and the second still oftener—one whom no trials could wear down either in companionship or in love of the cards and the stage. Everything seemed impromptu yet his industry was great. An excellent actor, Mathews always knew how to take the stage without overweighting either it or his colleagues. He had the tact of consideration for others, and by the magic of his manner and an unostentatious helpfulness he drew everyone—"from the queen on her throne to the peasant on his cottage," as the old woman remarked—towards him. He was no centre of anecdote and I never heard of repartees by or to him, but he was ever a true discoverer of wit in others.

Serjeant Ballantyne, on the other hand, was an out-and-out Bohemian, who rejoiced in the excrescences of human nature. His reputation for being what the cinema retails (according to Mr. Leacock) as a "Roo" stood him in good stead in the seamy-side cases which so often renowned him. I have seen him when by no means young elicit a secret strenuously denied by an ugly elderly woman simply by the insinuating smile and almost "Grecian" bend of the figure that attended his: "Come now, madam, I am not usually successful with the ladies, but I am sure you will tell *me*." And so weather-wise was he in arson cases

that I heard him ensure a conviction by a piece of pure guess-work which dumbfounded the delinquent. But his real power lay in the whimsicality of his fun. At the Union Club a pompous snob-in-the-heart was boring everybody by an harangue designed for the sole purpose of dragging into it every titled person of his acquaintance. "Do you mind my interposin' a remark?" asked Ballantyne in his odd dry voice and manner. "Oh, not at all, Serjeant. Anything from you I shall be delighted to hear." "It's only this," said Ballantyne with emphasis, "do you know any other common person besides *me*?" And thereupon, bending his back, he waddled out of the room.

Sir Henry Hawkins, as often and incongruously coupled with Ballantyne as Thackeray is with Dickens, was of a colder temperament. He was careful when the other was careless and saving when he was extravagant—as is typified through a story about the future world which is too familiar for repetition. Reputed to be a little lax himself he was a terror to evil-doers when he came to sit on the Bench. Conscious criminals who had resolved to plead "not guilty" at the Old Bailey, directly they beheld Hawkins enter would shout: "Oh, it's Awky! Guilty, my lord, guilty," without more ado. As counsel, his cross-examination was the most artful imaginable. I remember a case that turned on the value of a house. The usual "experts" were called—the men who, in old Maule's classification of erring humanity, are not liars or blank liars but simply "experts."

One of these was thus handled by Hawkins, who appeared for the plaintiff and ignored the "expert" side of his victim. "I believe," blandly said Hawkins, "that you live near me in Kent." "I do, sir." "And now I come to think of it you are a great rose-grower like myself. Unless I mistake, you carry off all the prizes." The flattered witness smiled. "You are, if I may use the word, a market-gardener on a large scale, unusually clever and successful"—another smile. "Thank you, I have no more questions to ask"—relieved, the witness retired. But when Hawkins rose to address the jury and to deal with the conflicting opinions of the "experts" he pointed out that the chief of them on the other side was admittedly no professional:

"You have heard him, gentlemen. He is a market-gardener who specializes in roses and wins most of the prizes at our county flower shows. It is not his fault that he has been called as a skilled house-valuer. But how weak must the case be that rests on the testimony of an amateur, and why has his true vocation been ignored by the defendant?"

In appearance Hawkins curiously, as I thought, resembled that inimitable burlesque-artist, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and I sometimes imagined what they would have been had they exchanged places, whether Roberts would have been a Minos on the Bench and whether frolic would have softened his terrors; how Hawkins would have managed the comedian's master strokes. How in "The Vicar of Wide-a-Wakefield" at the Gaiety, for example, he would have sung "Oh, you girls" over his betting-book and pipe while his wife and daughters in the background were trilling their old-world glee: "Softly sinks the setting sun." How, again, he would have impersonated an admiral in full fig stopping his conversation to blow out a dwarf-lighthouse in the seascape, or a barmaid dusting the sandwiches on the buffet-counter. There was much more dignity, however, about Hawkins than about either Ballantyne or Roberts, and he was a compendium of the law, versed in all its applications and side-tracks.

My weak pen-sketches should exempt the living, but I knew Mr. Justice Darling long before he became the court-jester—when his cap and bells were as yet immune from the rigours of the red robe. Ever his quick wit marching in unison with his nimble tongue was all his own and more volatile than Mr. Birrell's essayist-quips. Long ago I spoke for him at a political meeting when his graceful and beautiful wife still enhanced his triumphs and added a fresh lustre to the stock of Clive. As we drove to the hall we sighted my uncle's name as a champion for the Liberal candidate. I recollect exclaiming: "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!" Once again we forgathered in Florence. Wherever and however he moved a strong sense of humour was part of that robust common sense that renowns him as a judge, and peeps through all his impromptus whether in verse or prose. Nor can I omit my old friend, now Sir Henry Dickens, who was then on the threshold

of his certain advance. Doubtless his name helped him, but even without the sanction of heredity he must have succeeded, so universally was he trusted both as advocate and arbitrator. He had the happy knack of never losing either the point or his temper, while his dramatic power recalled his father's. I am old enough to have been at the party where he acted with Miss Marie Roche in private theatricals, and to whom, on that very evening, I believe, he became betrothed. No one who has ever heard him perpetuate his father's gift of "reading," either from "The Christmas Carol," "Pickwick," or "Oliver Twist," is likely to forget it, and many are the charities that he enriched by this talent. Rare is it, but fitting, that genius should found tradition, and always he attracted attention. Years ago he and his wife, I and mine, found ourselves in the same hotel at Perugia. There was a certain old lady there—heaven rest her soul!—as inquisitive as she was *entêtée*. One of her peculiarities was an obsession that the Jesuits were perpetually plotting against England, and she confided to me in a whisper that the late Lord Salisbury had nearly been poisoned by one of these supposed conspirators in the guise of a footman. And then, in a voice still more hushed, she inquired if my friend was any relation to the great Charles Dickens. The reply was in the affirmative. "Ah, I thought so," she murmured. "What a beautiful face!" It was hard to see the connection in her mind, for the son more resembles his mother. His dear old aunt, the late Miss Hogarth, has often spoken to me about her sister, and of those wonderful days which they all spent together with Bulwer Lytton at Knebworth. Even in extreme age she seemed to have walked straight out of Maclise's drawing of Dickens, his young wife, and sister-in-law. Great responsibilities had been her lot, and indeed great ordeals in a tattling and ignorant world. She never spoke of them.

There were, of course, giants in those days on the Bench, compared with whom it is no disrespect to say, the judges of these days are epigoni. It is always so, and doubtless the coming generation will say the same. Who can forget the all-accomplished Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, a counterpart in more than countenance of the eighteenth-century Murray, Lord Mansfield? Small of

stature, in voice, in knowledge not only of law, arts and literature, but of the world, in grace, intonation and, be it said, in his perfection of French accent, he towered above them all. Of the last quality he was vain. There was a case once involving two ladies of French reputation, who sent a message to the court that they much regretted their unpunctuality, but, as they had only just got up, it would be an hour before they could appear. Cockburn smiled a world-smile and proceeded with other portions of the case. At last the two truantesses appeared, *coiffées* to the nines. Then the interpreter came on the scene—one of those " confounders of counsel," who once translated an " h "-less advocate's question (about some chemical) of " 'Ow do you 'eat it ? " by " *Comment mangez vous çela ?* " At once Cockburn dismissed the interpreter and examined the alluring ladies in such French as no court is ever likely to hear again.

In every department Cockburn was *charmeur*, a conversationalist of the old school, devoted to music, the graces and the muses—perhaps to more than nine of them. But the quaintest humourist of all was Baron Bramwell, whose shrewd face was puckered with past laughter. He it was who, when told that Mrs. Gladstone had kissed her illustrious husband on a public platform, chuckled : " Did she ? Serve him right." He, too, who delivered a judgment of Solomon in deciding whether a child should be allowed to give evidence. He directed that counsel should first ascertain whether she realized the nature of an oath. She was questioned about Heaven. Yes, she knew that it was the place to which all good people would go. About hell. Yes, she knew that hell was the future abode of liars. Whereupon Bramwell immediately boomed out : " Swear the child at once." His brother was a noted engineer with two clever daughters, one of whom I used often to meet at dances. I remember a chat with her about civilization, and her epitome of it : " The acme of civilization will be reached when a man can sit in the waiting-room of Clapham Junction Station—and smile."

Mr. Justice Field was another judge of marked idiosyncrasy. He was very deaf and somewhat irritable, not only through that infirmity but by reason of another which associated itself with his name. As honest as the day—or Mr. Day—highly conscien-

tious and flatly positive, he would brush away all dissent by dictatorial shrieks, and he had a most able sister of commanding presence who would guard him like a dragon in cases where fascinatresses appeared. But the figure of figures—a waxen image of the remote past—was the aged and chivalrous chief, Baron Sir Fitzroy Kelly, whose high voice seemed wellnigh automatic. Aptly was he styled the "Last of the Barons." Had he but been a Jacobite of Queen Anne's prime, or an anti-Jacobin of the third George's, he would have swum in his element. As it was, he sounded like a dim echo of the past issuing from some faint but tuneful clavichord.

Lord Justice James, whose son married Millais's daughter and whose daughter married General Schwabe, gave a renaissance-air to the Appeal Court, so closely did he resemble the portraits of Leonardo da Vinci. He could rival the sardonic humour of Bramwell and, in such moods, would loll out his tongue like Pietro Aretino. He was once asked what he thought of those well-intentioned ladies who were then shrieking on platforms against a Bill framed to save soldiers from a terrible scourge. His answer was blunter than it was gallant: "What do these women know about it? I don't believe half of them have suffered!"

No less than three Masters of the Rolls were within my young experience. There was my good friend, Henn Collins, who, I think, succeeded the courtly Lord Esher, who succeeded Sir George Jessel. These three abide, but the greatest of these was Jessel. This outstanding judge and individuality had triumphed over every obstacle. He loved to do justice in the gate. When he sat in the Court of Appeal I was once there to hear a difficult point argued. Suddenly far away at the door appeared a shabby little old lady with a tattered reticule, who looked the image of Dickens's Miss Flight. "My lord," she murmured. The ushers "hushed" for all that they were worth and would have hustled the poor creature out. The counsel with many "my lords" stopped a second in pained surprise. "Well, ma'am," said Jessel, "please come nearer and tell me what you want." The ushers again "hushed' and the counsel again mi-ludded. Timidly the old lady advanced and poured out her tale of woe. Her husband, she urged, had been unjustly detained as a lunatic

and, having been told that Jessel was a Commissioner in Lunacy, she ventured to petition him. All the documents were in her reticule. Her husband was perfectly sane. Regardless of all the *convenances*, Jessel asked the Chief Clerk to tell him when the Commissioners were to hold their next sitting. And to the old lady he said: "Come to me, please, when the court adjourns, and I will consider the matter." This was done and eventually the husband was released.

On two occasions within my cognizance Jessel equally displayed his contempt for mere forms. One occurred during his construction of a statute. In effect he spoke as follows: "The legislature in this case—by which we usually mean a clerk in the draughting office—has expressed itself in a jargon repugnant to the spirit of this statute. I am here to interpret the spirit of the whole and not the formal wording of a single clause." The other happened in a long judgment with regard to a commercial *cause célèbre*. Double commissions had been received by agents from both their principals, and the defence raised was "custom of the trade." After a reasoned précis of the whole tangle, Jessel turned himself to consider the "custom of the trade." If there was such a custom, he emphatically declared, he would never be bound by it. The sooner it was abolished the better.

And he could hold his own with the irrepressible Mrs. Besant, whom he once reminded that, assail him as she might outside the court, inside she must pay the respect due to the law. Such were the "Fruits of" Jessel's "Philosophy." There was nothing retail or provincial about his intellect. I have heard that he gave three tests for a first-class judge. The first, after full consideration to be decisive, the second, at all times to be decisive, the third, whether you be thought right or wrong to be decisive. He knew that doubt is the mother of error. In the House of Commons Jessel spoke rarely save on legal affairs. His oratory, like himself, was direct and unadorned. But it was not without a homely sense of humour. He could reduce anomalies to the absurd. When in 1882 he forwarded the Married Women's Property Act, which my uncle, Osborne Morgan, had in charge, he drew a picture, that must have rejoiced Carlyle, of the propertyless wife being forced to appear in her husband's hats and trousers.

Unassuming and unswerving, his scientific mind found many outlets. He was a perfect geographer and of the remotest spot on the globe he knew the longitude and latitude. Of the law's longitude and latitude he was a complete master, and by his far-sighted candour he did more to develop and repair equity than any judge of his generation. His style was clear as daylight and it reduced elaborate labyrinths to a plain prospect of common sense.

Nor, among judges, should pass neglected Sir James Hannen, who for years presided over the Divorce Court, then far less crowded than at this deranged and neurotic moment. Strictly impartial and accurate, with a countenance that seemed as if made out of pink parchment, he looked more like a super-accountant in that registry of nuptial bankruptcies. The soiled romances, the tawdry denials, the brazen assertions, the sad breakdowns, the baskets of dirty linen that belong to this queer laundry of life, could never have appealed to him. His mind sometimes, I fancy, was far away, for once, I recollect, all through a case he kept misnaming a party to it and confounding him with a well-known social figure who had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings. Rhadamanthus apparently could nod as unwontedly as Homer.

The law courts furnish more tragedies and comedies than ever find their way to the stage. Adventure, catastrophe, the heroic, the passionate, the sordid—all find expression. I used to think that the squalider worries of existence were more prominent in the Probate Court than elsewhere. One could watch the disgusting display of daughters vilifying their mothers and of every human tie being prostituted and sacrificed to the most paltry covetousness. The Old Bailey, of course, was still the same building that had held Dick Turpin and Lord Ferrers. In it was a court where the young barrister hunted for "soup," which was ladled out in the form of briefs. It dealt with the smaller crimes and was presided over by a shrewd Scotsman. Trying a man for stealing a watch and chain I once heard him thus charge the jury: "On this particular morning the prosecutor went out with his gold watch, and, to let all men know that he owned a gold watch, and for further assurance that it was on him, he wore a great, gold, vulgar chain—consider yer vardict."

Meanwhile in Dr. Johnson's buildings we were busy with pleadings, charter-parties, bills of lading and the like. J. C. Mathews's right-hand man was Mr. Gorell Barnes, the future Lord Gorell, whose sister was to marry Henry Morgan, the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and my uncle's brother. Mr. Barnes was not only comprehensive and indefatigable but the most good-natured and helpful of teachers. Nothing could annoy or exhaust him, and to me he and his were the kindest of friends. Most provoking, however, several of us must then have been. For law was by no means our sole business in those chambers. For myself, it was a case of the old Duke of Cumberland's "Scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon," and this also applied to my dear old friend, Lister Drummond. We were always writing and despatching contributions, so that Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of "The World," for whom I long wrote verses signed "Σ," once sent the following message: "Contributions from you arrive by every post and I have just had to engage a new errand boy." Edmund Yates was kind enough to be pleased with the second of my Christmas numbers, "Atlas In Blunderland." He was indeed the most good-humoured editor possible. Quick, easy, a *bon garçon*, he delighted to honour and banquet his contributors.

It was a pleasure to be with him, such a link did he form between the present and the past and so encyclopædic was his mind. It was a *vintage* mind that had absorbed the sap of the sunniest years and mellowed it. Its encyclopædism was by no means the same as the arch-journalist George Augustus Sala's whom Matthew Arnold assailed so mercilessly as uniting "the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus to the full-bodied gaiety of the English cider-cellar." Sala was said actually to have written in youth for an encyclopædia, though only up to the letter "D," so that he was versed (they jested) in Bonaparte but knew little of Napoleon.

Yates, however, knew something about everybody and everything about some. Society, history, the stage, literature, journalism, finance—all were his *farrago libelli*. The libel-action that was most undeservedly to overtake him was no fault of his, though he took the blame on his own stalwart shoulders. I was present at the banquet that he gave on his return from Holloway, to

which he humourously alluded as "a northern latitude." What well-chosen feasts were his at the historic Albion Tavern, what wit and mirth attended this dainty fare that he set before us. A very clever draughtsman—Mr. Alfred Bryan—used to illustrate his Christmas numbers and he engaged him to paint a picture of all his chief contributors, in which I figured with many far more illustrious. Yates could tell us of his famous quarrel at the Garrick with Thackeray, of Charles Dickens, of whom he was a close associate, of his mother, Charles Kemble's fair and famous actress, of Labouchere's brief part in "The World's" financial articles.

Labouchere himself I met much later and in Italy. He used to tell me what a hair's-breadth escape he had from being King of Mexico, and how he had ridden at the head of loyalist troops on a milk-white charger. One could not take all the romances of his adventurous life too seriously, but he had certainly been a sort of modern Ulysses, beholding the cities and knowing the minds of men. The raiment of his Radical opinions did not always sit easily on him. As member for Northampton he had once most reluctantly to go down for a meeting and an address that bored him to tears. When his turn came for a speech to an audience composed of dissenters he gravely assured them that an important engagement in town must make brevity the soul of his wit. And then, taking out his watch: "My friends," he said, "I am a great believer in silent prayer. Let us pray." Down all of them flopped on their knees, but after five minutes of these devotions with closed eyes Labouchere himself had disappeared—*erasit, erupit.* He always struck me as a man who could find the way out of and into anything. Diplomacy—his first profession—was in his blood. He had married the accomplished actress, Miss Henrietta Hodson, whom I am old enough to remember as Ariel on a bat's back at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre—the theatre that gave the handsome Mrs. Rousby her fame in the part of Joan of Arc. No bat, however, could have borne the subsequent proportions of Mrs. Labouchere. Their adopted daughter, who as a child used to recite for us with phenomenal precocity, is the present Marchesa di Rudini, and Labouchere closed his days in a beautiful Florentine villa.

But where is the thread of my story? I might say with

Canning: "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell you." Well, all this time I was inditing both prose and verse—"verse and verse" Lister called it—for the "Saturday Review," under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Pollock, and for more than forty years I have continued to write for it under its many vicissitudes. Even earlier I had written for the "Nineteenth Century" and "Macmillan's Magazine." As for the newspapers and weeklies, light or heavy—not to speak of the quarterlies—for which of them, heaven forgive me, have I not written? Perhaps the sole magazine of standing that has never printed my effusions is the "Cornhill." And this brings back a story, a story *of* a story by my dear Lister Drummond. There was a well-known hostess of our acquaintance who gave brilliant parties, but had a Cinderella-daughter who never appeared at those gatherings. Lister wrote a capital story that hinged on the sudden and denunciatory intrusion of this mysterious maiden. He sent it to a family-friend, the proprietor of the "Cornhill Magazine." It was accepted and the proofs duly sent—when suddenly his obtuse perceptions discovered the original of the tale, and so it never appeared.

Lister Drummond, unhappily a vanished presence, was as good a companion as he was a friend. The distinguished are not always famous and I may be pardoned for dwelling on such a fair soul as his, though the Heralds College of posterity may never blazon it—"*Pas decoré bien distingué*," as Metternich said of a starless figure at the Vienna Congress. Lister's personality was both exhilarating and beneficent. He was alike spiritual and spirituelle. The fact that he went about doing good never checked an airiness that indeed was the airiness of Ariel. He had his own names for everything, he would call excited explosions "Carnesis"—a term surely worthy of being incorporated into our language. He would stand as if entranced before one of the more distorted "æsthetic" experiments and ejaculate: "Too butterly ut."

A first-rate mimic he abounded in "entertainments"—little comedies of his own in which both of us would impersonate our acquaintance. One especially I remember. It concerned an easy-going "climber" of society who was always mentioning the grandees, whom perhaps he might have met in hotels. He

figured him as being tried at the Old Bailey where he is asked for witnesses to character. " The King of Spain " was the first on the list and vainly the ushers shouted down the corridors for that monarch. Then " The Duke of Harborough "—and so on with ever the same barren sequel. For every absence our friend had his hushed excuse. But all such dramas depend so much on voice and gesture that no narration can restore them. There was the little waiter at the Italian restaurant who would press " some nice spargelas " (asparagus) on us. There was the affected acquaintance whom he would hit off as simpering forth with mincing accent : " Such a shocking accident, my dear fellow. I was taking a tiny stroll, when suddenly I caught my foot in a rabbit hole and tripped heavily to the ground ; " and there was his own way of describing his compositions as " by the Honourable *Mrs.* Lister Drummond."

One trifle used much to tickle us. We would often repair to Groom's, near the Temple, for its famed coffee, handed by such good-natured if somewhat slatternly serving-maids. Farther down Fleet Street was another shop that displayed in its front window a placard with on it this magic legend : " The best cup of coffee in London *except* Groom's." This was indeed a double advertisement. Often and often in after-life, when self-praising on-hangers were in evidence, in spheres political, journalistic, literary or æsthetic, has this puff indirect come back to me : " The best cup of coffee in London, *except* Groom's." Tennyson's old Cock Tavern, with its sanded floor, its chops and welsh-rarebits, its noggins of port and its " blithe old waiter," still flourished as it was in the beginning. Lawyers' clerks and commercial travellers still enjoyed its midday surfeits till one wondered at their digestions and the frugal fare that would greet them at home. The Carolean, Holywell Street, with its trays of cheap and often rare books, still tempted the adventurer and linked him with the past. And, above all, the services and sermons in the Norman Chapel of the Templars were beloved because they were so lovely. Once in the dull season Lister met an American party in search of a cicerone. Forthwith he played the part to perfection, and smilingly accepted the tip.

He and his sisters had the " fey " Highland gift of ghost-seeing, and many were the " grey ladies " of their visions. He told me

once of a strange dream. He beheld the stately tomb of a Crusader at the foot of which lay coiled a tiny form like a big caterpillar. And he heard the knight wail, half raising himself: "O my poor soul!" Such transcendentalisms were beyond my ken, but I do call to mind one odd experience. We had been to visit a friend in chambers. He was out. It was an ordinary barrister's room with a large writing-table, and both of us at the same moment saw that table rise some inches into the air and then subside. Incredulity may scoff, but the fact remains. Some quarter of a century later I was dining in the Piccadilly house that had once been Byron's—the house in which amid thickening troubles he answered his wife's question of: "Do I bore you, Byron?" with: "Damnably." It was a breathless July night and we sat, chattering commonplaces, in the large room which had once been his bed-chamber. The door is very massive and it was closed. Suddenly, without warning but with an attendant and icy blast, it slowly opened, and one imaged the unseen presence of that restless defiant spirit. Who is to say whether such world-old wonders are "fancy-bred," whether accident or hallucination bewilder us into belief, or whether we ourselves are the shows of being and they its heralds? Maybe the vibrations of intense passions never die, but impress themselves on the atmosphere for those who have eyes to see.

Another episode returns. We knew Miss Marion Terry, who had then been acting at the Haymarket in Gilbert's "Engaged" with a verve and intelligence, like the play, far in advance of the Philistines. And we invited her to tea in the Temple. It was a Bohemian picnic not unworthy of a scene from Robertson's "Caste." To all the talent of the Terrys she joined a resolute and ironical temperament of her own and I can only hope that she enjoyed those hours half as much as we did. For to us it proved a red-letter afternoon. Groom's sent in the tea. We talked till all was blue. And we parted with such daydreams as youth only can indulge.

How happy he was in the last few years before his premature death, in becoming a magistrate, and how happy, too, was the magisterial bench in his acquisition! He seemed born for the place, understanding everyone and everything at a glance—and especially the soldiers whom for years he befriended in the club

for Roman Catholic guardsmen which he inspired and over which he long presided. Every year he would get one of our actor-friends to lend his theatre for that club's benefit, and highly was he amused when once, amid the variety shows, the whole of a most well-meaning family were displayed in pierrot costume singing nursery rhymes that could hardly appeal to the Tommies. During the war a soldier was brought up before him in court for some offence—" an archbishop in trouble again," as he would say—and a foreign-looking gentleman appeared as his bail. He gave his name in spasmodic syllables as " Sunshaine." " Your name is Sunshine," said my friend ; " was it always Sunshine ? " " My name, Sunshaine," was the answer. " Was it so, may I ask, before the war ? " " Before the war, it is nossing, my name now Sunshaine." " I suppose that you are aware that in offering to go bail you render yourself liable to a sum of money, should the prisoner by any chance fail to appear." " Liable for moneys, oh no, sir—I cannot make myself liable, my name, Sunshaine ! " And hastily he stepped down.

Lister's father was the brilliant, if erratic, Mr. Maurice Drummond, in his youth secretary to Sir George Cornewall Lewis. His mother, Miss Adelaide Lister, the stepdaughter of Lord John Russell and the aunt of Lord Ribblesdale, was the least likely lady in the world to have been—as she actually was—one of the very last heroines of an elopement to Gretna Green. Her incensed stepfather, then Prime Minister, posted after in a chaise, but the young couple were married before that champion of tolerance could overtake them. In a long and beautiful life she could never rest satisfied with the changing religious phases through which her ethereal spirit passed. By turns she was high-church, low-church, agnostic, salvationist, until finally she found peace and happiness—as did Lister—in the ancient faith of Rome. Mr. Drummond, on the other hand, was a staunch, perhaps a political, Protestant, and he was much vexed by these " vagaries."

To him, with all the whims of the " literary temperament," she was an angel. His articles in the " Pall Mall Gazette," then splendidly edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, were sometimes worthy of De Quincey, and he told me once that the public took him quite literally when he wrote a thrilling account of how he had committed a murder.

From first to last this romantic family refreshed and supported me in all my many joys and trials. Mrs. Drummond had all the pretty ways of a fairy-godmother, and I remember that when my father was dying she plucked the sweetest posy from their Hamilton Terrace garden for me to give him. That garden formed the scene for many of our summer entertainments, one of which consisted of Lister on the balcony as Juliet and I underneath it as Romeo! His four sisters, especially the too-short-lived Miss Maura, were very original both with pen, tongue and pencil. She did me the honour of praising my style, and once when I must have made some cheap cynicism about falling in love she drew and presented me with a card depicting a little Cupid flying towards me enthroned *en César* with an uncovered dish on which a joint was smoking. The inscription beneath it ran as follows, in allusion to my signature as "Σ" or Sigma:

> Better than love is beef, great Sigma said,
> Rearing aloft his laurel-crownèd head.
> And since that seems to be his true belief,
> I'll wish him little love—and lots of beef.

Miss Monica, too, drew killing caricature, while Miss Maura penned admirable fantasies. Those were happy times. We travelled together in Normandy and Brittany, and Lister and I went the same circuit, where at Salford he introduced me to His Eminence (and Magnificence) Cardinal Vaughan, who truly imaged a mediæval prince of the church. After Lister had knelt down and kissed his ring, the Cardinal turned to him and asked if I too were a Roman. Lister told him that my Protestantism was firm. "May I hope, however," he said in his tones of satin, "that perhaps one day you will be one of us." It was all like a scene out of "Lothair." I could only say that I feared that I could not—that never could I relinquish the human right of private judgment.

Lister knew and loved every cranny of the old Hampstead, where he was born in a delightful Queen Anne manor, and where he was to die. He used to take me on a round of relics—to Romney's last studio—where Lady Hamilton's adorer expired in dejection, to the smugglers' inn, to the great Lord Chatham's house with the slit in the bedroom wall through which when

" in " (and in the refuge of) " the gout " he received his food, and would glower from his bed-clothes at any rash intruder with his overawing beak. What would he have said could he have known that the twentieth century would see the graceful Pavlova tenanting—and usurping—his domain ?

And when the war had already cut down the elder of my two brave sons, his delicate sympathy was a real support. Sometimes he would lead me to the simple and beautiful vesper service in the little chapel. He rests with his parents in that garden burial ground hard by the grave of their close friend, George Du Maurier, whom I can see now playing the piano for our dance in Frognal House at Miss Talbot-Airey's wedding to Sheffield Neave. Du Maurier's association with Hampstead was far older than is generally known. His maternal grandmother, Mary Anne Clarke, of piquant memory, had inhabited Cannon Hall, which the popular Sir Gerald Du Maurier by a stroke of coincidence tenants—and Sir Gerald, with Mr. Gilbert Hare, represents Harrow on the stage. I remember him long before he earned his fame, before he married the fair and accomplished wife, a niece by marriage of my old acquaintance, the late Mr. Lilly who, together with the lamented Mr. Thomas Seccombe, was among the most widely learned men that I have ever known, and both lively in their learning.

Du Maurier père had a long crane-like neck, and a story is told of how he came wholly to disrelish family-prayers. Staying in some country house he came down next morning just in time to take part in these public devotions, but inserting his neck through the narrow top-aperture of an old Chippendale chair he was caught and vainly did he struggle to extricate himself before the amazed and amused servants. " 'Ow we do miss the 'ome-brewed and the fambly-prayers," sigh Tancred's dejected footmen near the foot of Sinai. Somehow there is always a something in this domestic ritual that goes or comes amiss. At home I remember how the good-natured butler would beckon to me, keeping the door open, that I might just manage to be in time. Those were the days when Hatchards sold manuals of family-prayers by the ton. And I remember showing Lister a not irreverent imitation of such a prayer—" For my daughter, Louisa, on her coming out." In the nineties, when

I wrote for "Punch," these memories were not lost. For more than a year I contributed continual verse and prose to its columns, and my pleasure was enhanced by the young Bernard Partridge often being their illustrator, but the one thing that went unpublished was an autobiography of Mrs. Grundy in which the family-prayers figured. Perhaps the great unpublished appeals to an author far more than what editors approve, just as a mother will most fancy her ricketiest child.

Burnand—who, with Twiss, used to act in the theatricals at the Osborne Morgans—was an ideal editor, much more susceptible and unexpected than the calm Tom Taylor, whom I used to meet at the Macmillans. But he had one drawback. If the mood took him he could hector one. On one occasion I sent him a set of verses, which he scored in many places as unmetrical, and returned to me with a superscription to the effect that if he had sent up an exercise of this kind to his Eton head master they would have been treated in exactly the same manner. Now, as a matter of fact, I was right and he wrong in these technical details, for had I been uncertain I would certainly have bowed to the correcting rod. So I dashed off a letter giving him chapter and verse—especially verse—for every alleged error. And then I had the hardihood to proceed as follows: "You have been good enough to refer to Eton. None of us attach grave importance to school-successes, but, as you raise the question, will you forgive me for mentioning that at Harrow I won the prize poem three years running with Mr. Matthew Arnold as my metrical censor on the last occasion." Stung into impudence I closed with this quatrain:

> Not over-nice about fastidious fit,
> The trifles pardon if you like the grit.
> But, since they make you the reverse of bland,
> Your name suggests the remedy—Burn and——!

Most good-naturedly, so far from rebuking, he never worried me about trifles again. If some of his burlesques would now appear stale, he was a real wit. If was he, of course, who silenced the complainer that "Punch" was "not so good as it was" by "It never was." But Gilbert, who was everybody's match, was his also. Burnand once observed to him: "You

have no idea how many good things I get from perfectly unknown people." "Do you, my dear fellow?" was the rejoinder. "Then why the deuce don't you print them?"

The English Aristophanes could season everything with Attic salt and certainly he was never one of those "who wrote like an angel but spoke like poor Poll." He would tell me several unprinted stories. A personal recollection stays in my mind. In his early childhood his parents for a space resided at Naples, and he was spirited away by brigands, and ransomed. This accounts for his harping so often on "mixing the babies up," both in his plays and their prelude, the "Bab Ballads." His irony was inborn. In his youth, he said, there was a Shakespearean pundit whose solemnity bored him. He knew everything but nobody. One day Gilbert resolved to test his omniscience by inquiring the meaning and context of the following line:

> I would as lief creep through a quickset hedge as cry "plush" to a throstle.

Dodging the latter part of the question he proceeded to explain the words. "'Lief,' you must know, is the Anglo-Saxon 'lieb,' and as for the 'cry "plush" to a throstle,' it is a rare term of the bird-limer's art, of which Shakespeare was a master." "Quite so, Mr. Gravity," said Gilbert, "many thanks, only *I* wrote the line, not Shakespeare."

Years passed and the "Bakespeare-Shacon" controversy arose at a party where Gilbert was a guest. He remained silent till after dinner. "There is such a simple test," he murmured. Everyone wondered what. "You see, if you could get Tree to act Hamlet first before Shakespeare's grave and then before Bacon's, the whole thing would be cleared up at once. The corpse that rose would be the author's." He was never weary of chaffing Tree, for whom he had a real affection, but underneath all his composure Tree was essentially nervous on first nights, and often he would appeal to Gilbert. Once when Tree asked him what he thought of his Hamlet, he replied: "Capital, of course—funny without being vulgar"; and another time on a midsummer's night when heat and anxiety combined and he inquired how Gilbert thought he was acting the part of Falstaff,

he again retaliated with: "I don't quite know how *you* are acting, but I am certain that your skin is acting." This would have been cruel had not Tree been both a humourist and a friend. And it was only when anyone was pretentious or affected that Gilbert's wounds were of design. A certain rather commonplace tragic actor was always hinting that he was an Oxford man—which he was not. At a Garrick dinner he vociferated: "When I was at Oxford, when I was in Oxford——" which Gilbert cut short with the monosyllable "Street."

And in his old age (if ever he could be called old) while, as his wont was, he was drilling the actors, one of them, a young one who knew not Gilbert, grew insolent. "Look here, Sir William," he broke in, "I can't stand this: it provokes me to frenzy. And I am a very strong man." "So am I," said Gilbert, "I caught a thief a few nights ago outside the Opera and made him restore my watch." "And I am a very tall man, Sir William." "So am I, over six foot—but will you pardon me telling you as an old man what the real difference is between you and me?" "Well?" "Well, *I* am a very clever man." And he was. No one could be long in his company without recognizing not only creative power but practical ability. Who could have guessed that this burly farmer-like presence combined the brain of a master with the spirit of a poet? His covert generosities and kindnesses were numberless, and, if he saved, it was to bestow without observation. His industry was prodigious. To a great grasp of the whole he united infinite care over its parts. He drew the most delicate water-colours of all his characters, he made a miniature theatre and grouped them on its stage. Nothing mechanical was left to chance. Yet he was a born improviser. How first-rate are the patter-songs in the whole range of his répertoire—especially the Lord Chancellor's in "Iolanthe," and those in "The Gondoliers" and "Utopia Limited." But there is another that, so far as I know, has never been printed, which is fully as good. It concerns the mishaps of an unfortunate director of an unfortunate company. In the days of prosperity he would invite his sporting friends, for:

He had a little shooting
In the neighbourhood of Tooting.

But the close is catastrophe :

> The shareholders now are all in the work'us,
> And he's selling pipes in the Oxford Circus.

The shooting allusion reminds one of a petition which is more familiar. He is said to have begged his neighbour, Mr. Blackwell (Mr. Crosse's partner), who had unconsciously infringed on the Stanmore covers, to kindly abstain from poaching on his preserves.

I had the pleasure of knowing the Beerbohm family before Herbert adopted the stage as his profession and while Max Maximus was still at school. It was at a party given by his parents that I first made his acquaintance. Already he was more than an amateur, and there were many performances that evening—among them a striking recitation by a piquant young lady, brought, like some treasure-trove, by the scholar-like Mr. Herman Vezin. She was Miss Rosina Filippi, of whom the stage-world was to hear so much hereafter as an arch-impersonatress of the vivid and impassioned. And then another dissolving view returns—the Greek Tableaux at Lady Freake's that assembled the whole artistic world. It was an effort to revive the Greek spirit in its own setting—designed, among others, by Leighton, Millais and, I think, Ruskin. For an Homeric scene it was requisite that the heroine should recite a passage from the " Odyssey," and the only lady capable of the task in those unregenerate days was the future Lady Tree. I remember that spectacle the more surely because the first verses of mine printed in " The World " were " Greeks at Freakes." It was a scintillating *ensemble* and the concourse of beauty, fashion and æstheticism was thrown into relief by the rugged figure of the late Professor Blackie, with his Scotch plaid wrapped around him as if he had been the Ettrick Shepherd—a poignant foil to Mrs. Langtry.

When Lady Tree was just married she and her husband lived at Hampstead. I was asked to take part in some theatricals for a London hospital in the St. George's Hall. The piece was Gilbert's " Palace of Truth " and the bride played the title-rôle. Herbert Beerbohm-Tree (he had already added the wood to the fruit) was to fetch her away after the performance. It was a bitter, snowy night : we waited and waited for his delayed

arrival, and in despair I was just going to convoy her home when (as always) suddenly he appeared. This trifle would not be worth mentioning were it not that it spans a great distance, and I wonder if Lady Tree has any recollection of it now.

One word about Lady Tree's wit, and only one instance, though it may be well known. It is a razor-like wit. She it was who, when Sir Thomas Lipton failed in the great yacht-race, immediately and sharply exclaimed:

> There is many a slipton
> 'Twixt the cup and the Lipton.

All the Beerbohms were out of the common. Herbert, like his brother, was both a wit and a draughtsman. Many years onwards, when he asked me to assist him in his famous production of "The School for Scandal," we were sitting in his room under the dome of His Majesty's Theatre—that spacious sanctum with its arresting death-mask of Napoleon—when quite suddenly he drew a design for a medal—the juxtaposed profiles of the late King Edward and the late Sir Ernest Cassel. "And now for a motto," he murmured, poising his pencil. Here was my opportunity, so I suggested "An Englishman's house in his Cassel." But Tree doubtless invented something better afterwards. About Max's caricatures, of which he was justly proud, he could be sportively ironical. "Max is really a sort of innocent blackmailer. He infamizes celebrities till they will pay him anything to get them back." I was the more entertained by this whimsy in the future when Max was good enough to ask me to form one of that boomerang gallery. The war intervened, but eventually an exhibition of his newer inimitables took place at the Leicester Galleries. Where was I? I was locked up in a drawer together with the Royal Family and Mr. Hall Caine. Thrice have I been caricatured—by Lockwood, Harry Furniss—on such occasions a burning fiery Furnace—and Max Beerbohm, who depicted me kneeling before the "sensitive plant" of Lady Hamilton, but the sole grotesque that my family will ever recognize is Lockwood's.

Tree was really most absent-minded, though this attitude grew into a sort of pose. Once he was at a railway ticket-office, standing for a second without naming a destination. The man

impatiently asked him whither he was bound. " I don't know. Do *you* know some nice place to go to ? " was the dazed answer. Another time he was at a post office when the same period of probation transpired. " What stamps shall I give you, sir ? " Tree fingered some stamps listlessly and then dreamily exclaimed : " This seems a pretty one, please give me a few of these."

In rehearsals he animated the whole with a resource and a vigour that the dullest could not withstand. He was at once a child and a worldling. He took the keenest pleasure not only in antiquarian details but in every nuance of colour and style. He disliked drabness. Why should not pleasure be taken in colour and why should the South be always treated as a rebel by the North. It was not so always before the Puritans tried to quench the fires of life. The Elizabethans loved colour, and so after their manner did both the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The surtout and high hat only came in with the expiring flicker of the Georges. Never shall I forget what a joy Tree took in choosing his flowered waistcoat for " The School for Scandal," or in showing it round to his friends. About him there was no *mauvaise honte*. And how whimsical he could be ! The conductor of his excellent orchestra before the war was a Mr. Schmitt. Into " The School," following the innovation of the Bancrofts, Tree introduced the minuet-finale of the second act. He chose a fine largo of Handel's. During rehearsal the introduction was played rather heavily. " Mr. Schmitt," groaned Tree, " Mr. Schmitt, that last note was—like a button-hook."

Not a feature escapes me of that memorable revival and of its successor afterwards when Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry replaced Miss Marie Löhr. Tree himself, if he was not a perfect Sir Peter, owned the underlying humour that makes the crossed husband so humanly and unconsciously convincing. Miss Marie Löhr, freshly responsive to ideas, embodied Sheridan's own notion of a country girl sophisticated by the fashionable fribbles into whose smart set she had been thrown. She broke through the crust of tradition and returned to that Mrs. Crewe whom Sheridan bore in mind when he sketched the character. On the other hand Mr. Loraine did full justice to the Charles Surface of tradition, whose eventual laughter is cruel, as Mr. Basil Gill did to the conventional Joseph—a soft-voiced hypocrite. In my own

judgment, however, Sheridan dived deeper than this into the mainsprings both of the spendthrift and the sentimentalist. For him Charles is cynicized by disillusion, Joseph is illusionized by sentimentality. The good-natured rake is thus forced to desire detection. The outward votary of the respectable, who would yet smilingly betray the wife of his best friend with a mock passion, is himself shocked by his own fall from the pinnacle of propriety on which his pharisaism had set him. And so he brazens out self-delusion to the bitter end : the late Mr. Frank Coghlan's was the only first-rate impersonation of Joseph that I can remember. Miss Marie Löhr's Lady Teazle returned to nature the more easily because she herself is ever so natural. Some years ago—a full decade after this triumph—my good friend, Mr. Louis Parker, the Sir Roger de Coverley of this generation, gave one of his welcoming New Year's Eve parties. Just as we were about to dance the New Year in to Sir Roger's own measure, a young lady rushed from one end of the room to the other and shook me warmly by the hand. It was Lady Teazle, now Mrs. Prinsep, as unchanged, unspoiled and artless as ever. Tree had been justified of his children.

I once asked him on whom he modelled his make-up for Shylock. " On a cross between the late Mr. Mundella and the late Lord Swaythling," was his reply. And, again, I call his confession that by instinct he was a comedian, but that it was the public who insisted on his tragic prominence. How many who admired him in Shakespeare recalled his triumph in " The Private Secretary " ? This conflict of Thalia and Melpomene reminds me of something which Dr. Richter, the connoisseur of Italian art and the " vet " of the Mond Collection, once remarked to me. " I live," he said, " in St. John's Wood between the muses of comedy and of tragedy. Arthur Roberts is on one side, Arthur Pinero on the other. When I go out in the morning Arthur Roberts is just coming in. When I return in the evening Arthur Pinero is just going out." And who could have fore-casted when Pinero was acting with Irving in " The Corsican Brothers " that he would have revived the ironies of the Spanish comedy, and with his ever-open and ingenious mind have followed and transfigured the more modern marches of the drama ?

Tree, like Irving, was lavish and liberal. His warm-hearted

actions were all the sweeter for being unseen. I have known him, when busy to breaking-point, devote a precious hour to dissuading a young lady, who, and whose mother, fancied that she was born to triumph, from embarking on vexatious disaster—and then, to prove and improve his warnings, he offered her a part in a coming play. He spared no pains for others, his hand was ever open to distress. His main drawback as an actor was an excess of self-consciousness. Only in comedy did he forget his audience. But of accentuated characterization he was a master, though often both part and pageant were overdone.

The first time that I saw Irving was at Lady Freake's, where he recited Hood's "Eugene Aram," before his fame had been achieved or the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had enthroned him as bishop of her new cathedral. Artistically ascetic, he delivered the tragic poem with much feeling and emphasis, but his rather nasal enunciation sometimes hampered the spirit that wrestled alike with it and the curious gait that seemed its leg-accompaniment. His voice, however, as so often with famous actors and actresses, was rich in modulation. And from the very first he stood out by virtue of his quick intelligence and refined artistry. None the less, with him, as with Tree, I cannot but hold that his true force lay in comedy and melodrama. His physique rendered such heroic parts as Macbeth and Romeo almost ridiculous, though as Shylock, notably, he succeeded in reversing convention. But in humourous parts, as Alfred Jingle, for instance, or in "The Belle's Stratagem," and as Benedick in Shakespeare, or in varying melodramas like the historical "Richelieu" or the curdling "Bells" he was truly supreme. And just as Gilbert was fortunate in finding Sullivan, so Irving's happy star became a constellation through Miss Ellen Terry. It was she who really forwarded most of his Shakespearean successes by her natural freshness as contrasted with his intellectual interpretations. About Irving there was often a something of the orchid, while she was (and is) the wild rose of the wayside. It was Irving alone, however, who gave a new impetus to the theatre, not only by his great organizing power but by reconciling the stage with the church. If only his frame could have always responded to the face and gaze which were those of a commander. His voice and his form appeared often to stammer and limp after

HENRY IRVING (Signed and dated 1876).

the certainty and nobility of his expression. As Othello, for instance, his defects made him seem to tear a passion to tatters—a great contrast with the finished ferocity of the fine American actor, Booth, with whom he acted alternately this part and Iago's. As Iago, however, like Mephisto the villain of irony, he was admirable, and to spectacle he added dignity.

The now Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, whom I remember in his home long before he adorned the stage, used to aid Irving with his scenery, for he was then a painter. The natural grace of his gestures accorded with the sweetness of his mind and nature. I, for one, prize his friendship more than I can say, and rejoice in his successes. He is an artist to the core in each sphere of his energies, and everywhere a great gentleman. Many a time did we forgather, and afterwards he limned the two handsome children of my dear Colonel Harold Malet, his firm admirer. About Forbes Robertson alone among surviving actors lingers that atmosphere of the tasteful yet forceful eighteenth century, which both Malet and I loved and studied. He could have acted with Mrs. Siddons, painted with John Raphael Smith and held conversation with Edmund Burke. And his pathos is that of the heart, not merely of the feelings or the intellect.

The words "gentleman everywhere" remind me of a scene symptomatic of one marked change that has transformed the stage. Some thirty years back a judge long-resident in India retired and returned home. He begged his nephew to show him the theatres. The youth insisted on explaining that the protagonists were all "gentlemen and ladies." One had been with him at Eton, another at Christ Church, one of the ladies was a close friend of his sister, another of noble family, and so on. "Quite so," commented the old gentleman, "*that* I can understand, but where" (looking round at the audience), "where, please, are the actors?"

George Alexander, too, I saw much of in those early days. He became known to me through his *alter ego*, Wedderburn, his friends the Freakes; and, later, the Delarues. We used often to ride together. It was shortly after his marriage. He was feeling his way on the stage and could just afford the cob which he stabled at a neighbouring greengrocer's. He was acting with Irving at the re-glorified Lyceum, where the performances

were hushed as a church service and a late arrival was treated as a sacrilege, where you quite expected the imminence of an offertory. A number of us were staying with Lady Freake at Fulwell Park, her old-world paradise at Twickenham. It was a balmy night in June. We waited by the open casements of the billiard-room for George Alexander's return from the Lyceum—then quite a Sabbath-day's journey. On he came through the drive, across the sward, with a silent step, his handsome face mellowed by the moonlight, and one might have fancied oneself in a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." And then we heard all about "Faust" and how Irving insisted on his Mephistopheles monopolizing the stage, till poor Faust and Valentine were hard put to it for a hearing. But for this human foible, which is not confined to great actors, Irving popularized the stage-features of that colossal drama more profoundly than Tree succeeded in doing long afterwards with all its prodigal pageantry. He was rather sensitive to criticism. At this very moment of Mr. Wills's version of Goethe's masterpiece, I had written an article which pointed out that the poet "bestrode the world like a Colossus" and doubted whether the poem could be confined to the corner of the stage. What was my amazement to find some sentences from it printed on the programme. Why "drag in" Mr. What's-his-name?

Irving loved music, his organ and organist behind the scenes were magnificent, and the episode of the "Witches' Sabbath" was thrilling. Apropos, the ballet-master, whose art exceeded his "h's," had great difficulty in chastening his dancing demoniacs, and in the midst of one rehearsal he waxed so indignant that, clapping his hands, he burst out: "No, no, please. Remember, ladies, that this is 'Ell, not 'Ampstead 'Eath."

Time passed, Alexander became celebrated, and, through "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he renowned not only himself but Mrs. Patrick Campbell (whom Lady Alexander "discovered") and the author. The latter himself once graphically recounted to me the tense interlude that happened when it was whispered that Mrs. Campbell should play the heroine's part instead of Miss Robins, who had already been "cast" for it. This was a delicate situation, and Pinero refused to break it to Miss Robins;

that was the business of Alexander the Great. So he went for a stroll in the Green Park till the storm should have blown over. What was his joy to find on his return that all had been amicably adjusted. With the large-mindedness that always marked Miss Robins, whether in life or letters, she surrendered her claim and made the *gran' rifuto*. And thus it happened that Mrs. Tanqueray became a part of our language, while Miss Robins wrote novels of an emotional idealism.

When Alexander was able to gratify Henry James by producing "Roderick Hudson" in dramatic form he told me a good story. Dear Henry James, with all his literary and social charm, had not the slightest sense of the stage. On the first night at the St. James's Theatre, when one of the characters exclaimed: "I am the last of my race," a voice rang out from the gallery with: "Hooray!" How interesting and sympathetic was Henry James till he took to convolvulus-fiction—so exquisitely intricate that adepts alone could unravel it. At one time I had something to do with a debating club called the Tuesday Society that met at the Hans Crescent Hotel to discuss every problem divine and human. It was the creation of Sir Charles Russell and the sympathetic Mrs. Reynolds. We were addressed by such apposites as the caustic Sir Chartres Byron, the sentimental Mrs. Snowden, the paradoxical Mr. Chesterton who is always so orthodox in his heresies, the critical Mr. Filson Young, now editor of the "Saturday Review," the didactic Mrs. Webb—who actually maintained to me afterwards that Heine was an "anarchist," till I quoted the passage to her where he says that: "Demagogues love the people so much that with it they would share *its* last crust." And, crown of crowns, one evening the friend of everyone consented to address us. His theme was Balzac. But with all my admiration for his mastery of meaning, not a *trait* of Balzac peeped out of the tangle. Henry James's psychology, his subtle simplicity, his meticulous analysis overpowered not only us but himself. That was not so in his prime, when he sounded the modern self-consciousness with a surety and artistry unrivalled.

When Alexander was in his heyday his wife used laughingly to warn him that since every suburbaness idolized his framed photograph he must be very careful in riding never to get

a fall that might spoil his nose. This, of course, was the raillery of one absolutely devoted, his helpmate in every trifle as well as in the business of his life. To keep young is a great faculty, but I think that his foremost quality as a man was his absolute loyalty in every direction, and next to this, apart from his powers of impersonation, his native common sense and sagacity. He was an ideal trustee. And he, too, was ever quietly helping others. The last time that I looked on him was in his pretty new Buckinghamshire home, every detail of which the two had rejoiced in perfecting. He was very ill, but cheerful and plucky as always—as plucky as he had been even some years earlier when he confessed to me how hard it was to act in agonies of rheumatism. How little do audiences realize the pain that is often vanquished for their delectation! Manifold indeed are the martyrs who die for the world's pleasure or its salvation.

He constantly acted the young hero, but he shone most, I think, when he played the ironical *ami mutuel* or the middle-aged "Guardian"-lover, blushingly endeared to the girl-heroine as "Guardie." Perhaps his most successful rôle was in "The Importance of Being Ernest," the sole first-rate fantasy by Wilde.

Not long after I went down from Oxford I narrowly missed a meeting with Sarah Bernhardt. On her first visit to London Mr. Hamilton Aidë gave a party in his House Beautiful on a Sunday night—then a startling innovation. We were all to make the great stranger's acquaintance, and what the society journals describe as "everything that is distinguished" was gathered together in tense expectation. Half-past nine was the hour fixed for her arrival. It struck, but no Sarah Bernhardt. Ten struck, half-past ten struck. No Sarah Bernhardt, nor any message from her. Our host was far too well-bred to fidget, but he looked somewhat pale. Eleven struck, but restless as we were we did not "strike" ourselves. Meanwhile Arthur Cecil good-naturedly whiled away the time with his graceful songs and nursery-rhyme sermons, while Lord Houghton, after his manner, kept grumbling at the delay. Others, too, obliged. In the end we had all to depart, grateful but unrewarded. The sequel was narrated to me afterwards. Next morning Hamilton Aidë, spick

and span as ever, called at the artist's lodgings, which were then in the Marylebone Road. He expected an explanation. The actress appeared *en déshabillé*. Mildly he remonstrated. All that Sarah deigned to say was that she had suddenly been summoned to sup with the Prince de Galles, and that a royal command cancelled every engagement. Aidë, inwardly furious, was too gallant to explode: had he not once been in the Army?

Years passed. Without leaving France Sarah's fame had made the tour of the world. She was again in London, but, this time, in Prince's Gate. The late Lady (then Mrs.) Brassey gave a great party in her honour. The warm-hearted hostess was as unacquainted with Parisian habits as she was Anglo-French in her accent. When Sarah appeared she brought in her tow her son, Maurice—a Bernhardtian surprise. "*Permettez,*" she said to Mrs. Brassey, "*que je vous présente mon fils Maurice.*" "*Mais,*" returned the hostess, shaking him by the hand and speaking very slowly and Englishly to his mother, "*mais je ne savais pas que vous étiez mariée.*"—"*Pas si bête, madame,*" was the sharp answer of one who always routed the *convenances*.

It was at this period, I believe, that she dared to rebuke the Prince of Wales himself. Always the pink of politeness he had somehow forgotten to remove his opera-hat when he entered her room in the Gaiety Theatre to pay his compliments. "*Monseigneur,*" she urged, "*on n'ôte pas sa couronne, mais on ôte son chapeau.*" That royalty should doff the hat but never the crown was, surely, a graceful reproof, and the story has been often repeated.

Years again went by. The divinity was in America and had rightly enjoined her impresario to guard her in strict privacy from the mosquito-like "interviewers." A lady, however, dispatched by a New York organ, contrived to force her way in. "Mrs. Bernhardt," she said, speaking in her most nasal twang, "I am here to collect the opinions of every celebrated artist on the Ten Commandments." "*Eh bien, madame,*" sharply retorted Sarah, "*il y'en a trop. Bon soir.*" That the Ten were too many was hardly an axiom to whet the appetite of a Puritan audience.

What a great artist she was! I remember her in her prime

when with Mounet-Sully—who always seemed to me just a trifle *petit-maître*—she first dawned on us in "Hernani." Her Doña Sol still vibrates like "music when soft voices die." That *voix d'or* was then in the full of its fresh purity and compelled one with an inherent magnetism. I have seen her act the part of an old blind woman with a quiet pathos unexampled; again I have seen her sitting silent, and eloquent only by a few gestures of the back, through a whole act of "*Le Sphinx*," when she was acting in that powerful drama with Croizette—also a world-actress. It is the fate of a supreme performer to become a gazing-stock of gaping expectation, and even now that Sarah Bernhardt has unhappily quitted the stage that she thrilled and elevated, it has been the fashion to dwell on her tricks of *timbre* and mannerisms of recitative. These did not form her pristine power. Not in the whirlwind or the thunderstorm was her main and pervading spell at her zenith. It was through "the still, small voice" immanent that you forgot, in her art of art-concealment, that she was Bernhardt at all. No doubt the intellectual Rachel must have been even greater, for she was rarely victimized by the clamours of the crowd in her reincarnation of the Greek ideal. But both actresses were exposed to the vulgarizations of such as go to behold not a living character but a newspaper-celebrity.

Both Rachel and Bernhardt, like those other great aliens, Napoleon and Augustus, became the beaux-idéals of their identifying countries. Rachel, the child of a wandering Jew-pedlar, was born in Switzerland; Bernhardt, French of the French, was the daughter of a Dutch-Jew banker. The heredity was one thing, the environment another.

And how accomplished was Sarah in other branches of art. Though an untrained, she was a most original sculptress, and the London exhibition of her small, often exquisite, models some forty years ago still abides with me. Two subjects survive vividly. The one was the figure of a jester with a skull that reincarnated Yorick, the other was the form of a drowned fisher-boy on the knees of his woe-worn mother. Josef Israels could not have handled its pathos more profoundly. She painted, she sang, she spoke brilliantly, and worked beneficently for others. There was little that she could not do. And if a

wayward life and a Bohemian scorn were shared with Rachel, so also, amid many ordeals, was "the unconquerable will" and "courage never to submit or yield" that belong by birthright to the highest order of vitality.

As a girl she was thin as a lath and wiry as a brier-rose. Jules Janin, the critic of the boulevards, would point at her with his crutch-stick, then the fashion, and cry out laughingly: "*Te voilà Sarah.*" Then gradually with advancing years she grew grosser, and when at the last I saw her in "*L'Aiglon*" she marred the boy's part by her appearance. Her enunciation, too, had developed a *râle* at variance with the golden clarity of her youth. In a sense it was "Ichabod," though she could still sweep the æolian lyre with her gust of nerves. Ellen Terry and she, the English ideal and the French ideal, were once grouped together. The first is always the enchanting Ellen Terry, the other, who had ever been the personality that she played, was already the victim of *réclame*. Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt are probably the two greatest actresses—not excepting Desclées—that ever existed, but Rachel must have been the kindling flame, while Sarah Bernhardt was the taper on the altar. Could they have been contemporaries what a contrast their appearance and their careers would have presented. When I first stayed with the Sheridans I was shown a life-like portrait of Rachel signed by herself She was dark, strong, intense, concentrated. Sarah Bernhardt was blonde, fragile, impressionable, vibrating. The one was all will, the other all nerves. Rachel's career was sapped by consumption. Bernhardt's was prolonged to a triumphant old age.

Another foreign actor of the first class was Barnay, whom I met when he was over here with the Meiningen players. He was a man of distinguished intelligence and striking appearance, tall, intellectual, ironic. His "Julius Cæsar" has never been surpassed, and he initiated that spectacular elasticity of moving crowds and scenic changes that Irving copied. Of Irving himself he had an imperfect appreciation and I still recollect the *moue* that his face betrayed when he was asked if it were true that he was going to act with our stage-chieftain. In appearance he somewhat resembled Rubinstein, the composer and pianist, whom I also encountered at Felix Moscheles's parties One inexplicable

remark of his comes back to me. We were speaking of George Eliot when, in his abrupt manner, he blurted out: "George Eliot! *C'est un cretin.*" What could he have meant? The last thing in the world imputable to George Eliot was the slightest flaw in her mental force. She was all intellect, and if her strong organization was in the least deficient, surely it might have been in emotional free-play. I used often to see her at the Monday Popular Concerts. The face was powerful but impassive—rather like that of a supernatural horse. The woman who had been proposed to by Herbert Spencer (the billiard-player of their boarding-house) ought not to have been feminine. And yet underneath that masculinity lay something very clinging and sensitive. Everyone knows the moral principle that governed her irregular wifehood to a husband whose own wife was in a lunatic asylum, but not everyone is aware that when Mr. Lewes died she awoke, if I have heard aright, to a disillusion. My grandmother, who knew Mr. Lewes, told me that he was at once brilliant and sloppy.

George Eliot believed in Goethe's biographer as a paragon. Then she married the much younger Mr. Cross who, when I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Sheridans', would vouchsafe very little—being an excellent bridge-player—about the declaration that won him the game. Their affinity was intellectual. The silliest gossip was bruited about their honeymoon. It was rumoured that after a prolonged course of Dante at Venice he had cast himself into the Grand Canal and begged the gondoliers not to rescue him. But such inventions were probably due to the ignorance of thickheads who could not understand how a literary man of business became united to a genius through a worship of mind and character. One little human trait I owe to Sir Philip Burne-Jones, of whose family George Eliot was a friend. The great authoress took him to the pantomime. But as a child he remembered little besides the kindness but the curious touch of a flaccid hand.

Speaking of marriages between the young and the elderly—so often ill-derided—one cannot forget that happy union between the late Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. I saw them as they drove off, cheered and smiling, after the wedding, but I could not fail to observe the Hogarthian look of

a little dog perched on the box next to the footman. Years later I saw them on a channel steamboat in a rough passage. Nothing could exceed his tenderness and attention, and it was refreshing to see Queen Victoria's mainstay enveloped in that security of home, which this age of restlessness seems fast hurrying away. Lady Beaconsfield is another instance of disproportionate bliss, while the thrice-married Lady Waldegrave, who, from being John Braham's daughter, became Sir William Vernon Harcourt's aunt and a light both of society and friendship, forms yet another example.

I have mentioned Felix Moscheles, the son of the composer, the godson of Mendelssohn, the uncle by his sister's marriage of the present Lady Dickens. One met everyone at his unclassic gatherings, and among them often Henschel, with whom alternately Moscheles would sing and play. I always honour Henschel for something that, if rumour be right, he was resolute enough to do at a great party where he was engaged to perform. Directly the great artist began to sing the titled audience began to talk so loudly that delivery became hopeless. Stung by such a slight on art, Henschel several times begged his hostess to enforce silence, but always in vain. At last he left the house and returned the cheque. And this reminds me of what Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny Hensel, once said at a concert given by her at the embassy in Rome. Music, too, often acts on our average countrymen, like champagne, as a spur to conversation, and the English audience at once began to chatter while she was playing some of her brother's " Songs Without Words." " Will you kindly remember," she implored, " that what I am trying to play are songs *without* words."

Still another foreign footlight that illuminates those days was Madame Modjeska, who for a space, as the French say, " made the rain and the sunshine " in London. I remember a great party in her honour given by an acclaimed *saloniste.* Modjeska was to recite. All the galaxy of the season was in evidence. Modjeska stepped forward, tall, fair, arresting, and declaimed a long abracadabra in a strange language. Nobody knew in the least what it was all about, but everybody supposed that they did, except, perhaps, my insignificant self. Our hostess came up to me afterwards in ecstasies of admiration. " Wasn't

it wonderful?" she exclaimed. I confessed my mystification. "Oh, couldn't you understand it?" Though it was delivered in Polish, of course, gestures were so interpretative that at once, she said, "you could perceive that her subject was the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham." Shamefacedly I had to own that to me it was Apocrypha. By chance, or mischance, I happened afterwards to neighbour Modjeska and her excitable husband at the refreshment table, and I overheard her confide to a friend that she had spoken gibberish *in* gibberish—which only shows how difficult it must be to decipher Egyptian inscriptions. Somehow I never could be carried away by Madame Modjeska's acting. There seemed to me a sort of gawkiness in it and particularly in her impersonation of Mary Queen of Scots hailing the morning carol of the forest birds. Perhaps this was the fault of the version given of Schiller's play, or of my own density, but anyhow that awkwardness both of mind and body impressed and impeded me. At the same hospitable house I was privileged to meet Coquelin, the most finished of humourists. He would have fitted any and every century and might equally have been the comrade of Rabelais or of Molière. None who heard them could ever forget two of his recitations—"*Le Chapeau*," an airy fabric of ironies built out of an opera-hat, and another that displayed a man hunted by some popular tune from his morning-bath to the close of an eccentric day.

I never heard the wonderful Ristori, though I have heard the impassioned Duse. Yet I cannot help thinking that Adelaide Neilson, whose romantic and pathetic career was both a dream and a drama, is the sole actress who could ever do justice to the part of Juliet. Ellen Terry's Juliet was Juliet as the daffodil, that is to say as Ellen Terry. But the other's girlish passion, her southern beauty, her voice, which was the voice of the soul, were ideal and overmastering. Half gipsy by birth, emerging by a providential coincidence from base surroundings, starting with parts like that of the tender heroine in "Uncle Dick's Darling," where she acted with Toole and the pre-Lyceum Irving, proceeding to typical parts like that of Rebecca in the melodramatized "Ivanhoe," she burst on the world as a great Shakespearean actress, and indeed her earliest enthusiasm in the sadly-contrasted setting of her girlhood had been Shakespeare. As

Juliet she seemed to me like one inspired. She *was* Juliet. On her tomb in Brompton Cemetery stands a touching inscription composed by the great friend of her life. "Here lies all that is mortal," it runs, "of Adelaide Neilson, beautiful, gifted, resting." "Resting," of course, is the professional phrase for a performer out of engagement. Never do I pass that grave without dreaming of a presence that enchanted and indeed haunted my youth.

Would that I had space to dwell on the palmy days of the Gaiety Theatre when musical burlesque was a sustained frolic and not merely a snapshot of spectacles Where did the Terrys not shine, every stage was a tremolo of Terrys. "Terrily, Terrily," did we "live" then. Terry, the high-priest of Momus (who by the same token handed the collection-bag of a Sunday in Barnes Church), was at his height. And whether he parodied the "strong man" balancing feather-weight chairs, or sang songs that his manner and humour individualized such as that suddenly concluding with: "Now I'm off—to—the—Bodega" (the "ga" with a snap) "for—a—glass of—sherry-wine"—or whether he transformed a doggerel like: "We are not moving that I am aware" which he phrased with a sort of affected scorn, he was entirely a distinct species. Equally characteristic was he in "legitimate" comedy, as he proved by his acting in Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." Many a chat have I enjoyed with him in later days at the Garrick Club, where his conversation was as quaint as it was sensible. His death was indeed an eclipse of Gaiety. And then Nellie Farren! How can words revive such a personality! It is impossible, just as nothing was impossible to one whose "go" was unquenchable and who, outside burlesque, was the sole actress that I have ever known to actualize "Tilburina" in Sheridan's "Critic." And there was Kate Vaughan, the graceful and ill-fated. And, later, there was that Apollo of a fantastic, Fred Leslie. I can see him now in "Ruy Blas" suddenly twirling into a graceful dance with periodical ejaculations of: "I like this. This is quite nice, isn't it? I could do this all Sunday afternoon." And there were the dainty Connie Gilchrist, the sylph-like Letty Lind.

Nor can my memory miss a glimpse of three others connected with the stage, Gilbert Farquhar, Paul Rubens and the late Captain Marshall. "Gillie," now no more, had played many

parts in his life-drama. A cousin of the late Duke of Fife, the scion of an old house and the son of a respected Member of Parliament, his father started him in the famous firm of his old friend, Rothschild. But, save for his social gifts, Gillie was not cut out for business. He told me that by negligence he started by buying some bonds that Baron Lionel had asked him to sell, and that the great financier had been very lenient, only observing while he rubbed his hands: "You really must be more careful in the future, Mr. Farquhar. Poor Baron Rothschild really cannot afford these extravagances." The Baron was a most masterful personality and Gillie told me that at the yearly conclave of brothers and nephews he could not help overhearing the more than robust language used by him to his junior partners.

Then Gillie would revert to his boyhood. His dear old mother, Lady Farquhar, was the most punctilious of *grandes dames*, and she took the best-recommended French governess for the education of her daughters. The governess was in high favour and one wet afternoon she begged her to sing one of her chansonettes to some of the sober countryside who were calling. Judge of the shock produced by the first song with which this demure instructress favoured the élite. It opened thus:

Messieurs, mesdames, je vous en prie,
Je ne suis plus servante.
Le monsieur chez qui je suis
M'a pris pour son amante.

Indiscretion sealed her fate. And then Gillie would branch off about his fiscal adventures after he had quitted Rothschild's. Bischoffsheim sent him on an important errand to secure some Portuguese telegraph concession from the Portuguese Government. He gave him carte blanche for the purpose. For some weeks, with great natural resource, he negotiated in vain. Then a happy thought struck him. He ordered a dinner of Lucullus with priceless wines in honour of the Minister of Finance, who sat on his right hand. The banquet was no mere gorge; its perspective was arranged by the hand of an artist, and when the culminating vintage was reached the Portuguese Finance Minister tapped him on the shoulder with the words: "*Mon cher, vôtre affaire est faite.*"

And so he would ramble on from clime to clime and scene to scene, always humourous, never anyone's enemy but his own. His hardships in South African ox-wagons, his vexations in the provinces when he took to the stage, the ups and downs of the vagrant careers, in none of which could he stay long or satisfied. Though a bachelor of bachelors, he remained not so much a man as a boy of the world, and he revelled in the company of children. He used to play with mine when they were tiny tots and I remember his singing to them, as he rolled them down the bank of a big lawn :

Oh, Johnnie, run for the doctor, dear,
Your mother's taken awfully queer,
She's got a touch of the old attack,
A thingummy jingummy down her back,
So, Johnnie, run for the doctor, dear,
Or she'll be dead in the morning.

This same country house where we were fellow-guests he used annually to visit after his stay with the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, and I recollect that coming thence a few days after the marriage of Lord Orkney to Connie Gilchrist he presented a big piece of the wedding-cake to my little daughter. He would invite the children to his Mortimer Street lodgings, show them his treasured autographs and photographs and romp with them afterwards.

This mention of the Duke of Beaufort reminds me of an excellent if worn story about that most unruffled of men. A certain Socialist agitator, who for years had been denouncing dukes, had marked this particular one for his prey and eventually stalked him down to the train in which he was travelling home from London. He followed him into the carriage, where he sat reading his newspaper. He glared at him for some time, but without effect, and then he exploded with : " The Duke of Beaufort, I believe." " Yes," said the Duke, and went on reading. " You," pursued his tormentor, " are the sort of man whom I should like to dispossess. All your advantages are unearned. Thank heaven, I am a self-made man." The Duke raised his eyes once more over the brim of his newspaper and quietly observed : " Then you relieve Providence of a great responsibility." Which of the twain collapsed most ?

Gillie Farquhar was a capital mimic, never overdoing his quick imitations. In particular he used to take off that popular critic, "Joe" Knight, at the Garrick Club, who, the best-natured of able men, could not always resist a little side-thrust when he introduced two strangers to each other. As thus (whispering the asides behind one hand): "Gillie, let me introduce to you my young friend, Mr. Snodgrass—concerned with that queer divorce case. Snodgrass, let me present my very good friend, Mr. Gilbert Farquhar—will be in the Bankruptcy Court to-morrow." Knight, in early youth, had lodged with a future Radical statesman and, according to Gillie, he used to declare that he lent him his opera-glasses only to find them afterwards in pawn.

Gillie used to be much amused at the careful Duke of Fife's replies to his requests for grouse in the shooting season, in which he would assure his bohemian cousin that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to comply with his wishes were it not that every bird shot was barely sufficient for the requirements of Mar Lodge. And he once showed me another regretting to hear of Gillie's illness, but at the same time gravely pointing out that most of our ailments are due to overeating. In this regard he laughed till he cried over an epistle of reconciliation after a long estrangement from a still nearer relative, to the effect that he was sending him a peace-offering which he would be certain to appreciate—a silver medicine spoon.

What had not Gillie been during his many "revolving moons"? I had fancied him still adorning the stage, or perhaps rebuking the *chef* of his Niagara Restaurant, as he did, for brandishing a carving knife at his beautiful wife with the words: "*Rachel, Rachel, je ne veux pas de tes reproches.*" But one day I stopped before a shop window in St. James's Street to admire an early Italian picture. I entered, a bell rang, and who should advance with the confidential air of a trusted agent but my old acquaintance, with a tale not only of ironic woe but of the clientéle of duchesses who through him brought custom to the art-dealer. And this reminded me of a well-known lady who used to invite my mother to her grand parties at Roehampton, when I was a boy, and would say to her: "You should have been here last week, my dear. There was a Niagara of duchesses on our lawn."

Alas, poor Yorick! The silver medicine spoon proved an ill omen. For years he languished, with bright intervals of his old gaiety, till quite lately he passed away at St. Leonards. Never did he cease his self-persiflage or his genial memories of happier days. He took interest in everything and everybody. At the beginning of his long illness he had a suite of rooms in the Charing Cross Hotel and laughed at himself as he told me many an anecdote of *cordons-bleux*. He had grown much fatter and looked something like Napoleon at St. Helena. What might his free, generous nature not have achieved had his will and steadfastness been able to match the sparkle of his versatility?

Paul Rubens we met first with his talented family in Switzerland. Even then there was nothing artistic that he could not do. Every musical instrument, verse, prose, quick sketches with pen, voice and pencil—of all these he was a born master. His great interests, however, were cricket and everything that concerned Winchester or Oxford. His mother, a classical musician, longed that his musical career should be high and earnest, and often she would deplore his lighter excursions into the realm of that musical comedy which he transformed. For he was the English Offenbach. How whimsical and captivating were his libretti and the airs which set them floating like thistledown. Who can forget that song on "Tact" closing with: "You may do a deal with diamonds—and tact"; that other on "Men" with its:

> You may e'en go so far as
> To give us tiaras;

or "The little pink petticoat." If his musical course was a primrose path, it was one also along which every child might romp, and he loved children. He used to come of a winter's evening and play for ours and sing them "The little tin soldier" and what not else. His premature end, like his Harrovian brother's, dealt a blow to youth in the world and has left many a song unsung.

Captain Marshall, the author of that original play "The Royal Family," was an accomplished soldier, writer and raconteur. He would tell me by what strange bypaths he had strayed on to the stage, nor did his ironies ever overlay his sympathies.

There was a famous picture-dealer whom he much liked, even when most he laughed at certain of his foibles. He had just been his guest at a Mediterranean villa and dwelt on the kind heart that sweetened his great wealth. But one morning, he said, the rosy host appeared at the breakfast-table worn and haggard. Asked what ailed him, he replied that all night he had suffered from a succession of horrible nightmares and always the same nightmare. What was it? Each time he went to sleep again he dreamed that on the annual audit of his business books there was a deficit of five pounds. He felt that he could not rest till this matter was cleared up.

The grand opera in those days was still in the grand style, and the singers were among the greatest for many generations. I heard Mario in almost his last appearance. Even then, what a superb Almaviva he was, what a *grand seigneur*, and with what perfection he sang! I heard Tietjens in "*Fidelio*": the greatness of her voice and bearing quite obliterated her drawbacks of size and face. I heard the sprightly Sinico, the brightest of opera-pages, and Pauline Lucca, the incarnation of "*Con brio.*" And later I witnessed the début of Minnie Hauk in "Carmen"; on Patti I have already touched. Covent Garden Theatre on those palmy nights presented a splendid spectacle. True, the audiences were by no means so musical as they are now, but the sight was one where the pride of life was both heightened and humbled by the sway of song.

Ah, how many more there are of that brilliant era whose lights have flickered out as the lights of every theatre must when the curtain is rung down and the audience has gone home. Excellent actors have succeeded them, the average of impersonation has improved, but individualities have dwindled. For ours is an age of diffusion rather than of concentration in every sphere. There is much more small change, but there are also fewer five-pound notes.

It is the same with the beauties. There are many more now, but how few so distinguished as the foremost of that prime. I used to meet Lady Gladys Herbert, afterwards successively Lady Lonsdale, Lady de Grey and Lady Ripon, who was a friend of my eldest sister. As intelligent as if she were not beautiful

she resembled some Byzantine Empress. Quite apart from the "professionals" like Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Wheeler, there were Lady Spencer, of whom Dr. Butler wrote in the Lord-Lieutenant's album that she reigned in "Spencer's Court" as "Spenser's Fairy Queen." There was Lady Dudley, at once appealing and majestic. Is one a mere "praiser of the past" for singling out these few? I am sure that one is not. Could one but show their youth to the present generation "in their habit as they lived" I am certain that it would agree. For a woman's beauty now consists more in piquancies than in potency, and how few of our frisky matrons know how to grow older gracefully, as in the case of the late Lady Stanley of Alderley, for instance, or still more of my kind friend, the Duchess of St. Albans. Du Maurier depicted the graciousness of that circle most faithfully, but for any parallel to the dignity of *grandes dames* in age one must go back to the portrait of Lady Albemarle by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

One other must be here commemorated. Among our friends at home were General Milman and his daughter, Lena. He was then Governor of the Tower and allowed us to ramble through that fortress of history. She was one of the most interesting girls that it has ever been my good fortune to know—at once a scholar and a romantic. Beautiful in the rank of the supreme beauties just noted she was not, but there was a serene grace and quiet spell about her that rendered her truly beautiful. Sad indeed was it that when at length, after many migrations of her soul, she had found its true affinity, she should have perished far away in the first flush of her happiness. Nor, while I dwell on the fair of that period, can I omit either the two Tennant sisters, of whom I have spoken, and who used to keep pet squirrels in cages, to whom they gave outlandish scriptural names, or the two and still surviving daughters of the late Sir Charles Bright, the layer of the Atlantic cable. Both were artistic and each fraught with charm. The elder daughter is now Lady Jardine, and the younger Miss Beatrice Bright, the portrait painter.

Those were the days when a new maidenhood was budding with a vengeance, and we heard much of the "Girl of the Period" from the slashing Mrs. Lynn Linton and others. Miss Prim was

being succeeded by Miss Fling, it was no longer considered "fast" to be seen in a hansom cab, and there were those among them who aspired to be men without the faculty of being gentlemen. The pendulum had indeed swung round, and with a rebound, from the three previous decades. While there had been much of a falsetto in the coy prudishness of the passing epoch when some deemed it risky to speak of the legs of a piano, much too that reacted injuriously on men, the unseemly exaggerations that were striving to replace it were equally ridiculous. Charles Lever's brilliant daughters even smoked cigars—but that was at Naples, and the feminist movement had not yet developed into the good comradeship that now subsists between boys and girls. The chaperon still dozed, a martyr to the young, and so late as the close of last century I heard of one who was found asleep in a cupboard in May-week at Cambridge. But the newer-fangled march forwards had not yet been ordered. Science has called the tune. No one in the seventies or eighties could propose on the telephone, elope by motor, or be divorced by wireless. We have not, it is true, yet reached the nadir of "two hours' wait at this railway station for refreshments and divorces," but, if we "progress" much further, nothing will be left to shock save the sense of impropriety. Who was it that named some of our recent fiction "dirt cheap?" The ends of centuries usually kick over the traces: it has been reserved for the progress of the twentieth with its simmering ferments to leap over them.

All this time the law also engaged me, though she was my stepmother. I indited two law books, one on witnesses (the cloud of whom must have by now evaporated), and another, in conjunction with Sir William Chance, on interrogatories. The latter I only mention because of the Greek motto which I appended to it. It was a sentence from Aristophanes: "πῶς ποῦ πῇ φῆς," "pose, pou. pay, fees." It signifies, of course, the usual interrogatory queries, "how, when, where, do you say it is"—and the two final words denote by assonance the climax of all legal proceedings—"*pay fees.*" None of the lawyers, I fear, detected this little play upon words.

In this first crayon of my three "L's," it is Law and London

that have loomed the largest, for journalism is not strictly literature, and save for some heavy articles it was the lighter muse that entrained me. Frederick Greenwood, however, then editor of the " St. James's Gazette," who cheered me on in all my faltering footsteps, was *par excellence* a man of letters. Original, originative, penetrating, a censor of language in all its branches, he strove to classicize journalism and not to journalize literature. When he retired from his editorial chair he founded a review, the "Anti-Jacobin," for which he invited my co-operation. It was a great honour so to be invited. As long as that weekly survived I contributed to it and it was perhaps the best of its kind before Henley instituted his own. Greenwood was of sanguine colour, both in countenance and intellect, and he looked like some alert robin in the act of flight. Everyone knows that he introduced the project of the Suez Canal shares to Disraeli's notice. And though I have shown elsewhere that Disraeli had brooded over this momentous issue long before Greenwood spoke to him, it is none the less a tribute to his foresight that he should have fastened on it as vital to our Eastern Empire.

How Greenwood would have shuddered at the " publicities " of our modern Press. Alliterative head-lines, the " stunting " of sensations, the panic-mongering, the magnifying of nonentities, the manufacture of crashing crises—all these were then unknown to the restraints of tradition. The very first time that ever I saw one of those head-lines that now are our daily bread (or Mail) was in the Paris edition of the " New York Herald " and it ran : " Lonely Death of an Old Burglar." A burglar had expired by the wayside, and surely it was a masterpiece of advertising pathos so to have sung his dirge. The next to startle me was : " Wales thinks Mary a Darling," in allusion to the late King Edward's admiration for Miss Mary Anderson's acting. One need not, however, play the highbrow over such devices to popularize news and, in an epoch of haste, to arrest attention. Democracy disdains etiquettes. She is dramatic, ecstatic, erratic—and nobody can expect her dishevelment to be Attic. The only real protest that I would venture to raise in good earnest is against the parade now in vogue not only of neurotic crimes but of suicides resulting from nervous breakdowns. Could the editors

of a frank and spirited Press but realize the mischief done, to my knowledge, in many homes by the sensationalization of disaster they would, I am sure, place these coroners' inquests in the remote background and entirely suppress the cinemaisms of their reports.

But long chapters, like long streets, tend to be wearisome. On literature and society, on Browning, too, on Swinburne, and on Barrie, I shall touch in my next instalments. And if I have already spoken too much about too little, I can only repeat the words of the professional cicerone in St. Mark's, at Venice, who, while with boyish enthusiasm I was descanting on its wonders to my parents, pointed his forefinger at me with the cutting reproach of : " Zere goes ze man what built ze chorch."

CHAPTER VII

A Sequel

THE intellect is seldom sympathetic till it is companionable and that is why the abstract writers like Mill or Bentham never propagate their essence in any posthumous myth or legend. Are the things of the mind ever so real as when they take flesh in hospitality ? Among the sociable houses that gave me such welcome chances, let me single out four. The Queen Anne home, near Balham, of the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan—now, through his munificence, that of South London's Suffragan Bishop—and the drawing rooms of Mrs. Simpson, of Mrs. Ella Williams Freeman and of Mrs. Rogerson. With these, though out of due sequence, will be connected Lady Dorothy Nevill and Colonel Harold Malet. Some others, and especially Mrs. Tennant, have already permeated my peep-show.

I see it now, that suburban country house, with its old-world pleasaunce, where the great publisher used to assemble his constellation of authors. Often would he invite me to his Sunday luncheons. Only a very few of the personalities gathered around his hospitalities can here be vivified. Prominent, perhaps, was Green, the historian, a man of infinite anecdote as well as of limitless learning. So much did he know and so little did he begrudge, that, like Tennyson's brook, he went on for ever. If Macaulay's conversation seemed a soliloquy his was a responsive monologue. Had he spoken less one might have listened and remembered more. And then there was Mr. Shorthouse, fresh from his fragrant and subtle " John Inglesant." Who could have guessed from so provincial a semblance that quintessentially he was a Jacobean romantic ? Shy, reticent, humble, there was something vibrant about the little man with the dark whiskers. You felt that he himself had felt all and more than he had rendered.

And there was Canon Ainger, one whose aspiration was only

equalled by his wit. The one shone through the face of transparent parchment, the other lurked round the puckered and Puck-like corners of his lips. I remember someone suggesting that no rhyme could be found to the word "porringer." At once Ainger burst out with :

The Princess Mary fain would wed.
They gave the Prince of Orange her.
And now I'm sure it can't be said
I've not a rhyme for "porringer."

How good, too, was his impromptu when a baby arrived in the Chelsea home of the Reverend Mr. Haweis, the latitudinarian author of "Music and Morals" :

Little baby Haweis
Playing with your corals !
Pa will teach you Music,
Who will teach you Morals ?

Another wit, equally pungent, and to me better known, did not frequent these symposia—Mr. Herbert Paul, who, when he saw the late King Edward advancing towards him over an Eton meadow, observed to his companion : "Every ounce a king." But, in the didactic department, there was Mr. Macmillan's brother-in-law, the famed geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, who knew almost exactly when the earth's crust was to crumble, and besides was a most agreeable man, to me doubly so because afterwards he sent his son to Harrow. Reserved in manner and staccato in accent, he looked a sort of blend between Mr. Jowett and Mr. Frederick Greenwood. And there was also the late Lord Bryce, a product rather of lecture than literature, who assured me that he had learned dancing from a Göttingen professor. I do not think that the historian of the Holy Roman Empire danced well, and his allusion to Göttingen reminded me not only of Canning's "Matilda Pottingen" but of Heine's gibe in this very connection about the feet of the ladies of that dry-as-dust town. The young poet declared that he would write a treatise in the prevailing mode on feet—firstly on feet in the abstract, secondly on the feet of elephants, and thirdly on the feet of the Göttingen young ladies. I fancy that Bryce confused

" feet in the abstract " with the slightest touch of Terpsichore incarnate. For dances we had there on summer nights in a large tent on the lawn.

Milner used to come, Oscar Wilde used to come among the younger generation, and my old friend, the late Sir Julian Corbett, whom I knew at Imber Court, with his fascinating sister. Save for having been the Cambridge cox in the boat-race he was then far from being a naval historian. Oscar Wilde's conceit could be entertaining. One night I remember when Mr. Macmillan engaged him, Milner, and myself on the problem of what constituted greatness. Oscar Wilde, with a protracted glance at the looking-glass, capped the discussion with : " Oh, Mr. Macmillan, surely greatness consists in following our greatest men." Some years afterwards, and elsewhere, he held forth vaguely and fluidly on the beauties of Socialism. Elaborately attired, and with an exotic in his button-hole, he surveyed himself, exclaiming : " Socialism, surely, is enjoyment." So much for pose !

There was also Tom Taylor, the editor of " Punch," who, as I have mentioned, seemed the pink of a " Mutual Friend " and whose bearded wisdom gave but a scant suggestion of the frolic that was in him—humourist and playwright. He told me that his great dilemma in editorship was as to what would or would not offend clergymen. Satire on curates he found the most dangerous, and this was odd, because Trollope in his novels could poke his fun at them unharmed. But pictures are one thing, print another, and the sacrosanctity of the cloth was really part of that Victorian parish-life that preserved our patriotism. Then, too, there was Professor Aldus Wright, at once learned and lively over Semitic languages. Never could anyone handle weights more lightly. He resembled those " strong men " who balance pyramids and conjure with cannon-balls. And there was Sir George Grove, then the editor of " Macmillan's Magazine," and a master of music. My old Balliol acquaintance, the late Mr. Mallock, used to come also, ironic, pithy, the iconoclast of shams. The last time that I met him, many years afterwards, was at Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell's *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore !* He could still ironize, but the speed, the elaborate spontaneity had wellnigh vanished.

His remaining tresses were trailed over his head like those in a memorial-brooch, and it was sad to see how one of the most incisive and sound authors of his day had outlived his powers.

Another guest was Mr. Bain, the famous bookseller, the friend and occasional host both of Disraeli and Gladstone. He once told me that Disraeli had just been in his book-shop, eager as ever after new masterpieces. Mr. Bain showed him Gladstone's last Vatican pamphlet. "No, Bain," observed the world-connoisseur, "it is not from prejudice I say it, but nothing that Gladstone writes is literature." This was true and was not the criticism of one "who had failed in literature and art," nor of that other variety which Walter Savage Landor hit off as "an insect crawling over a marble floor and seeking to discover its inequalities." Years afterwards I was once nettled by a criticism not only false in its historical contentions but flagrant in its second-hand importation of academic writers who had but grazed the theme. Being foolish enough to reply, I told a story of the eighteenth-century "cast" beau who, to attract attention, entered a coffee-house, paraded in full view a bundle of unpaid bills and, kissing them, exclaimed: "Gad, how that woman loved me!" That creative critics still survive is proved by the examples of Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Edmund Gosse. Without humour criticism is impossible. Its true functions are perception, proportion and recognition.

Mr. Macmillan, the most open-minded and open-handed of men, was fond, in a general way, of metaphysics, and this led to a piece of chaff in his early days at Cambridge. He was dining at the high table of Trinity College when he began asking: "Who am I, whence do I come, whither am I going?" to which a don replied: "My dear Macmillan, you are here, I cannot help suspecting, to buy Todhunter's 'Algebra' in the cheapest market and to sell it in the dearest." What stories he used to tell us, not only of Plato and other philosophers but of Carlyle and Swinburne. The latter, however, are not for print.

Mr. Macmillan, despite his placidity, could be quick enough in his retorts. I remember someone emphatically disclaiming relationship to a namesake. "Ah," replied his questioner,

"it is quite clear that you are a priest after the order of Melchisedec." And he never lent himself to coterie-worship, that literary plague-spot of the new age. He never failed to recognize that the second-hand means the second-rate, however high the pretensions may be of celebrity-reflectors. The name of the venerated St. Beuve, that ubiquitous dictator, despite his immaculate conceptions, was quite powerless to quell him.

His large-handed welcome would rally us also of an evening at the delightful gatherings which periodically he assembled in his quaint old business-house in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, hard by the old inn where Sheridan had fought his second duel with Mathews. There, over mountain dew and Havana weeds, the writers of the day held forth for hours, and learning was leavened with laughter. Why should tradition traduce publishers as the foes of authors? Why should the old fiction still go round of Byron's present to Murray of a Bible in which the "Now Barabbas was a robber" was changed into "was a publisher"? The truth is the reverse. Our publishers—and especially those in the grand style—are the midwives of literature. Little worth knowing would come to birth without them, and no publisher forwarded the best with more discernment and liberality than Mr. Alexander Macmillan. At the annual Literary Fund dinner the publishers gather in shoals and contribute in shekels, not as the feigned Herods who support the mothers of massacred innocents, but as men who with great risks and much foresight anticipate the future and discover genius before the critics have applied their glasses.

True, things have changed since the classical houses exercised both reticence and encouragement. Literature has been democratized and is being treated as bales of goods to be circulated by the puff magniloquent. We are perpetually being assured by pullulating publishers that the little is great and the less is greater. Even philosophers have small chance without the aids of anecdotal vulgarity. Spinoza made spectacles, but, were he to rise again, a spectacle would be made of Spinoza. It is an era of advertisement and the Press leads the way with a search-lamp of limelight. When a poetaster, an embassy underling, a petty novelist or a puny politician die they are obituarized as

" great," so that hyperbole is posthumous also. And all this " nice derangement of epitaphs " coincides with the oddest grouping of articles so that every palate may be tickled. During the last year I have noticed a sermonette on " The Atonement " next to a column on " Asparagus," and another in the same prominent newspaper on " The Resurrection " neighbouring a reverie on " Rhododendrons." Publicity is blind to profanity and would scarcely shrink from interlarding the Scriptures with the plates of fashion. One need be no pietist to resent such vagaries. Byron and Swinburne would have been equally indignant.

The name of Swinburne recalls the memorable afternoon when the licensed libertine of Parnassus honoured me by an invitation to make his acquaintance. It was spring when I repaired to The Pines, Putney, the aspect of which gave the impression of a seaside lodging-house. Tremulous, I entered. Mr. Watts Dunton, his mentor, welcomed me. I was ushered into a sitting-room full of beautiful things obscured by dusty disarrangement. Without more ado the gipsy-like Dunton explained to me that the reclaimed poet was over his " afternoon Bass," but would be with us after we had finished our tea. Swinburne entered, bird-like, alert, with a shock of pale sandy hair and no recall of the being whose carmagnole had once, at the Arts Club, pulped a pyramid of opera-hats, nor of the impassioned rhapsodist of Ada Isaac Mencken, that pathetic songstress of " Infelicia."

We spoke of Lady Hamilton and of Byron, both of whom he admired as much as I did, of Disraeli, the Napoleon of statescraft, of the sea (his passion), of the Navy, of Mr. Jowett (as already chronicled), of England, literature and the all-round belittling of greatness. And then he launched out into a magnificat on Burton, that reincarnation of an Elizabethan swashbuckler, the intrepid pilgrim to Mecca, the rebel against western civilizations, the inexpurgator of the "Arabian Nights," the mutinous replica of Shelley's Trelawny, whom, in his sobered age, Millais had chosen for his picture of the North-West Passage. Swinburne and Burton had wayfared together in the Pyrenees. No greater contrast could be imagined than that between the great unhellenic adventurer who had " heard the East a-calling " and the

tingling successor to the songs of Sappho, the rhythmical dithyrambist of insurgence, the sun-worshipper.

Suddenly he burst into rapture over a sunrise that he and Burton had witnessed on those mountain-tops. One forgot the frail tenement of a fiery soul. He hurried one along from glory to glory till one felt oneself absorbed into Nature and bestriding the coursers of the whirlwind. "Afternoon Bass," what had that to do with a being elemental as the thunderbolt? The outward weakness receded into the space wherein his spirit moved. One forgot the room, its context vanished. One breathed the large air of Lucretius, the sad joy of Catullus, the wild sweetnesses of the Sirens, Æschylus's bode of doom, Sophocles' solemnization of passion, the sacred profanities of Euripides. No more was Swinburne a captive beating against his cage, no longer the dwarf-derider of a moment. One shut one's eyes and he seemed a Titan upheaving Ossa and Peleon. He was the geni released from the bottle, as he towered above us on the Sands of Time. And then, as suddenly, all slipped back to the slovenly room, to Watts Dunton the deliverer, to the clamorous controversialist, the corybantic choregus, the martyr to Mrs. Grundy and the butt of a disgruntled Carlyle.

What could not Swinburne have achieved if only the Puritans had never existed, if the "Mayflower" had gone down, if the dungeon-key of the Fifth Monarchy men had not locked up the soul of England in an unlovely cell. And yet what could Swinburne have not accomplished had he possessed the measure and restraint that might have curbed and steered his chariot of fire? It is still the fashion to regard him as an illegitimate son of Hellas. This is not the case. Though his inspiration was classical, the swing of him is English. And his pace, his music, are Elizabethan. In irregularity of feeling, in over-regularity of cadence and indeed of monotone he differs wholly from the Greek masters. And that apotheosis of dawn was as free from the sentimentalities of the Teuton beer-garden bathed in smoke and music as it was from the sobbing coquetries of France. A Frenchman and a German once found themselves isolated with an Englishman on some remote mountain where the explorers were about to starve for want of sustenance. Unless a sheep could be procured forthwith

they must die. The Frenchman broke down, buried his face in his hands, wept and called on his mother, while the German sat stolidly sketching some abstruse map of a region where sheep might be discovered. But meanwhile the Englishman had set off unobserved, and by nightfall brought back the sheep with him. In like manner it was the English practical power that underlay even Swinburne's excesses just as it underlay Byron's. And yet how uncontrolled he could be, how unjust, how prone to altercation !

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has told me that in childhood he always knew when Swinburne arrived by the hullabaloo on their Hammersmith doorstep. The poet believed on principle that no cab-fare, from whatever distance, was more than a shilling, so the noise continued with all the poet's overpowering wealth of objurgation till the famous painter came out and appeased Jehu by payment. Throughout life Swinburne, so to speak, was always fighting the cabman. He was an Englishman in arms, never against England—but against New England—against the Puritans. He stood for the Renaissance rather than for the Reformation. He was a " Protestant of the flesh," not against the spirit but against the would-be divorcers of them. That he should never have been offered the Laureateship is a disgrace to the powers that were.

Cordial to me he was beyond measure, and he begged me to come again. But, as in the case of Cardinal Manning, I realized the privilege no more than cockneys realize Westminster Abbey. Youth is a squanderer of fine moments, and where is the town-crier who can recover lost opportunities ?

From Swinburne to Browning is a far journey, which brings me to Mrs. Simpson of Cornwall Gardens. Her circle was wider than Mr. Macmillan's, it touched life at more points, and not all of them intellectual. The daughter of Nassau Senior, that famed political economist and friend of Guizot, she maintained her French associations, and the mummy-like Madame Mohl used to sit enthroned in state at some of her receptions. Mrs. Simpson was her husband's second wife and she dominated the scene. Her portrait in early youth by Watts hung in her drawing-room as a badge not only of mental but of physical attraction. Her daughter, Amy, now the wife of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, exemplified

royal succession. At her dinners and her theatricals one met many celebrities. One of these once remarked on a curious dish peculiar to her hospitable dinners—hot dates. "Ah," he commented with a shy side-glance, "*specialité de la maison*, I suppose." Once she besought me to act Falstaff to her daughter's Prince Hal. Though flattered, I had to decline, because I knew that as Falstaff I should be ridiculous without being interesting.

One of her great friends was Browning and, early, she was good enough to put me into touch with him concerning some boyish and, I fear, rather trivial effusions. But the poet-philosopher on that occasion sent me an interesting letter, which unfortunately remains a torso, since I was heedless enough to tear off the closing portion for a lady who besought me for his autograph. It was written in July, 1878, and runs as follows :

19, Warwick Crescent, W.

Dear Sir,

At last I have been able to read the MS., which you please to desire my opinion upon—"read," that is to say, partially : for there are too many demands on my time just now to permit the more thorough examination I would cheerfully give, were it in my power. There seems to me considerable promise in what you have done—evidences of various ability—a purpose everywhere (which is a great point) and much metrical skill. I hardly understand your notion that this is peculiarly "The Poetry of the Commonplace" ; indeed what is commonplace cannot be poetical, I fancy. The result of my judgment—since you do me the honour to ask it—is that you may well be encouraged to go on as you have begun ; as to "publishing" the work already achieved—well, what can I add to the verdict of the publisher himself, whoever he may be to whom you propose the business ? He will tell you that poetry nowadays falls flat on the public ear unless strongly marked by individuality and—by consequence —originality. These qualities fail often enough to arrest attention, but without them there is no hope at all. Of course, if you wish to put your poems in print at your own risks and perils, he will help you there . . . . I hope and believe you will take what I venture to say in good part : nothing would be more easy than the cheap praise which your straightforward and honest letter would prevent me from attempting. . . .

A boy of twenty-three might well be proud of this candid criticism from one so famous. It was very good of Mr. Browning to consider my immaturities. That he was a signal creator in the voice of verse needs no emphasis. But he was a far greater thinker, or perhaps commentator-dramatist, than he was a poet in any strict sense of the name. Save in some exquisite exceptions he lacked music, though of music itself he was a devotee. Moreover, his methods were so intricate as often to stimulate without satisfaction. The very institution of Browning Societies is a proof, for interpreters are only needed for foreign languages. His muse revelled in dialectic, she had quitted Helicon for the Academe. When one of his votaries once asked him the true meaning of a line in "*Sordello*": "My dear young lady," the man of the world answered, "twenty years ago two alone knew what that line meant, myself and my Creator. Now only one knows." And this thorniness of expression it was that provoked Wilde's biting comparison with Meredith, and belongs more to metaphysicians than bards. This very letter, by its over-stress on "originality," seems to hint at the necessity for some self-conscious mannerism as a means of button-holing phlegmatic attention. To involve inventiveness is to choke it, to be obscure is to bewilder, and "originality" is in you or it is nowhere.

An aunt of mine whom he once took in to dinner asked him if a pathetic passage about a North-Italian shrine, instinct with local colour, referred to a little chapel on the Simplon road to Domodossola. His reply—quite justified—was that he did not know where the chapel was—it was a mixture of many chapels. And I only quote this triviality to show how little he ever meant anything definite. Often and often, too, he surrendered himself to queer inversions for the sake of a strained rhyme, the cadence of a strained thought, as, for example:

> *Venienti occurite morbo'*,
> With which moral I drop my theorbo.

The theorbo was a two-headed lute in the age of Elizabeth. No wonder it "dropped" at such discord! His deep thought often struggled through a maze in a mist. Very seldom was he

simple—as his wife was—with the direct power of emotion. Intellect was his prompter, and too often intellect warned passion off the stage.

A very few years later dear Arthur Coleridge gave a party which was to introduce me to Browning. I saw him surrounded by adoring ladies. I was brought up with a flattering flourish of trumpets to shake the great man by the hand. But maladroitness paralysed me, and I could only stammer out: "Have you seen Corney Grain lately?" What surprised me was his answer—the answer of Naaman anent the waters of Abana and Pharpar. "Oh," he said, rather pompously I thought, "of course I know him very well in private, but I never go to hear him in public." "What a pity," my *mauvaise honte* drove me to say. "He is really, dear fellow, so much better in public." I saw Browning afterwards at Felix Moscheles' reunions, and he always gave me the same impression, that of a profound thinker and careful connoisseur wrestling with the harmony that wells out of poetical inspiration. He was the instrument more than the singer, though he sang so well at intervals that only a self-consciousness could have warped him. In reflection, in ideas, in the feeling of the mind, he far transcended Tennyson, but as a melodist of susceptibility, as a fine and harmonious interpreter of emotions Tennyson outdistanced him with ease.

Browning, indeed, may be said to have founded the modern school that often pursues even ugliness in its effort to detach a wrenched moral or meaning. But poetry, pure and simple, is a river, lyric poetry is a waterfall, and no scientifically planned canal, however river-like, can mimic them. This in no sense derogates from Browning's richness in revelation, but only from the contortions of his art. His poetry was no wild bird's carol, but a complex verdict before psychology's tribunal, and this is what comes of an elaborate research after "originality." Originality—even original sin—eludes design, and Meredith, too, aye and Carlyle, would have been much more original had not their every page proclaimed to you how original they were. None the less Browning was a creator, though he created by introspection, not by projection, and was concerned far more with the "I" than the "it." Self-consciousness entangled him, as it did Meredith, in a labyrinth where the Muses played at

hide-and-seek but longed to escape into the open. And yet dearly would I have loved to have dived deeper, how wretched is the chapter of waste! How natural and fascinating he could be in his latter days near Asolo, as only quite recently I heard from a friend. In appearance there was little about him romantic or bard-like. His rosy face and grey beard were emblems of mellow and cheery wisdom. He lacked the glowing eye "in a fine frenzy rolling." He lived in a golden age, which he adorned by bringing analysis into line with feeling, by perceiving the past and identifying the present. He was an interpreter, but an interpreter who courted interpretation. Italy inspired him, yet he lacked her voice. That is why I, for one, cannot rank him among the finest. I venture to repeat that in Matthew Arnold posterity will grow to recognize one of the greatest of them all. For he held in his being the connecting links of something universal. In heart and in head he realized Goethe's ideal:

Uns von halben zu entwöhnen
Und im ganzen guten schönen
Resolut zu leben.

Goethe radiated light, Browning lectured on it.

The atmosphere around Mrs. Williams Freeman was distinct from that of the rest. The air was freer, the flame more lambent. She was at once the most interesting and sympathetic of the distinguished women that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. More than any other she owned the freshness of a travelled heart. The daughter of Merivale, the historian, the sister of Merivale, the author, she had married Mr. Williams Freeman, who was a secretary of legation in Paris at the zenith of Lord Lyons. Paris she knew by heart, London she knew by head, everyone she knew by an unerring intuition. The late Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff was one of her devotees. Every Sunday I used to meet him at her shrine. A polished and pious scholar, a man of the world with deep roots in India, he could not but rivet attention. Year after year he published his diaries perpetuating, often through trifling coincidences, the lamp of life. It was the unjust fashion to sneer at those ruminating records. George Russell bantered them in the skit that he wrote on a Bayswater clergyman. But their value is great. He was

the cultivated Boswell of his day. Another personage who frequented her afternoons was M. de Bylaerts, the Danish minister, a man of shrewd observation, recondite experience, and the most agreeable manners. One day I was with her when a shy young man entered. He had lately left Paris for London on a quest after literary adventure. His beautiful and ardent mother had been a close friend of our hostess in the Parisian apogee. This was Mr. Somerset Maugham, then entirely unknown but now too renowned for any introduction of mine.

As regards Grant-Duff I have a regret. His wife had been a friend of my mother's girlhood, and when I was still an undergraduate I was surprised to receive a garden-party invitation from her to Knebworth which they had then taken for the summer. Somehow unwittingly I declined it. Was there ever such a stupid young man as I must have been? Greatly should I have loved to have seen the place where so much had happened to the brilliant friend of Disraeli's dawn, whom that great man had promoted to Cabinet rank, whose poet-son he had "tipped," as he put it, with a half-crown in childhood and in his manhood with the crown of India. At Knebworth Dickens had acted, Disraeli (whom Bulwer-Lytton always called Disra-ēli) had stayed, and the turbulent, ill-starred wife had made co-existence even more impossible than when, in Pelham Place, they had quarrelled together with, literally, poker and tongs. Bulwer-Lytton was an industrious genius and a Norman dandy. Lady Caroline Lamb had flirted with him even while he was at Cambridge, in his old age at Torquay he had still proved a lady-killing glass of fashion, and from first to last he had proved an untameable romantic.

Mrs. Williams Freeman maintained her hold on life, inward and outward, to the last. So young was she in heart and mind that she died, like Gilbert, from a fatal plunge into the water (for an evening dip) after a tiring day. She swam into eternity with a spirit that lived in heaven long before it forsook our earth.

The delight of knowing her occurred some years later than the precise period under review, and, before I pass to Mrs. Rogerson, I must add to these ante-dated pleasures two others—my acquaintance with Lady Dorothy Nevill and my close friendship with Colonel Harold Malet.

I first met Lady Dorothy Nevill in the sympathetic atmosphere of the Duchess of St. Albans. She was a Walpole, like Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, of the most uncommon sense that ever shrank from the vagaries of common nonsense. Critical in mind and mien, she appraised mankind not by the reserve-price self-attached to them in the auction-room of career, but by their actual value. Yet her eyes were ever open to every new form of worth if only it were genuine. Directly one entered the door of her house in Charles Street—the street of Charles James Fox, Sheridan's Charles Surface—one stepped out of a vulgar mart into a sanctuary of distinction. She loved energy, not bustle, and was well aware that abuse is never argument. A stillness fell upon you as you observed this fragile old lady illuminating vellum with the skill of a mediæval monk. She looked like the daintiest piece of precious porcelain. And her recollections of the past were as rich as they were varied—from Palmerston to John Burns, from Thackeray to Anthony Hope, she had known them all. Disraeli had admired her when she had not long quitted the nursery, and for Disraeli she still cherished an unfading homage. She told me that of all the distinguished men that in a long life she had met, Disraeli owned the most beautiful manners—the tact not only of the head but of the heart. Of talent, still more of genius, to the last gasp she was an Egeria. The surface-changes affected her little. Society might be disrupted and Socialism might clutch at straws to dissolve it, but well she knew that the deep-rooted centres of England abide, that our institutions outlast the ruins of our Constitution, and that the secret conspiracies of ignorance and cunning to outwit them will not avail to eradicate their influence. How aptly would she have fitted the frame of Jane Austen's novels. Her evenness of temperature, her vitality of temperament, would have graced "Mansfield Park" and added a fresh charm to "Persuasion." I have ventured to compare Lady Dorothy to an exquisite piece of old china. Oscar Wilde is reported to have said of her that he was always anxious in her company, because he momentarily expected a large van to arrive and carry her off to the British Museum.

Colonel Harold Malet was ever an outstanding figure. He sprang from an ancient Norman stock and was indeed delighted when one day he shook hands with Du Pan Malet, the French

representative of his family, as ardent a soldier as himself. His mother was an Esdaile—daughter to the great art-collector and a connection of the Shelleys. Thus the two strains of art and chivalry belonged to his blood. Sport, soldiering, connoisseurship, ingenious humour, were his inheritance. A fine rider to hounds, an excellent shot, a *beau sabreur* and *preux chevalier*, a discriminator of the beautiful, a sturdy champion of the good, a keen lover of nature, an original conversationalist, wherever he went he charmed. There was not a trace of affectation about him, and good-fellowship based on a native kind-heartedness was for him a passion. He had commanded the 18th Hussars and, with his handsome and spirited wife, had spent years of service in India and afterwards in Ireland. On the race-course, as in the hunting-field, as a four-in-hand whip (and he wrote on coaching), as a many-sided organizer, as a perfect host, in club-land, in society, he shone, and, better than shining, he warmed. He demanded all the rigours of every game and himself fulfilled them as if they had been child's-play. He loved books and friends and laughter and mutual helpfulness. He was a man and a gentleman and a cavalier. His humour was all his own, and it had an eighteenth-century savour, heightened by a certain absent-minded nonchalance and quickened by his insistence on punctilio whether in expression, discipline or costume.

He was once driving a coach and four near London when he observed a miniature in a shop window. He dismounted and, after a characteristic silence, asked its price. The curiosity-dealer referred to his books, and said that the figure was eighty pounds. Colonel Malet examined the miniature closely, and, after another pause, quietly said : " I really think that you must have made some mistake." " No mistake at all, sir," sharply returned the dealer. The Colonel still persisted. " Indeed, you must have done," he said, " for I was inquiring the price not of your shop but of the miniature." Then he slowly returned to his coach and off he drove. Again, we were exploring some of the queer alleys behind Regent Street when he was struck by an announcement over a shabby tumbledown little shop : " Furniture removed while you wait." " I should think so," he murmured, pointing at it with his malacca cane, " removed while your back is turned." Another example : I was often his guest in the

several country-houses which he loved to change and embellish with his own taste and skill. I finished my breakfast before he did, and, carelessly, began to light up. "Walter," he said very deliberately and gently, "do you mind my eating while you are smoking?" I am uncertain whether he was the Malet who wrote the famous answer to an invitation, but both physically and mentally he may well have been its author. The invitation ran: "The Baroness So-and-so (*née* So-and-so) requests the pleasure of Colonel Malet's company," to which the Colonel replied: "Colonel Malet (*nez-retroussé*) regrets much," etcetera, etcetera. His mind was stored with eighteenth-century anecdote, social, sporting and artistic: his father had been a friend of Sydney Smith's. One story about Theodore Hook pleased him more than most. The jester was once beset by a proselytizing teetotaller who wanted to force a tract on him entitled "Three Words to a Drunkard." "Ah, yes, I know," was the answer as he laid it down without reading it; "three words—*Pass the Bottle.*" Once more, and in this connection, Malet would never countenance the modern vogue for wood-port. "Breakfast-port." he always named it; nor would he tolerate the slouching go-as-you-please of modern dress and manners.

He was a prominent member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where he introduced me, then also a member, to a relation of his wife's, the great and aged collector, Mr. Vaughan. He it was who gave Constable's "Hay-Wain" to the National Gallery and bequeathed to it Gainsborough's portrait of his two young daughters chasing a butterfly. The son, I think, of that "Hat Vaughan" who had been Sheridan's last intermediary with the Prince Regent, he embodied the eighteenth-century soundness of judgment. He had known Turner and, indeed, almost every great artist who succeeded him. Old-fashioned he was to the utmost. He never allowed any picture of his to be cleaned and his works of art presented an orderly chaos in his Regent's Park home. "Raphael" he always pronounced with the long English "a," and he had no sympathy with the wilful dissipations of modern impressionism. With regard to Turner, I also knew the late Mr. Blake, who had travelled with this genius on the Rhine. When one spoke of his wonderful water-colours, all that he would

vouchsafe was that Turner seldom washed and abhorred water.

But Mrs. Rogerson has been waiting for my prodigal pen's return to the fold of the seventies. At her house it was that I found myself an unwitting spectator of the prologue to a *cause célèbre*. She was a hostess endowed with perceptive intellect—a great friend of Sir Charles Dilke—and her parties in Hans Place assembled many of his political friends. Among these was a young married woman (her husband was a minor member of the Government) who had the misfortune to be mixed up in the Dilke débacle. I knew her otherwise and sometimes rode with her in the Row. She was very pretty, very clever and very earnest. One evening I was to meet Dilke at Mrs. Rogerson's, but while we were waiting for him a message arrived saying that he was unavoidably detained. So in we went to dinner without the statesman. I took in this young lady, who embarrassed me by suddenly begging my advice on the following dilemma. She was busied with social work in the East End slums. She used to return home, she said, with an exhaustion that made her irritable to her husband. What was her duty? Was she to sacrifice philanthropy or domesticity? I replied that this was hardly a problem for a young bachelor to solve, but that, since she had done me the honour of consulting me, believing as I did that charity begins at home, I certainly recommended a sacrifice of the East End. Next morning, to my astonishment, the scandal was public property.

The strange story was a thrill of the time, and ruined Sir Charles Dilke, then at the acme of his public career. On the frank confession of my friend of the East End problem, supported by the evidence of her sister, her husband instituted divorce proceedings against her. The lady's diary was produced, but she herself was not called. Technically, such a confession is no evidence. All that could be contrived was done to defend the political, the social, the philosophical hero. His counsel were Charles Russell and Henry James, who advised him not to enter the witness-box, though had he done so he would probably have been whitewashed. It was contended that the whole affair was a wicked conspiracy against the great man. The consequence was that the jury was forced to find that the lady was guilty

as regarded Dilke, but that Dilke was innocent as regarded the lady. This Gilbertian inversion was more than an enraged public could stand. The Queen's Proctor intervened and the trial was renewed. The case was then tracked with minuteness, and the two leading actors in the drama, for the first time, entered the box. The sister's evidence was tantamount to proof. It was, further, proved that Dilke's house in Sloane Street had been the scene of dark and dreadful orgies, while another material witness, "Fanny," the servant, mysteriously disappeared. Henceforward Dilke was a "lost leader." The worst, the saddest part of the whole sorry business was that he never ceased to take shelter at the expense of his victim, who, momentarily astray under a mesmerizing influence, atoned for her error by a blameless, a beneficent, and a beautiful life. What a drama, what a novel, could have been based on a situation so tense and psychological! Here was a marriage apparently unclouded, and a lapse from it that eventually redeemed the heroine and more than deposed the villain of the piece. Into such a vortex Mrs. Rogerson had been drawn. Poor Mrs. Rogerson!

Years afterwards I was reminded of this story by a line which Sheridan had introduced but erased in a very early manuscript of "The School for Scandal." He had originally made Charles Surface retort on his smug brother, Joseph: "For you know that, like Charity, Chastity begins at home."

The unhappy-happy species of conjugal union recalls, in a frivolous side-path, an unfamiliar story, which is too humourous to be lost. A widower sat dumb and disconsolate for days after his wife's death. Their marriage had been long and apparently undimmed. The vicar of the parish, an old ally, called to cheer him up. "My dear fellow," he said, "you must really rouse yourself. You must act in the spirit of your wife, who would never have countenanced such a torpor of dejection. Remember what a splendid wife she was in every way for all those forty years, what a model mother to your dear children." The mourner still kept silence, but at length he broke it by saying: "Thank you. She was all that you say. She *was* the most devoted wife and mother, the best of women, and for forty years not a harsh word passed between us." Here he paused. "But somehow," he proceeded, "somehow—I can hardly

bring myself to say it—somehow, do you know, I never *liked* her."

Mrs. Rogerson afterwards married a brilliant young journalist, and after his premature death settled at Nelson's Merton. How odd it seems to me now, that years before I had turned my mind to the portrayals of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Disraeli and Sheridan, the whirligig of chance should so often have led me into associations reviving or concerning them.

With four more literary celebrities I was brought into some contact, the first about this time, the others later. They are Anthony Trollope, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, and Marie Corelli. Trollope I met at the house of a sporting relative, who was a friend of his. He struck me as outwardly a curmudgeon, inwardly the soul of good-fellowship. Tall, bearded, growling, and spectacled, he was a tough customer for any stripling. I had cut myself shaving, and he took care to tell me so at the outset. But his bluntness was the superficial bluntness of my own razor, and when he found that I was an Harrovian he thawed and told me much of his schooldays both at Winchester and on the Hill. His talented mother maintained them all, much as was the case with Mrs. Oliphant, whose son I knew at Balliol. Of Harrow he was not particularly fond, as there he had been bullied, and his last term had coincided with the appearance of the bailiffs on the lawn of Julian Hill. Julian Hill was the Orley Farm of his novel, and the solicitor in it was Sir George Lewis, whom, too, I used to meet at Sir Frederick Macmillan's and elsewhere, so one more divagation may be forgiven. He was a very remarkable man of manifold interests, who had known most men and seen most things, especially the seamiest, which did not, however, lower his ideals of human nature or abate his interests and sympathies.

He had the reputation of being indiscreet because he spoke much of his cases, but this was part of his tact, for never did he breathe a word that really mattered. His resource was extraordinary. On one occasion, it was said, a certain peer gave him carte blanche to recover a bundle of letters from a Parisian lady (easier than she was virtuous) in order to prevent the hold she was gaining on his son. Everything was to be achieved within a week. At once Lewis crossed the Channel and straightway

visited his friend, Léon Say, then Prefect of the Seine. After a preliminary canter he asked him point-blank if he could lend him two of his *huissiers*. At first Say naturally demurred, but, knowing his man, eventually consented. Armed with these functionaries Lewis presented himself at the lady's flat. It was night, and Anonyma herself emerged in a *peignoir*. The sight of the law's minions alarmed her. Lewis bade her be quite calm. He explained that she need not be afraid, that by the French law (is it the French law ?) it was illegal to withhold a correspondence of the nature described. And if only she would at once surrender the packet of letters she might rest in peace. After many "*Mon Dieux*" and side-glances at the *huissiers* she reluctantly produced the bundle, and within two days the letters were safe in London. The stratagem, as always, had succeeded. Lewis was a true friend to actors and artists, and many were those whom at critical moments he befriended. Of his good deeds he never spoke. Had he ever been able to publish his adventures what a Bluebeard's cupboard of society would have been unlocked !

But Orley Farm is detaining us from the highway. Trollope discoursed of the hunting-field, of the way to work, of cards and of wine, and I departed quite in his good books. Everyone knows how methodically he worked—so many pages every day by the rule of thumb. He fully bore out Dr. Johnson's maxim that "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggedly* to it." His industry was only matched by his care over the slightest detail, and it can have been no easy matter for a prominent civil servant to combine so many outside tasks with sport, exercise and society. I do not think that Trollope's novels have ever met with their just due. He pictured the county, the cathedral, the London life exactly and robustly as it was, with humour, pathos and real tenderness. How artfully artless are his heroines, and from the very first what creations were Mrs. Proudie and Archdeacon Grantley ! Mr. Hugh Walpole has quite lately handled his own Barchester, and if anyone wants to know how far the society of a cathedral town has changed since the seventies they have only to compare Trollope's early series with the latest triumph of this accomplished author. In like manner one has only to read that unique book "A Happy Half

Sketch by Millais Probably to Illustrate one of Trollope's Novels.

Century," by the American, Miss Agnes Repplier, to realize the gulf between the unconscious humours of " The Swan of Lichfield " and Trollope's Barchester humoresques. The stilted sentimentalisms of Anna Seward and her clerical admirers are wholly alien to Trollope's *mise en scène*. Apart from the " Small House of Allington," one of the best perhaps of his many novels is " The Duke's Daughters." How well he renders the political and social atmosphere, how aptly he characterizes the Garrick Club, of which he was so fond, as the " Bear Garden." Trollope liked to reintroduce characters and their after-career under changing environment—a practice, I cannot but think, that might well be revived, for characters are never so convincing as when they grow up with us. His portrait-gallery contains more ladies and gentlemen in the best sense of those words than perhaps any other novelist's. In his winning realism he is the Sir Joshua Reynolds of fiction and it was well that Millais illustrated so many of his novels.

It is not often that famed authoresses are both gracious and indomitable. Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) was one of the few. Her prolific pen worked incessantly. Yet she was always at leisure for her friends and for all who might need either solace or succour. The old Scotch phrase of " blithe and bonny " best describes her. That smiling face, with its traces of girlish beauty, was as refreshing as a sun-bath. She had made her own setting of books, pictures and flowers in the Queen Anne homestead at Richmond, and her friends shared it directly they crossed the threshold. Her first sensational novels took the town by storm and for the moment even Wilkie Collins was eclipsed. There was an element in them, too, of character-painting that always raised them above spectacle. They were thoroughly human. Will there ever be better mystery-novels than " Lady Audley's Secret " and " Henry Dunbar " ? When the former thrilled England " Punch " had an excellent sketch of a bald old lady with one upstanding hair as the hermit of her pyramidal head, to whom a maid was handing an abundant wig. Underneath was written " Lady Audley's Secret." The Essex house where the scene is laid still exists, and I once went on a pilgrimage to view it, but by some awkward mischance stumbled on a neighbouring mansion, which I fully identified and where

I was received, not without laughter, by a well-known magistrate.

Miss Braddon was by no means limited to such themes as these. She wrote an admirable historical novel—" The Infidel " —about Lord Bolingbroke, and there was very little that she could not do as a story-teller if she chose. Her moment was one of great authoresses in differing degrees, from George Eliot, the profound, to Ouida, the bizarre, and the feminine school of literature had made notable advances since the days of Aphra Behn. Below the great Pleiade of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, of George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Braddon sheds her own light in her own way—a light to lighten the sick-rooms and the holidays of many a future generation. Her talents have been transmitted to her son, who holds his own with the best of our modern novelists without ever forgetting, as so many now do, that spell of style that transfigures tale-telling into literature. I can, alas, find only two of his mother's letters, one about an article, the other concerning a cook, not so trivial as it might seem. For in these degenerate days Captainess Cook's voyages are a byword, and if the historical Captain was eaten up by the cannibals, the culinary Captainess rejoices, in her turn, to devour her prey. In this regard, may I be excused for thrusting two little stories on the reader's attention ? Just after the armistice a cook, to whom her mistress had rightly given notice, defied her with : " The days of your *h*order are *h*up, mum." And about the same moment another lady, who was engaging a cook, listened for some time in silence to the applicant's questions. How many days and nights out a week, how many followers allowed ? Was there a piano for her use, and a bicycle ? Whereupon the lady interrogated her after her own fashion. Was she a good conversationalist, could she paint well in water-colours, and so forth ? The cook stared blankly and asked : " Why ? " " Because," quietly returned the lady, " it is clear to me from your statements that *I* shall have to remain in the kitchen while *you* receive my friends in the drawing-room." If all are born equal, why not ? and Dr. Johnson once asked the same question of a like equalitarian.

Rhoda Broughton was a great humourist and a creative artist.

To know her was to know someone whom you could never forget—so marked, so vital was her individuality. The captivating young hoyden—now vulgarized into the " flapper "—was unknown to fiction till Miss Broughton, perched her on a stile, dipped her in romance and softened her with pathos. " Cometh up as a Flower " and " Red as a Rose is She " were originally, I believe, written to defray a brother's debts, and Miss Broughton soon established her fame in a genre of her own. It was alike shrewd and sentimental, and where'er she walked, as in Handel's song, flowers strewed her path, for none since Shakespeare was more a garden-lover than she or more a watcher of the seasons that nurse them. She told me that Mr. Bentley, then her publisher, would welcome her after her first successes with effusion, the picture of rosy benevolence, and exclaim, smiling : "Another novel, Miss Broughton ? Ah, yes. Now what terms would you prefer, a thousand pounds, shall we say, down, or the royalties ? " Shyly she accepted the cash, but regretted her decision afterwards, for the new book met with a huge circulation. Next time, however, she stopped her ears and stipulated for royalties. Her humour pervaded her characters more and more as time proceeded, and perhaps it reached its climax in " Mama," where sentiment receded into the distance. She was a keen admirer of Dr. Johnson, whose strenuous sympathies resembled her own. One Christmas she gave me a little Johnson Calendar Book with well-chosen excerpts for every day in the year, and I only wish that, in the pandemonium of my papers, I could lay my hand on the cordial note that accompanied it. She certainly was not like the gentleman of whom his brother said that after some time Dr. Johnson would find him " grow very entertaining," and to whom the " great Cham " replied : " Sir, I can wait."

Nobody's conversation was more exhilarating than Miss Broughton's. While she shared nothing of Ouida's exotic glow, never did she speak in a sombre monotone. When " The Bookman " asked me to summarize her life I paid her a country visit, and, by the kind permission of its poet-editor, I venture to repeat a few passages fresh with impressions : " When I paid my pilgrimage I found Miss Broughton in her brother's home, a modest white house bowered in a garden such as her

soul loves—though war has transformed the tennis-lawn into a chicken-run. I found her, like her books, inexhaustibly young, with a face which years and pain have proved powerless to rob of its keen gaze and clear colour. Sadness cannot quench her gaiety. Her eyes still look through as well as at you, yet you feel that the young seek her out in order to remain young themselves. She was not a girl when she began writing—perhaps an advantage, for from the first she could look back as well as forward, and her critical faculty has ripened. That much personal experience has gone to make her books is evident—all of them are things well seen. As she sits in a wheeled chair under the verandah, you recognize that her dignity and distinction belong both to nature and an inheritance imaged by the family portraits. Collaterally, though not by blood, she is connected with the witty Sheridans. She tells you quietly that perhaps a sense of fun has made her reputation. She does not care to speak much of her books, many of which, indeed, she seems half to have forgotten, and I could not help twitting her with being such a stepmother to her literary children. . . . This disregard . . . however, only comes from an entire lack of egotism. No one, too, can hear her speak without realizing not only her *joie de vivre* and sympathy but a vein of masterfulness and reserve. Much as she loves the country I think that she loves London more, and in winter she is wont to inhabit a Chelsea flat. At once you remember that charming etching of the old Chelsea Church in one of her novels.

" She is a devotee of the eighteenth century, her Pope is at her fingers' ends. As for the Elizabethans, she knows her Shakespeare by heart. She mislikes vagaries—the crooked topsy-turvydom that deforms so much in our new art and politics, but she takes the keenest interest in contemporary life. There is nothing fantastic about her, and she abhors pretension and pretence. The prig she herself defined as one over-conscious of his own virtues. You go away feeling that you have met Madame de Sevigné." Once more : " When Candide entered Eldorado he found the street-children playing at marbles with nuggets of gold. The children of our circulating libraries have been playing with Miss Broughton's nuggets for more years than most of us can, or some of us care, to remember. Golden nuggets they

certainly are, as Anthony Trollope gladly owned, long before their polished variety had reached their present and pleasant proportions. The children of to-day, with shrill and by no means small voices, are mostly playing at sensational football, too often with gaudy, dreary, inflated bladders parading advertisements of politics or passion ; or, in higher spheres, at a sort of mild mental golf ; or, more intellectually still, with donnish dolls'-houses, as in the academic novel which is only an examination paper dressed up as philosophy. Let them return from these diversions to these golden nuggets. We certainly shall not regret their change of game. . . . At least two generations are palpably her debtors. That many more will be so . . . cannot be doubted, for she owns the talisman of survival—vitality."

" There shall be Echo on these sunny swards."

Yet another novelist should not pass uncommemorated. One evening I met at dinner William De Morgan, whose artistic tiles were then being sold in a Brompton shop window. No one surely ever started as a professed writer of fiction at an age so advanced, and his artist-wife it was who saved his first *brouillon* from the flames. He seemed to me very frail himself, very unobtrusive, and in no way buoyant, a memory rather than a force.

Among contemporary romancers how many have I known ? Locke, with his dash of Sterne, his clear vision, his admirable English—and French, above all his chivalry ; Anthony Hope, in many a way our modern Trollope, though with a streak of fantasy unlike him ; Mason, the master-mason of microcosms in every province of love, passion, mystery and history that his quick pen has annexed ; my old friend, Vachell, always adventurous, always resourceful, the picturer of Harrow ; Temple Thurston, the harpist of emotion ; Dion Calthrop, for whom wonder is nature, and to whom nature is a wonder. Arnold Bennett I have only once met, when he assured me that Sophia in his " Old Wives' Tale " was exceedingly good-looking, and once Wells, to whom I listened with my fellow-Johnsonians—but I had better " let Wells alone." And among the eloquent wits and critics who congregate at the Garrick the late Mr. Comyns Carr ranked *facile princeps*.

Among the best of old friends and humourists I am proud to count one whom I can remember for more than a quarter of a century. It is popularly supposed that "Vice-Versa" is the author of Mr. Austey Guthrie. If so, that frolicsome father-and-son—not to be confounded with Mr. Gosse's progeny—is a lucky man—for a better book than "Austey Guthrie" has never been written. A confirmed (perhaps a baptized) bachelor, he has ever been the children's friend, and our own dear boys would look forward eagerly to his entertainments. I hope much that he will not think me as brazen as his "Bottle" for a mention so flippant of an acquaintanceship so prized. He is so modest that Fame flaps her wings over him in vain, and perhaps that noisy goddess grows tired of flapping them over him so long. What would "Punch" have done without him, and what should we? His "*Voces Populi*," his parodies especially of Ibsen, his neat ironies, for untidiness he will not brook, have been a feast to many that hardly realize who provided a fare so generous. As for his "Man from Blankley's," it is a play that has passed into a proverb. But Mr. Guthrie scorns the arts of advertisement and would much rather bury his talent in a napkin than conjure with it to the crowd. He has never, so far as I am aware, been interviewed. Never has he said "with a cheery voice": "Come in, you will find me at work with Shakespeare and the Bible on each side of me." Who else of so much note can say the same? He is a giver more than a receiver, a host rather than a guest. And he might well inscribe in one of his volumes the apophthegm which another author inscribed in the book which he presented to his dentist: "An eye for an eye and a book for a tooth."

Further, but not half so often as I could have wished, I came across Miss Mary Cholmondeley, a follower of Rhoda Broughton in her pungent humour and picturesque colour. No one ever described curates better. Years ago I was asked to respond for her when she presided over an authoresses' dinner at which the sharply clever Mrs. Elinor Glyn was conspicuous by her absence. All that I could venture to do was to point a contrast, by quoting the silly nonsense rhyme about the other's passionate "Three Weeks":

The boy stood on the burning deck,
But he didn't feel it burn.
He'd spent " Three Weeks " with Elinor Glyn
On the banks of Lake Lucerne.

Miss Marie Corelli I only met at a wedding. She is a great friend of Mr. Arthur Severn, the accomplished artist, the son of Keats' intimate, who was actually with him when he died, the husband of Ruskin's ward and cousin, whom I have so often met at the Wedderburns. She struck me as entirely unspoiled by success, as naïve as an impetuous child, whose doll, indeed, with her blue gown and bare arms, she resembled. If anything by chance displeased her—she would at once betray her feelings by the pettish gestures which are as natural to her as the air that she breathes. I honour her marked independence in refusing her books to the reviewers, and of this we spoke. She never needed any adventitious aid to " arrive." All her books that popularize problems are the antithesis to Mrs. Humphry Ward's. Miss Corelli translates into terms of feeling what Mrs. Ward academicizes in terms of thought. Out of the fulness of her heart her mouth speaketh. I was also much impressed by her deep religious feeling—a feeling, indeed, that inspires her.

How widespread is her vogue may be judged by an experience which a friend of mine—and hers—related to me. He was driving in Scotland when the coachman excitedly turned round and said to him : " You see that leddy, sir, in front of us, wi' the tow hair. It's Mawrie Gorilla—eh, but she's just gran' wi' her pen." In my humble opinion the best of her fantasies is " Barabbas," every word of which, I am sure, bit into her soul. She has made the people at large feel more than has any writer living. Long may she continue to do so ! I do not believe that silly story about Shakespeare's tomb and Miss Corelli's garden which the evergreen Sir Benjamin Trovato has placed on the lips of an American. The Americans, with their natural love of unrestrained feeling, are the last in the world to sneer even in jest at an authoress so emotional. Would, indeed, that at this hour of seditious internationalisms she would bend her talent to the theme of Bolshevism and track the subterranean ramifications of its hideous decadence. Mrs. Webster, whom also I know and respect, has achieved this end as an historian, but history seldom

reaches the mass, while there is a sort of silent conspiracy to suppress such disquieting facts and factors, to treat the manifold masks that they assume with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders.

If Miss Corelli, however, were to garb reason in passion, to mezzotint, as it were, the lurid mania that would fain possess and sap alike civilization and nationality, her appeal would reach to the uttermost ends of the earth and be translated into every language. Where Mrs. Webster convinces the thoughtful, Miss Corelli would convert the thoughtless. By the mere throb and sob of her unreined style she might shatter the octopus-tentacles of this neurotic monster.

But the eye of memory once more reverts to the seventies. It can see again the operatic figure of Charles Reade issuing from his Knightsbridge portal in his big cloak and slouch hat. It can see Pellegrini, the master of caricature, whom Lacaita, my old Balliol friend and fellow-climber in Switzerland, took me to meet—a thorough Neapolitan in his gusto, bravura, and trènchant, macaroni-mouthing talkativeness. It can see the singer and composer of "My true Love has my heart," a handsome dashing Bohemian, who frequented the Freakes. It can see Tosti, of the luscious voice and insinuating smile, as he sang his "Good-a-baiee Summer," turning his head round the while askance to his audience. It can see the graceful Leslie Ward, Pellegrini's successor, as "Spy" in "Vanity Fair," and its editor, Thomas Gibson Bowles, the pungent Conservative, who made the Treasury and the front bench alike tremble under his critical lash: look, he is lolling nonchalantly over his horse to chat with some friends in the Row. It can see Leslie Ward's handsome mother of handsome daughters, who still survives a beloved link between many generations. It can see that genial artist, Rudolf Lehmann and his gifted daughters, Nina, now Lady Campbell, and Lisa, the singer and composer, alas, no more. He was an habitué of a little Bond Street club for Sunday evening concerts and improvisations. A certain notable Savoy tenor was its secretary and in his over-anxiety for perfection he would skip about like a pea on a drum. One night Hughie Drummond, a young blood, hastily shouted out to my

next-door neighbour: "Who is that fussy little man?" The secretary, who happened to be passing, naturally took offence and asked him what and whom he meant. "Oh, I didn't mean you," was the apology, "I meant *another* fussy little man." Lehmann smiled and sketched on a piece of paper, while amid clouds of smoke and bursts of laughter both the fumers became reconciled.

It can see again that jocund company of the Savoy, Rutland Barrington, the matchless "Mikado," born for the part as one always felt when one met him, and Miss Fortescue, with her once-betrothed, and Lord Cairns, his father—spruce, unbending, eloquent. And Miss Jessie Bond, who would stay at Penshurst to cheer old Mr. Hills—still living or passed away into the beyond, they all are here. Charlie Buller, too, the spoiled beau, who would revisit Harrow, and Edmund Gurney, the psychologist and athlete, an intellectual Adonis who culminated in so tragic a climax. And, in quite another world, Sir John Crampton, the diplomatist and art-collector, whose wife was Balfe's daughter, whose nephew, Henry Jephson, then Forster's secretary, was to become connected with my family. Crampton had seen too much ever to favour Irish Home Rule. Robust in mind, philosophic by nature, artistic to the core, a gourmet, a censor, imperturbable he remained. Well do I remember staying with the Jephsons at his old shooting-box near Lough Bray, and the visit that we paid to the Parnells at Bushey Park, before Parnell himself had been sacrificed by Gladstone.

And vividly do I review my last glimpse of that Irish Napoleon sauntering round Christie's, a reckless romantic, with the dazzling dishevelled Mrs. O'Shea. Parnell's political career is far the most thrilling and commanding since Disraeli's. He also, though in a much inferior degree, combined that warmth of imagination and coolness of judgment that make a genius. But his outlook was narrow and his activities confined. He owned the unconquerable will and the organizing power, but he was devoid of world-statesmanship and his intellect lacked cultivation. Though cold in attitude he was magnetic, and like some North-Pole meteor he shot through space over icebergs. At least he was the open enemy of England. We knew where we were with this great patriot, and only the Liberal party could

have stooped first to caress and then to kick him. I often wonder why he has never figured as the hero of a novel or a play. The pale passion within him, his unswerving aberrations, his centrality, are the undying qualities that lift the characters of fiction above pettiness. He ranks among the men of mark, who whether for good or ill, will always move mankind, and his life-story is a true drama. His whole aspect, the careless figure, the penetrating eye, the set brow, the blonde-bearded, Viking-like visage, were those of a leader in any epoch. Frederick Barbarossa, Richard Cœur de Lion, what matters it when or which? "All is the everlasting now."

Once more—among the famous doctors, there was Sir James Paget, who with his courtly wife were great friends of my grandmother—Sir James, the serenest, strongest and gentlest master of his art that can ever have existed. And there was Sir Andrew Clark, whom we also knew well, an inseer into men as well as into their digestions. Finding that most of his patients over-ate or over-smoked, or over-somethinged, he once limited a consultant to one cigar a day. Three weeks later this patient reappeared looking and feeling worse. Sir Andrew asked if he had strictly followed his instructions—one cigar a day. "That is just *it*," replied the sufferer, "for till you ordered me to do so I had never smoked before." Sir Andrew, to change the subject, once told me that he had just come from staying at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone, in company with George Russell. The conversation had hinged on which form of Christianity was likely to survive the longest, and in the end the trio agreed that it would be the Roman faith. What an inward unity underlies those motley Victorian presences! All of them, and more, float before me with varying gestures like some phantasmagoric dream, till I wonder which is the most actual, they or I. Are we not all ghosts, the ghosts of our former selves?

My brief span of editorship, my quests after an authorship more solid, above all my first encounters with Sir James Barrie, remain for the next chapter. But chapters only divide a book as milestones measure the long high road. Despite all changes and chances, as it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. Truly did Disraeli exclaim in an unfamiliar passage: "Time

is represented with a scythe as well as with an hour-glass. With the one he mows down, with the other he reconstructs." The vicissitudes of human nature remain the same from generation to generation. Sunshine and shower, thunderstorm and rainbow, the fine vision and the faltering footsteps, the wild flowers garlanding the rifts even of ruins—these connect the centuries and make us contemporary with every age. Spendthrifts of the past, are we not all also heirs of the future ?

CHAPTER VIII

Editorship—and After

THE great Blackstone bade farewell to the Muses, the little showman of this random caravan bade farewell to the Law. But before his departure he had several unremunerative cases. With my old friend, Sir Francis Piggott, I tenanted chambers leased by Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C.—who in rich tones always denominated the Psalms "the Sams." Mysterious solicitors would appear in Dr. Johnson's Buildings with huge briefs promising fictitious fees, and the devil himself could not have "devilled" with less reward or more industry than we did. I remember a case of "Knowles versus Croote." Miss Knowles, an injured old maid, sued for damages in an omnibus accident. Very proud was I to have won her cause, though I still suspect that she slipped off the step from no fault of the conductor. But more and more it was borne in upon me that the courts were not my *métier*, though our old coachman, when my father informed him that I was destined for the Bar, had proudly remarked: "Master Walter will be Chancellor of the Exchequer." I had already published "The Squires," an "Aristophanic" skit on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Aston riots, when I accepted the editorship of "Time," a monthly once presided over by Edmund Yates. In the office below me sat the clever Mr. Harry Quilter, who directed a new-born magazine, the cover of which displayed an angel blowing its own trumpet. I was ambitious. I wished to make "Time" immortal. I knew many good writers who helped me. I devised many expedients for diversifying the pages. I strove to touch life at every angle, literary, social, critical, political. But the resources at my command were cramped, and it was wonderful how so much ability responded at rates that, even when eked out by myself, were almost nominal. Virtue is doubtless its own reward, but in a reward more tangible there is also a virtue.

Several novices earned their first spurs in those pages—Walter Raymond and Katherine Tynan. But Wilkie Collins, with his device of a pen through his monogram, " would if he could," and Princess Beatrice had seen too little of Lord Beaconsfield for a vignette ; Mrs. Humphry Ward was so busy in " preparing a new book " that she was " quite unable to undertake any outside work " ; dear Arthur Cecil was " so wholly unaccustomed to literary effort " that " it would be working not *for* but against ' Time ' " for him to contribute ; Mr. Rider Haggard, writing on paper headed by the seal of " She," was completely booked ahead ; Pinero would have been pleased, but he " had gone to prove a yoke of oxen " and could not come ; Aidë much the same ; General Boulanger, the meteor of the moment, wrote on two visiting cards that he could not give *une promesse formelle,* and so forth. I myself wrote the running commentary of " Time's Footsteps for the Month," and, of course, supplemented the gaps by articles on every conceivable topic. None the less I enlisted plenty of distinguished recruits, including Cardinal Manning and Sir Henry Lucy, and instituted a really interesting series of " Work and Workers " in every sphere of endeavour.

Sir Henry Lucy I had met staying in Wales with the Osborne Morgans. He furnished a fresh after-Dickens example of how a reportership in the House of Commons can stimulate native humour. " Toby, M.P.," already knew everybody and busied himself with their affairs. Never on this occasion shall I forget the Eisteddfod, and its poems and its " Druids," over whose heads clashed the archaic and rusty swords. My sister, Edith, has pictured the scene in a published letter far better than I can. And, earlier, my uncle had kindly asked me to adjudge the prize for its English poem. The subject was " The Promenade Pier at Rhyl," and one of the " poems " opened with " Come, come, ye brave sons of the bold Boanerges." Peace to the Eisteddfods, and let me revert to " Time."

One day a tall, pale, slender man, in bearing languid yet immoderately youthful, approached the gas-stoved garret which was my throne-room with the manuscript of a novel entitled " Don Juan Junior." His name was Mr. George Moore. In vain did I assure him that ours was a strictly family magazine designed for homesteads that would shiver at the very name of

his romance. He could not agree. Why not a Don Juan Junior in South Kensington, just as there had once been an " Œdipus at Colonus " ? Why not ? He seemed never to have heard either of the puritan fathers or even of Columbus.

But my experiences were crowned with the advent of Sir James Barrie, save Kipling the sole fixed star, if I may say so, of the modern firmament. I had noticed in the " St. James's Gazette " a series of anonymous letters from a schoolboy that were simply first-rate both in raciness and sentiment. I asked my publishers if they knew the name of their author. They told me that he was a Mr. Barrie, comparatively obscure. I begged them to ask if he would be good enough to call upon me, as I designed a succession of theatrical criticisms to be entitled " What the Pit says," in the form of dramatic colloquies. Next morning Mr. Barrie called—so shy, so diffident, that one could hardly have divined the brilliance of his brain. He kindly consented and wrote such a wonderful series of pit-conversations on plays that at once I was awed into admiration. Then I begged him to write for the Christmas number, which was to be called "A House of Seven Stories." He agreed, and composed an " editor's story " of ironic humour—individual, indefinable. The rough outline was that on a snowy Christmas Eve a contributor, ceaselessly rejected, lures his editor by stratagem into a railway-carriage bound, as he knew, to be held up at a siding for the best (or worst) part of the night. Then gravely in the dim light and biting cold he takes his revenge. Out of his hand-bag he pulls in succession and reads aloud with indignation every one of those despised treasures till, hypnotized into despair, the editor accepts them *en bloc.*

Underneath all this extravaganza ran that silver thread of oblique fellow-feeling that is Barrie's talisman. The torturer and the martyr had exchanged places, and in his fairy elf-land you were drawn to sympathize with them both. For, in truth, it is the elfin-touch that has given Barrie his empire over the realms of fancy. By turns he is both Puck and Ariel, the upsetter of milk-pails and the ethereal free-lance winging his wayward way under the wand of the wizard Wisdom. Creation and Criticism go hand in hand and Peter Pan himself is a criticism as well as a rhapsody on childhood. But, intertwisted with this sprite-like

strand, runs a fibre stronger and more strenuous—often, indeed, even to grimness. It is hard to seize, but it would seem to consist in a conviction that no one can foresee what anybody may do or say at the beck of the divine Mystery outside him. Whether he laughs, too, or weeps there is an involuntary catch in his voice which his audience returns. And that is why, both in story and drama, he often appears inconclusive. The inconclusiveness of human beings is the conclusiveness of God.

If my memory serves, Barrie then lodged in Gower Street, though I have a letter from him of not much later date asking me to dine and discuss some literary matter in Granville Place. He told me that he had not long quitted Nottingham, where—with a twinkle in his eye it was uttered—he had been the London correspondent of a local newspaper. And now he was writing for the " St. James's Gazette." I wonder how many of us remember his " The Birthplaces of Mr. Gladstone," one of the airiest satires ever written. He had already published " Better Dead "—excellent, especially regarding Lord Randolph Churchill—and "An Edinburgh Eleven," which he was good enough to give me. He seemed to me (was it " seemed " or " nay, is, madam " ?) somewhat lonely, and I ventured to ask if perhaps he would care to come and dine with us quite quietly on Campden Hill—where, quite recently, I had surrendered " single-dom." He came—very reticent, very observant. He seemed just as if he had stepped off the dewy heather on to our Middlesex clay, and the traces of his transit were palpable. Maybe he was bored, but afterwards my wife sang to us " Douglas, Douglas, tender and true." His face lit up, he seemed transfigured, his native air, his ancestry sang to him in that folk-song. And never did he forget it. Some twenty-five years later, at a Literary Fund Dinner, he inquired with meaning and feeling in his voice whether my wife still sang " Douglas, tender and true." He spoke from the heart that he never wears on his sleeve. The flight of the years brought anguish and a colourless world in its train. Our gifted and gallant eldest son—to be followed by his devoted brother—had already fallen in the war when the kind Barrie wrote as follows to their mother : ". . . . I am very sorry you lost your boy. He stood the great test of manhood, and

whether we could have done so, I don't know. It should make us humble." We had asked him to dinner. "That is very kind of you," he answered, "and it is not a curmudgeon but a hermit who says he is never going anywhere nowadays—never had the hang of it, and now have lost what I had. Please forgive a battered man whom you were once very kind to."

When I first knew Barrie he had no notion of play-writing. It was only by degrees and incessant application that he got "the hang of it." He tried "Richard Savage" and failed brilliantly, he dramatized "The Little Minister" and triumphed beyond his hopes. And then he created the best play of modern times, "The Admirable Crichton," rendered to perfection by Irene Vanbrugh—responsive to his every touch as a Stradivarius violin, and, by the late H. B. Irving, sensitively receptive. The play was a condensed and ironic presentation of natural aristocracy, and, with another setting, might just as well have brought into relief the gentleman's ascendancy and the servant's subservience. But then, of course, we should have missed the Barrie-touch of the unexpected. Its immediate appeal was irresistible—a sun-burst of nature through clouds of conventional affectation or commonplace platitude. Without exaggeration, it was magnificent; the idea—as not always—harmonized, synchronized with its expression. And yet how unseeing were some of the crowds that flocked to hear it! I remember a well-placed couple who left before the close because they grumbled at having had "enough trouble with their servants" without being bothered to watch it on the stage. This imperceptiveness followed him even across the border. A lady of my acquaintance, who has a house near Kirriemuir, once told me that when she spoke with enthusiasm to a girl-native of the place about "Sentimental Tommy," which had just appeared, exclaiming: "Aren't you proud of your author?" "Well, no," was the caustic answer in a Doric accent, "*now* we mostly prefer Zola." Truly, a prophet is not without honour.

In all the dramatic interludes that followed—for interludes they were of existence—his key-note was ever some tense moment of emotion alternately checked or emphasized by an irony of whimsical contrasts. This held the boards in "What Every

Woman Knows"—an amplified example—and, with a keener concentration, in "The Twelve Pound Look" and "Half an Hour." All was humourously, pathetically human—the heart in fancy-dress. And everything was released, nothing was pent up. That is the modern movement, so much abused by its vulgarizers and bunglers. His "Dear Brutus" was of another class. It sought to modernize "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and its Barrieness, so to speak, resided mainly in its Puck-like essence. In "Mary Rose," so eerily bewildering, he struck a chord nearest to his own bosom, for the war had robbed him of one, and a cruel fate of another, of the sons that his heart had adopted—the children of Gerald Du Maurier's sister. It was a marvellous effort, but for me its defect was the narrow margin between its mists of a Scotch superstition and the solemn substance of the life beyond. It hovers midway between earth and heaven, it is in the clouds. More than this, it intermingled the maternal with the material affection till one could scarcely distinguish the degrees of love, sacred and profane. But, if the phrase is permissible, the whole motherhood of Barrie spoke out in and through it. And it was pervaded by that elusive blend of nearness and far-awayness, that unestranging strangeness which distinguishes Barrie from every other incarnator of ideas. He plays at blind-man's-buff with the infinite.

Every man in every province of endeavour is great who holds in his being the tiniest fragment of the eternal. Few indeed can enshrine more than a splinter, but I believe that, among the moderns, such a fragment belongs, in most differing ways, to Barrie and to Rudyard Kipling. This eternality is the most diverse thing in the universe. Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Chatham, Goethe, Napoleon, Disraeli, these are signal examples of its immanence.

In later days I tried my weak hand at a little dramatic fantasy, which I called "The Intruder." It concerned the encounter of an ordinary man retiring from business with his youthful self in the shape of a gipsy boy. I had designed that part for Miss Pauline Chase, now Mrs. Alec Drummond. She wrote charmingly about it, and Barrie was good enough to be "much pleased" with this effort. But, wisely no doubt, like the actress, he thought that the boy's part should be played by

MENU OF THE BARRIE BANQUET AT THE GARRICK CLUB IN JUNE, 1913, WITH SOME SIGNATURES.

a boy. As ever, he was helpful, but the playlet never saw the limelight.

Years passed again, the baronetcy was conferred, and we of the Garrick Club banqueted him to celebrate his triumphs. The menu which I reproduce was designed by Harry Furniss, and is signed by a few of the protagonists. Barrie delivered a delightful speech which, however, did not surpass another which I heard him make for the Literary Fund on the star of failure. There his whole soul was vocal. The star of failure has not been his. He belongs to another planet. And I wonder if he ever deigns to think of his magic career. Passionately devoted to his Kirriemuir, the devout enshriner of his mother's memory, does he ever reflect on how enthralled they would have been ?

In some ways Barrie betrays a touch of Sterne, though Sterne, surpassing him both in unexpectedness and a depth underneath his hectic gossamer wantonness, lacks his intensity. Now and then, especially in "Auld Licht Idylls" (which he gave me), he has a dash in him of Heine, and in "*Quality Street*" there is an obvious trace of Stevenson. But essentially—to re-emphasize my refrain—he is an elf, flying from bough to bough, shaking down the apple blossom, peering into the heart, and then darting away into the clouds over the dappled landscape. And this elfin element escapes from a crystal phial which in truth is an amulet. His short, sharp sentences are windows to the spirit. Not for him are the "problems" that for so long have theorized the theatre, not for him the melodramas of types, still less the flicker of a fire-fly through the Cyprian groves. He sentimentalizes, romanticizes, reality, like the rainbow after the storm. About his boldness, however, there is also a certain timidity that sometimes hampers his freedom of flight. But at all times he wields the power that makes age young and youth younger. Peter Pan will live for ever. And so will his wistful pathos. For in all his frolic there is an undercurrent of the Prodigal Son—a wandering strain of Pierrot and Pierette.

To return to earth. Another contributor to "Time," unless I err, was the light-hearted father of my old Harrow friend the talented Walter Frith. As everyone knows, the painter of the Derby Day was an accomplished realist in his art and the cheeriest

companion in his life. I recollect him when he was nigh a nonagenarian, full of *verve* and gaiety and kindliness. He it was who remembered that when Disraeli sat for his portrait to Sir Francis Grant Mrs. Disraeli stayed behind, when they were leaving, and whispered: "Please don't forget, Sir Francis, that his beauty is his pallor." And he it was who once told me an excellent, if after-dinnerish, story. At one time he delighted to go behind the scenes of the theatre and chat with the scene-shifters. One of them appeared very intelligent, and Mr. Frith asked him if he had ever himself been a player. He had, in the provinces. Had he ever acted Shakespeare? Of course he had, he had played in 'Amlick, he had, indeed, acted the chief part. "Very interesting," said Mr. Frith, "please tell me what is your conception of Hamlet's relation to Ophelia. Did he, so to speak, love her not wisely but too well?" "I don't know, sir, if 'Amlick did, but *I* did," was the unblushing answer.

Another striking personality of those old "Time" days cannot be omitted. It is that of the poetess, Mrs. Singleton, "Violet Fane." Talented, very beautiful, extremely distinguished, there were few sensations that she had not even then experienced. Musical, impassioned both in heart and mind, she had run through the whole gamut of venturesomeness and feeling. I still behold her as she stood like a Muse of the great world amid her miniatures and her Georgian furniture. Her voice, her attitude, were music, and the lustrous eyes added a real poetry to her surroundings. Mr. Mallock, who dedicated his "New Republic" to her, has there introduced her as Mrs. Sinclair, the romantic foil to Mr. Jowett ("Dr. Blenkinsop"). The portrait is life-like, and she it was who sent this polished and audacious satire to Disraeli. The great man forwarded to her a typical reply: "I am going into the country, but I shall *lose no time* in perusing the bright creations of your young friend's pencil." Who now remembers that her *nom de plume* is taken from a character in the second part of "Vivian Grey?" After the death of her first husband, she married Sir Philip Currie and held a noted *salon* in Constantinople. How might Meredith have revelled in her feminine masterfulness, her romance, her variety. If she was not Polyhymnia, at least she was never what

Elizabeth Landon was in the eighteen-thirties—" the Sappho of Brompton." About " Violet Fane " there was nothing suburban or provincial. She was of the ages and might equally have been a confidant of Cleopatra, a lady-in-waiting to Mary Queen of Scots, or the " dark lady " of Shakespeare. But to prove a female Swinburne overtasked her capacities. To love life and to bacchanalize living are two separate instincts.

One more signal figure, though I came to know him subsequently. The late Sir William Richmond was not only a refined artist, who inherited the high ideals of his father, but he enlivened the society that he rallied round him. There were, indeed, but few personages of his generation that he had not pleased and portrayed. From boyhood he had known Gladstone—twice had he stayed with Bismarck. He told me that on his last visit, the man of iron—a perfect host—had begged him as an intimate at Hawarden to take a message from him to Gladstone. " Tell him from me," he said, " that while he is felling trees *I* am planting them." Sir William duly delivered the message, but Gladstone, he told me, actually could not, or would not, perceive his meaning : he was far too pontifical. Of Gladstone he told me much—especially of his frenzies during the Home Rule fiasco. Sir William was dead against Home Rule. One morning, he said, Gladstone rushed into his studio with a look of wild dishevelment and asked him why he, who had been the most popular statesman in England, was now regarded askance. On another occasion, while he was walking with him in the grounds of Hawarden, he paused on a little bridge, which he and his sons had constructed, to inquire once more what the world thought of him : " What do they say of me, Willie ? " Richmond hesitated, and then said : " Do you really wish me to speak out ? " " Certainly I do." " Well, then, Mr. Gladstone, if you must know, they say that you are insane." " Good God, Willie, then why doesn't Lord Salisbury send a messenger with a strait-waistcoat at once ? " " I am sure I don't know why he doesn't," was the frank reply.

One more Hawarden scene illustrating the great enthusiast's lack of perspective was also vouchsafed to me. During the Gordon tragedy, Sir William on his arrival was warned by Mrs. Gladstone

never to mention the subject, as her anxious husband was losing his main restorative—sleep. Next morning Gladstone came down to breakfast more than usually cheerful and Richmond silently hoped that better tidings might have come from Khartoum. Not a bit of it. He had been reading in bed what he described as a *most* interesting book. He handed it to his young friend, and it turned out to be nothing more than one of those apocryphal revelations of an escaped nun that were then as plentiful as blackberries. Gladstone had taken every word of this rubbish quite literally and seriously, scoring " important " passages and for some time speaking of nothing else. Meanwhile Gordon was perishing at Khartoum, and chiefly because the Nonconformists at home could not agree about Zobehr.

The last time that I ever saw Gladstone was, as in Parnell's case, at Christie's, and he then looked like Dante after his vision of Hell—in which, by the way, the poet had placed his most intimate friends. But it was in Dante's beloved land that Sir William gave me his most attractive impression of Liberty's acolyte. Richmond was but a stripling when he was invited to a great celebration at Monte Casino, the famous monastery and library midway between Naples and Rome. The Archbishop and many dignitaries of Church and State were present at a banquet, where Gladstone, wholly in his element, made a magnificent speech in Italian. There was, too, a great ecclesiastical procession in the early morning. In it marched Gladstone bearing a lighted taper, and Sir William told me that, even if only from an artistic standpoint, he had never seen a finer or more inspired countenance than his was under the dim transparency of the dawn. Dawn was his hour. Earlier than this Sir William had been startled out of sleep in one of the little cells allotted to the guests by a gaunt figure on the threshold in a night-gown. " Get up at once, Willie," cried Gladstone to the tired youth, " get up and come with me to gaze on the most marvellous sunrise in creation." What an alembic of opposed factors was Gladstone—of ambition and spirituality, of aspiration and opportunism, of will and caprice, of humility and pride, of the lowlands and the highlands, of Liverpool and Oxford, of book-omniscience and world-nescience ! He should have been a pope or a professor.

Pleasant in the extreme were the parties that dear old Lady Richmond used to give in their old-world garden and manor-like house hard by that Chiswick Mall (Mr. Louis Parker's "Pomander Walk"), where so far the new world has been unable to crowd the old one out—a spot haunted by Charles the Second, Lady Castlemaine, Becky Sharp's Miss Pinkerton, and how many besides? You have only to turn to the right by the picturesque old church and, amid the architecture of Anne and the Georges, you can light on a Tudor inn older than Shakespeare. Such were the surroundings of the Richmonds. And the hosts deserved them. So, indeed, did most of their guests, tasting strawberries under the trees, while Sir William himself passed in and out, looking for all the world the image of King John in a more civilized age—and at dinner, as somebody once said, like that monarch with a motor-lamp for a shirt-stud.

Groping through my old autograph-bundle, I come across another valued and long-standing acquaintance—Mrs. Lucy Clifford, always original, always helpful. She, too, has left her mark on the sands of authorship and has, in a sense, paved the way for the post-Victorian era with all its fevered curiosity and introspection. The Victorians were impressive, the post-Victorians are impressionable—and in a scope that is scattered. They respond to the protean pressure of a day when so much bewilders, so little is really grasped. Nothing is hid from the heat thereof and refuse now is being pitched into the furnace that the world may warm *four* hands at the fire of life. Short and sharp, hot and strong is their motto. Yet their world, so far from being warmed, is perhaps even scorched.

Nor should a side-glance be omitted at the late Mr. Weedon Grossmith, comedian, artist, and author. His whimsical talent, his air on the stage of pained perplexity or of martyrdom in a bad cause, were infectious. He once told me that he could have done ample justice to the rôle of Hamlet, and who can forget the humours of "Pooter" in that ever green "Diary of a Nobody," of which he and his elder brother were the joint-creators.

Every age has a temperamental drawback corresponding to its typical diseases. The eighteenth century suffered from gout.

The Victorians from indigestion. Our feminist contemporaries suffer from nerves and one of the secrets of Wagner's supremacy is that underneath so much of his music there is a something narcotic, neurotic, a pinch of opium. The Victorians may have suffered from over-solidity, but they did not suffer from break-downs. For them a spade meant a spade and not a gigantic drug-spoon. Who that beheld it could forget Queen Victoria's two Jubilees, when all the power of her great reign passed before us in a pageantry of procession? And then, again, years onwards, the fine symbol of her funeral, when the kings of the earth, including the fatal figure that was to wreck it, made obeisance to her spirit. Both those years were years of hot suns and great vintages. It would almost seem as if the sun-influence, for good or evil, does preside over destiny. The French Revolution, the catastrophe of Sedan, the Russian Terror—all of these, and many more that might be instanced, were hot years inflaming mankind and intensifying the juice of the grape.

The name of the ex-Kaiser recalls another scene and a fresh decade. Lord Haldane had just returned from his Berlin visit when I met him and his learned sister at a luncheon. I sat next to him over the wine and he honoured me by an account of that odd errand. The Kaiser, it would seem, had examined the plans for our Territorials and claimed to have originated them, saying, so far as I remember, for the phrase tickled me: "You will find them all in Grandmama's drawers at Windsor." Up to that moment, I did not fail to mark, Lord Haldane had fared sumptuously—the best wines and the best Havana cigars. But afterwards, apparently, the latter waned into Hamburg two-pennies. Miss Haldane—an appreciative friend of my sister Edith—discoursed much about Kant's philosophy, and I could not help remembering two of Heine's pronouncements about that abstract philosopher. Someone asked the poet-ironist whether, versed as he was in that cloudy creed, he would write Kant's "Life and History." "How can I?" was the typical reply, "Kant had no life and no history." The other may be more familiar. As every student knows, Kant's treatise on "Pure Reason" was followed by another, less transcendental, on practical ethics. Heine said that the sole

exercise taken by the recluse was a daily walk to and from a certain point on the dusty Königsberg high road. Behind him (like some Sancho Panza) trudged his decayed old servant, Lampe, who carried his umbrella. Suddenly at the end of the road the sun pierced the mists with his splendour. The philosopher, flushed with his first revelation, pointed at it, exclaiming: "Ah, I have done for *you*." And then turning back he caught the piteous appeal of the limping Lampe. Then, writes Heine, he vowed to achieve the second, and sat down to this compromise on his return. I cannot but think that if for many years past there had been less in England of abstruse German philosophy, psychology, theology, sociology and every -ology under a frowning heaven, the terrible, avoidable war might never have taken place. We should neither have been surprised nor comparatively unprepared. Karl Marx was the prime offender, and the identification by certain politicians of his twisted tenets with democratic "Labour" is little short of a treachery.

Yet another scene from the prologue to this tragedy. In mid-July, 1914, the late Lord Northcliffe asked me to call on him at the gardened Queen Anne house where once Delane had presided. When Jupiter of the Crossways entered, I could discern nothing of his fabled likeness to Napoleon. I beheld a face restless, resolute, devoid of calm, with clear but unpiercing eyes, and hair that gave the impression of a scratch-wig. He was courteous and spoke entirely to the point. When our business was concluded, and some conversation ensued, I ventured to say: "There will be war." He looked surprised, and so did I at his aspect. "Surely," I continued, "after that designed Serajevo murder some weeks ago, the consummation was a certainty." "Do you think so?" he rejoined. "We shall try to keep the peace, *we*, let us trust, shall keep the peace." This seemed to me very extraordinary in one who commanded the best inner information in the world. It was the amiable attitude of Lord Grey of Fallodon, who would never learn from history that, in Nelson's words (repeating Chatham's): "The boldest measures are the safest." Looking back on this colossal conflict one can see that it was, for us, a war of defence. Unless the coasts of Belgium and of Holland were kept inviolate, an invader,

fiercer, abler than any other who ever threatened our island, would probably have demolished our freedom. There was, however, and still is, a foe of our own household equally hostile to freedom—that of international "democracy." The Great War, if we reflect, was really a covert clash between two despotisms, that of a military caste and that of the now politicized, internationalized trade unions. The combat is not yet over, for the secret societies still know how to exploit every idealism, every prejudice, every hate, suspicion and puzzle-headed benevolence to the one end of disrupting our empire. No one considers the community less than the communist. No one more menaces our peace.

Before I settled down to authorship in earnest I made two small excursions into the suburbs of action, the one as a candidate for the first county council election, the other as a candidate for the vacant censorship of plays.

Only a strong sense of duty persuaded me to the first exploit, which thus early gave me some insight into the disorders of representation. I was nominated in the Conservative cause for a South London constituency, and associated with a not over-popular builder of the neighbourhood. Almost the first thing that he said to me was: "*I* see, I'll give yer the *h*ideas, and you'll do the spoutin'." I had eventually to do much more than the spoutin', for at one of our meetings the enraged mob made a dead set at him on the platform and I had to interpose my body between them to prevent his being hustled. I told them that they were cowards and at once they desisted, nor, from first to last, had I any complaint to make of their behaviour towards me. Even the extremists did not differ from those whom I was to address elsewhere later on. In a speech—only at times interrupted by an organized handful of Socialists—quoting a little-known pamphlet written in the early thirties by the young Disraeli, I did not name the author, and this *claque* at once raised cries of "Nime, nime." Figure my astonishment when they rent the roof with applause in Disraeli's honour. But, otherwise, they were merely primed by their handbooks, which they repeated like parrots. Our Radical opponent, a supposed "carpet-bagger," pursued much the same tactics. He had married,

I was told, a well-to-do pawnbroker's widow, and on one occasion the *claque*, zealous at the moment for the "ratin' of *h*empty 'ouses," kept shouting out: "Will you give us a pledge, what pledge will you give us?" I could not resist the temptation of retorting that so far as I was aware "pledges" were more in my opponent's line than my own. The result of this little sally was gratifying.

Till I made my house-to-house canvass I could not have believed in a dullness so dense as that of the electors. It was a constituency largely composed of small tradesmen, who looked forward to Sundays as the season for gluttonous torpor. They seemed to think of nothing but rates and taxes and seldom to care for any cheerful or confidential discussion. Most of them were apathetic, but some of their wives showed more spirit and slammed the door on my face as if I had been the tax-collector. I liked them better than the rest.

How absurd was the shabby pomp of the election day, when my colleague and myself had to drive round in a broken-down carriage, each bowing and scraping to the people at opposite windows. It looked for all the world like a fourth-rate funeral. A sort of sullen excitement simmered in the purlieus, while the attendant officials of the club resembled nothing so much as mutes. At the poll I was a good second and my colleague a bad third, which was the more satisfactory if the whispered allegations that he had intrigued against me were true. I dare say they were not, and in any case it were unworthy to bear a grudge.

Many years onwards I was asked to stand for Mid-Northamptonshire. The late Sir George Gunning hospitably received me, and I made my speech to the Conservative Club. Then he asked me to come to a decision. My answer was that my old fellow-Harrovian, "Bobby" Spencer (the late and lamented Earl) was the most popular man in the County, and had long been master of the Pytchley hounds. How could I think of daring to oppose him? But I had the consolation of seeing the Reynolds portraits of the beautiful Misses Gunning, which my kind host, who agreed with me, treasured. "Bobby" Spencer, by the same token renowned, both for his courtesy, his costume, his charm, and his collars, was once asked if he could

give a fellow-member of the House of Commons any letters of introduction to Portugal. "I do know a man there," was the reply, "Oh, thanks, whom?" "The King."

My other adventure, if less stirring, was more amusing. Mr. Piggot, the most genial of veterans, died and his office as Censor of Plays was vacant. Lord Milner, Lord Ribblesdale, George Russell and many other friends backed me to the utmost. But Mr. Redford, the late Censor's nephew, had prior claims and once more I was *proxime accessit.* The kindness of those friends is unforgettable, but what entertained me most was the diplomatic solemnity of the functionaries who kept assuring me of their most careful and favourable consideration. It was like reading the letters of Polonius, and their tongues must have been in their cheeks, for the whole affair was a foregone conclusion. In no way disheartened, however, I celebrated my obsequies by a little dinner at the Savoy, which George Russell, after his manner, christened the consolation-steaks. Thus, in these small form-rooms of the school of experiment, I gleaned something of the caprices and conventions of public life. Instead of an appointment that might have fitted me I had now received a disappointment. But, unlike the injury to Mr. Squeers, as described by his daughter, it could never have "penetrated to the brain."

With the opening of the new century I girded to the work that I love, historical biography, resolved in each case to discover every original manuscript that could bear on my subject. The theme of Lord Bolingbroke had long attracted me, the course of a genius who lost his political primacy because he failed in character, and who acquired character through the stern discipline of misfortune when it was too late to regain active command. How ignorant are those who sneer at Disraeli's admiration for St. John's master-intellect as if it had been an opportunist's affectation. From boyhood Disraeli had steeped himself in Bolingbroke and many of his phrases were directly derived from him, including not only "Peace with honour" and the characterization of our country as "a Mediterranean power" but many a touch in his earliest novels—"Swell of soul" for example. In the same way his "Venetian oligarchy" that frequently occurs in the political

pamphlets of Queen Anne was derided as fantastic by such as had much prejudice but scant knowledge.

The career of a man who devised and piloted the great treaty of Utrecht, yet who, scared by his friend, Marlborough, so weakly fled to the romantic but hopeless court of the old Pretender, who, a proscribed exile, returned, despite Walpole, and founded not only the true principles of Toryism but a style that inspired Burke, even when he parodied him, and in many respects moulded Gibbon—the course of a man so passionate, so imperious, yet eventually so centralized and controlled, could furnish at once a problem and a picture. The first volume was elaborated under many difficulties, and part of it was written in a garden at Baveno, with two Jesuit priests and three old ladies, at once interested and eloquent, around me. The second volume presented fewer obstacles and a calmer scene, though equally alive with plot and counterplot. Despite many defects—especially in the first volume—defects of which those who know most are more conscious than such as know least—I was much encouraged by the late Lord Acton's favourable verdict as well as by that of one of his chief disciples, Mr. C. P. Gooch. Nothing real is ever written in vain.

The next theme that kindled my ardour was the much mishandled Lady Hamilton. New discoveries quickened interest, and it became one of the few popular studies that I have striven to master. It brought me some controversy, several friends and much correspondence. To my proofs of how this remarkable woman contributed to the Nile victory it was objected that no State-document has survived as direct evidence. But a few years onwards that happened which I had suspected. When the Dropmore Papers were published an indisputable proof came to light in the shape of a letter from Sir William Hamilton to the hard-hearted Lord Grenville, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, inclosing another from the Queen of Naples. Lord Grenville never placed these documents among the archives, but quietly stowed them away at Dropmore, where they slumbered till the whole series was printed.

Through this book I was invited to stay with Lady Hamilton's great-grandson, Mr. Nelson Ward, the rector of Stony Stratford. In his abode one stepped straight into the eighteenth century.

Its taste was exceptional. He showed me treasures, the China service, painted by Angelica Kauffmann, with Emma allegorized in every attitude, and presented by the city fathers to the saviour of his country, the renowned shawls that had draped "the heroine of a thousand things" in her classical postures, and many interesting books that had belonged to her, including a Tacitus annotated by herself. Among them was an Italian volume about Renaissance Art, on the fly-leaf of which Emma had written, first the Latin motto: "*Hostis invidia honoris*"—"Jealousy is the foe of honour"—and underneath it in Italian: "*Saro fedele alla morte*"—"I will be faithful unto death." He asked me if I could solve the riddle, and in turn I asked him whether the book was printed in 1793. It was, and I was able to tell him of Nelson's first visit to Naples as a young commodore in search of ships against the young Napoleon, of his first encounter with the Hamiltons that barely lasted a week, of Emma's crescendo of enthusiasm for the hero, of her adoring swoons, of Hamilton's probable annoyance and reconciliation through this peace-offering, of the correspondence that ensued between Nelson and both of the Hamiltons for all those five years of absence till patriotism animating enthusiasm culminated in the decisive triumph of the Nile.

Observing that Mr. Ward's handwriting bore a close though unconscious likeness to Emma's I had brought with me a specimen of her caligraphy. Miss Granville Somerset, Mr. Ward's niece, was staying in the house and one morning before our host had come down to breakfast I showed her the autograph, inquiring if she knew whose it was. Without hesitation she at once replied: "Why, it is Uncle Hugh's." Surely handwriting can be inherited as well as the beauty that descended to at least one of Mr. Nelson Ward's aunts—and Lady Hamiltons do not grow on every bush—while his grandmother Horatia's features and writing were the very opposite of her mother's. Looking back, all that I realize is that, rightly or wrongly, I really entered into Lady Hamilton's being. With her, as with the rest, I felt myself a contemporary.

Then I addressed myself to the biography, the psychology, the philosophy, the ideas and intuitions of Disraeli, who ever since the latter end of my Harrow days had taken hold of me.

On him I wrote two books, the one a " Study " of his " Ideas and Personality," the other a " Life " for Methuen's " Little Biography " series. Were I to have issued the former now I could have perfected it. It was penned at red-hot speed, but with a long and intimate knowledge of its subject in many directions and applications. Mr. Buckle, whom afterwards I came to know, has honoured me by an acknowledgment in the official " Life." Disraeli's niece, with whom, I became acquainted, interested herself. And at least I have the great satisfaction of recognizing that the views there advanced of Disraeli's political philosophy, of his undeviating outlook on organic growth as contrasted with superimposed abstracts, has received an authoritative sanction, though at the moment it was derided. There is little regarding Disraeli and his forbears in which I am not versed, and I sometimes wonder why so many —some still perhaps with a submalice—regard him as a " Sphinx."

May I quote from a review of mine in the " Edinburgh " some four years ago ? " The mystery, however, ceases if we remember four of the strains which permeate him—the romantic strain of his Sephard Ancestry, the eighteenth-century strain alike virile and artificial, the ironic strain of his favourite Lucian, and the majestic strain of the prince-prophet, Isaiah. For in Disraeli we recapture a figure of the antique world. Only extreme spite or ignorance could brand as a ' charlatan ' one who, in Mr. Buckle's considered words, towered above his contemporaries. And one is tempted to ask, as Heine asked about Napoleon, whether Disraeli may not have been the last of the great commanders—of those who are never mouth-pieces, who never feel their way, but get it. In the thick of the vital crises of 1870 he tells Lord Derby : ' I humbly think that we cannot act too powerfully and promptly. What I wish to impress on you at this moment as regards home is not to act as if you were under the control of popular opinion. If so, you may do what they like, but they won't respect you for doing it.' And then he turns to the ill-informed agitation that was hooting against him as pro-Turk. 'All the Turks may be in the Propontis so far as I am concerned . . . but should we give way to the pressure of the Hudibrastic crew of high ritualists, dissenting

ministers and the great Liberal party we shall be contemptible.' There anyhow speaks a man." One more citation, without discussing his uniform stress on the "nationality" that fuses various races under a common ideal, instead of an international chaos that confuses races with nations: ". . . . The fusion of romance and will lies at the very root of that 'elevation of mind' which the worsted Prince Gortschakoff praised even after the Berlin Congress. There is a true story, unrecorded by Mr. Buckle, of a conversation between the Duchess of Sutherland and another Court lady as to which they would have chosen to marry, Disraeli or Gladstone. 'I think,' said the Duchess, 'I would like to have married Gladstone and soon to have eloped with Disraeli.' There you get the difference and the distinction."

There is not a subject that Disraeli ever mooted, whether in speeches, romance or conversation, which he did not illumine; nothing, however heavy, that he did not lighten with irrepressible humour. Whether, as Grant-Duff chronicles, he was debating some high theme on Westminster Bridge at midnight, or tracing the principles of history in the development of the country that he loved, he was ever the same uplifter of the petty and local into an empyrean. "He was alike," as I have ventured to put it, "the seer on his mount of vision and the world connoisseur, spy-glass in hand."

Once Gladstone, Lord Morley, and another sat in conclave at Cambridge, on which was the greatest political biography in existence. All agreed—despite politics—that it was Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck," at once dispassionate, lofty and inseeing. Dickens, too, once lamented that Disraeli had not pitched politics overboard for the literature which he adorned in the thick of duties inexorable and in spite of wrecked health only ignored by an unquenchable vitality. What an historian Disraeli would have made if he had not dedicated himself to his country. What a humourist he remained through every ordeal, in every vexation. There George Russell, with all his partisan bias, always agreed with me. There is a true but unfamiliar story about his death-bed. The Queen much desired to see him once more, and begged Lord Rowton to tell him so in one of the rare intervals when his comatose condition ceased. At last the opportunity offered. "No, no, Monty," he gasped to his whispering

friend, "she only wants me to give a message to Prince Albert."

I myself heard him deliver his last great speech on India in the House of Lords—the speech in which he said: "The key of India is London." Swallowing what I took to be a cough-lozenge he sprang to his feet with the buoyancy of a boy. Afterwards I learned that so racked was he with pain that it was an anti-spasmodic that he had taken, while he had begged Lord Granville to let him speak out of turn as the medicine could only afford him an hour's respite. "All is ordained, but man is nevertheless master of his own actions" is a truth voiced by him in "The Infernal Marriage," the brightest of his boyish satires. "Destiny bears us . . . and Destiny is perhaps our own will," "True wisdom lies in the policy that would effect its aims by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms," "The past is one of the elements of our power," "Great minds must trust to great truths and great talents for their rise, and nothing else"—these were some of his watchwords.

My next study was of Sterne. Here again a fresh elucidation seemed opportune. His blend of strong characters in his fancy and of weak character in his will, his spider's web that, though it entangled nasty flies in its filaments, also caught the fresh dew of the morning, his matchless style, his consumptive temperament, the undying influence both of his woman's outlook and his titillation of feeling, a meandering course that demands minute analysis even to its unhappy close, impelled me to re-set both his circumstances and psychology. Though most of my critics gave a generous welcome I was attacked by a coterie, and I fear that I took pin-pricks overmuch to heart. I had done my best, and there was an end. So I passed on to re-picture Sheridan and to reconsider the inner history of his epoch. It was at once a task and a thrill—an effort to dive into the depths and a voyage of discovery, which included a most interesting extract about Lord Dufferin's mother and the young Disraeli. The Sheridans gave me access to all their scattered wealth of manuscripts, often disarrayed both in date and context, Lord Ilchester opened Holland House and the late Duke of Devonshire granted me the run of his own—a research that resulted in the unearthing of a striking diary kept at a critical moment by the erratic, the

sympathetic, the entrancing yet unfathomable Georgiana. Outside these sources I, too, was able to acquire manuscripts of importance—among others the letter-diaries of Sheridan himself while his beautiful wife lay dying, and a missing portion of his early operetta, " The Foresters," that came to me by a chance of chances and was thus restored to the family.

Another haphazard stroke happened also, for truly everything comes to all who know how to wait. While Sheridan was yet a stripling he published a somewhat blasphemous satire in verse on the American War entitled " The General Fast." He took it up to London and there it was anonymously republished but immediately suppressed. So far as I could ascertain but one copy remained and that is in the British Museum. For nearly two years I entered every conceivable bookshop in the hope of finding it in some collection of pamphlets. One day I tried Mr. Thorpe's. They had no pamphlets, they said. But I noticed a thick volume bound in old brown calf that looked as if it must be the sort of jumble-collection that I wished to test. "Ah, yes," said the assistant, " you are right. I had overlooked it." Judge of my amazement on finding, among many interesting " ana," the very jewel which some " base Indian " had thrown away. Since then I have often searched afresh both in shops and catalogues, but never has a copy recurred.

The most refreshing experience, however, in this connection, was my acquaintance with the Sheridans themselves. If books are friends, friends are books, and these living books were inspiriting indeed. It was the present Sir Charles Russell who first introduced me to Mrs. Hall-Walker (now Lady Wavertree) and her brother, Wilfred, an old Harrovian, whose death in action bereft us of a literary as well as ancestral enthusiast. The door was opened. The Sheridans welcomed me warmly—the two lovely and lively daughters, the sons, the father who never grows old, their fascinating mother—now no more—a daughter of Motley, her sister Mrs. Mildmay, the sister again of Lady Harcourt. My link with them, though intermittent, has been long and lasting, especially with Lady Stracey, who looked as if she had just stepped out of one of the admiring Gainsborough's portrayals of the romantic Linleys. Twice did I stay with them at Frampton Court, with its perfect garden, its

silver stream and marble bridges, its mementos of Mrs. Norton—a frame worthy both of the dead and the living.

Lady Stracey once confided a Sheridanism about herself. When she came out, indeed at her first party, she was taken in to dinner by a diplomatist who had not caught her name. Observing it on the table, "So you," he said, alluding to Sophie, the elder, whose godmother was the late Queen of Holland, "are the sister of the beautiful Miss Sheridan." "I *am* the beautiful Miss Sheridan," was her quick reply. Of Sheridan's own whimsical wit and humour I will only repeat two true and unfamiliar instances. When he was in the decline of life, health and fortunes, he met a very old creditor whom he had forgotten. They spoke of many topics, and then hesitatingly—for he loved him—the creditor observed: "Oh, Mr. Sheridan, I think you must have forgotten that debt of twenty years ago—a hundred pounds." "A hundred pounds! Twenty years ago! And I have never remembered it, what a brute I have been. There now, shall I name a day for repayment?" "Well, Mr. Sheridan, since you suggest and if you can manage it, I *should* be grateful. You see the times are hard——" "What would you say then," carelessly interrupted the genius, "to the Day of Judgment?" But seeing immediately that the man looked pained: "There now!" he resumed. "What a brute I have been again! No, no, not that day, that's a *busy* day, let us say the day after." The second story is equally Sheridanic. As he lay dying in Saville Row, with the birds of prey thronging his hall for their pound of flesh, he wrote out and had hung up an announcement in the words of the Collect: "I know your necessities before you ask them and your ignorance in asking."

As to Holland House, Lord Ilchester himself showed me round that fair temple of memories where even the High Street's pandemonium seems muffled. I saw the Charles the Second ballroom, the Queen Anne library with the two small tables at each end, between which Addison used to pace, alternately imbibing the brandy bottle on both, Addison who must, I think, have repented his grand marriage though never his pitiful patronage of Steele, Addison the purist of literature—"no whiter page remains"—yet who at the last was self-righteous enough to exclaim: "Come

and see how a Christian can die," Addison unduly apotheosized by Thackeray. I was taken to pry into each nook of that pantheon, I was shown its relics, its portraits, and, best of all, its documentary store, including a letter about Pitt so secret that I was one of the only three to whom an inspection had been vouchsafed. And finally I was asked to a luncheon, the plovers' eggs and peaches of which were of home origin. Devonshire House, too, to which my good friend, Mrs. Strong, so kindly introduced me, was equally enchanting. It also was atmospheric, and so immersed was I in my work that—so they told me—I never even looked up at the luncheon-tray silently brought and removed. To crown all, the Le Fanus and others generously allowed me the range of their documents. Though I am not reckoned a slow student or writer, I needed fully two years to probe a subject so complex. Little historical—apart from essays—have I since attempted save the "Glenbervie Journals," a long screed of eighteenth-century gossip and experience.

One tiny book, however, I published anonymously some eight years ago—"In Honour"—an elegy that would fain commemorate that dear and gifted elder son who was the first to fall in battle. I may be forgiven for not wishing this farrago of mine to pass unhallowed by his and his brother's presence, and so I venture to subjoin some snatches from the three parts into which the poem is portioned.

This, from its prologue on Kensington Gardens:

Spring is back and the children play
(*As they played before the War, the War*).
The sun is tossing his gold astray,
Casting churl winter out of door—
Yon frolic sun in this feast of flowers
Who warms and heartens the careless hours
(*That reck no more of the War, the War*).

The children's play is at warfare gay
(*Hearts are sore for the War, the War*).
Hardly two hundred miles away
The wounded moan and the cannons roar.

And a slough of slime, like the slough of Time
Creeping o'er joy and grief and crime
Whelm the shore of the War, the War.

Darling child of the Flower Walk, stay
(*Play alway at thy game of War*).
Stay with us play, lest we soon grow grey
(*Drum, but come from the War, the War*)—
Oh, that our Knight who has trod the track
Would come, might come !—but he comes not back
(*Comes no more from the War, the War*).

. . . . .

And these from its sequels :

Blows there some wild flower near the grave
Where thou must rest beyond our ken,
That soldier's grave where thou the brave
Commander and thy thirteen men
Superbly sleep—outside the dyke
(For trench it was not) whither hard
And bitter Fate sent forth to strike
That bolt of thunder from the Guard ?—
Waves there a flower to soothe the wild
Once graced as Ypres—now seared, defiled ?

If so, a tiny flower yet strong
And sapful, it shall link the plain
Which felt thee fall—so drab, so long,
So haunted by the mad refrain
Of War the wastrel—to that walk
Serene, harmonious, and the sound
Of pattering footsteps, and the talk
Of children romping on their round—
Too soon from bloom and beauty ta'en,
A child thou wert and wilt remain.

Young, young for ever art thou now,
Younger than youth. Do peasants bring
Their pious posies, breathe a vow
Beside thy cross, or humbly sing

Their "Ave"? Doth it upward soar
To where thy radiant soul abides
Above the rush, the strain, the roar,
Over the peaks, beyond the tides,
Safe in some star that shines intent
And blossoms in the firmament?

'Tis but a journey, so we feign,
Hence thitherward. And thou wilt send
Tidings of cheer, and come again—
As when some dear but distant friend,
Not warning us our threshold sights,
And we to greet we know not what
Run forth, and finding who alights
Find him unchanged, unaged a jot,
And still as if he ne'er had left—
So may it chance for us, bereft.

. . . . .

Sounds there a song beside the grave?
Ah, may it reach thy spirit dear,
The soul of music, what it gave
Regiving, binding sphere to sphere.
And if the treble undimned of boy
Or girl shall find thy lonely cross,
Back may it bring thy childhood's joy
With all thy gain and all our loss.
For somehow, somewhere far on high
It must be gain so well to die.

. . . . .

Ever, distracted Man will try
To make his moments never die,
By Art transfixing them, by strain
Unearthly, by distilled quatrain,
By Memory's tender talisman
By the long scroll since life began
By prayer, by all that most aspires
From heaven-entranced cathedral choirs.
For Man alone of things that die
Is, even the while his moments fly,
In love with immortality.

. . . . .

Our shelter sure, the Psalmist sings,
  Is 'neath the rock that higher stands
Than we for evermore, and flings
  Great shadows over thirsty lands.
Therefore we will not faint or fear,
  Though Earth remove herself and flee:
Yea, though the mountains disappear,
  Whelmed in the whirlpools of the sea.
Although the towering billows shake
Huge fastness, we will not quake.

. . . . .

O lay it in its winding-sheet,
  This little summer-life of ours,
So unfulfilled yet so complete,
  Of garden-friendships, books and flowers.
Be we chief-mourners, as is meet,
  Its knell be tolled by yon tree-towers.
For it was born the day we sped
  Hitherward from the strain and heat.
Now we go hence, and it is dead,
  Still under mists of autumn sweet,
The trembling leaves are now its bed—
  O lay it in its winding-sheet.

. . . . .

From "The Book of Wisdom."

God's arms are round the undying dead
  Who serve Him. Torment seeks in vain
To touch them, though, because they bled,
  Fools take their passing for a pain,
Dooming them to destruction. Yet
  After sharp furnaces of Fate,
Their immortality is set,
  Their rest and their reward is great.
They catch God's fire beyond the sun.
  Earthward they sweep on winds unfurled:
Yea, to and fro like sparks they run
  Along the stubbles of the World.

Our younger son died at the very close after long devotion and chivalrous courage. This is not the place to picture their laughing

heroism or the fine promise of their morn. Such spirits never fade. In their splendid death the two brothers are not divided. Nor from us, who often feel them near. When the last died gladly to save his country I again sought some outlet in the Muse:

On thy dear grave be blended
The Laurel and the Rose.
The glory hath not ended,
The sweetness ne'er can close
Nor Time, nor Fate can wither
That chaplet dewed with tears—
All blossoms beckoned hither
To crown thy promised years.

High courage conquers dying,
Fine chivalry abides.
Thy music soothes our sighing,
And haunts the winds and tides.
Thy charm so heart-divining,
So true to all it met,
Around us still is shining
Although our sun be set.

. . . . .

Great Soul, for thee Soul only
Was leadership and light,
Alone, thou ne'er wast lonely,
Left wounded in the fight.
Untended, unbefriended
Till eager rescue came—
From thee e'en undefended
The foeman turned in shame.

To fall when Victory thrilling
Beats with bright wings the air,
How hard! while joy is filling
The battered cup of Care.
And yet how splendid, after
Stern struggles nobly borne,
To fall 'mid tears and laughter
In the first flush of morn.

Our morning wakes in weeping,
  Our midnight sleeps in pain,
And e'en where thou art sleeping
  We yearn to see in vain.
But thou art near unshattered
  And radiant in repose.
On thy dear grave be scattered
  The Laurel and the Rose.

CHAPTER IX

Travel

TRAVEL, especially in youth, is a kind of re-birth, and if you may be said to die on your return, at least you retain the inspirations of that other life. Travel is a transmigration of souls. For in such wanderings it is not only the freshness of atmosphere and adventure that remain, but the association with human beings once utterly strange to you and, maybe, strangers for ever afterwards. We meet, we part, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," we "leave not a wrack behind."

My earliest passion was Italy, the scenes that I came best to love in it were Florence, Rome, Siena, Venice and the Italian lakes, where my dream of dreams was ever the Lago di Como with its transcendent Cadenabbia. Next to Italy I loved most Greece and the Riviera, and next to these Constantinople and, its country pendant, Broussa. For to my mind the three fairest cities in the world are Florence, Constantinople and Oxford.

I fell in love with Italy as a boy, as a youth I constantly climbed in Switzerland and descended into Italy, as a man I have done the same, though my last climb—at Saas Fee—with its aftermath through the lovely Val D'Anzasca to Baveno was nigh a quarter of a century ago.

Why is it that Cadenabbia is so romantic, why did the Romans love Lake Como so well? The reason, I fancy, is because it embodies beauty as opposed either to majesty or to mystery. It is—"the poetry of the senses"—the deep-blue eye of Venus herself. But there is quite another charm for the post-Roman adorer. Every olivet on the hillside, every nestling hamlet by the water's brink or clasped to the bosom of the gentle hills, recall the backgrounds and the spirit of the Italian Masters who by their naturalization of Scripture at once consecrated the profane and secularized the sacred. From Lugano to Como, from Conegliano or Pieve di Cadore to Venice, the scenes wield

the enchantment with which Luini, Gaudenzio, Cima and, with varying presentments, Bellini and Titian have invested them. So great is the power of great artists to reinspire their regions, and indeed even the romance of past history itself becomes Art. The Como fishermen fable that on a clear day they can see, far down under those crystal waters, the ruins of Pliny's villa. Their bigger craft, with their ribbed wooden over-arches, image the old Roman boats for merchandise that you may still find in some of the Pompeian frescoes. And in Pompeii itself the very frames round the Lares and Penates in the porches are the same frames that enclose the masterpieces of the Cinquecento. For Italy is always the *Madre Natura*, whether Cæsars were Popes to the provinces, or Popes were Cæsars who thither dispatched their dogmas like legions. Italy is still the eternal Nature-Mother; pagan or Christian—the Cybele-Madonna.

At Cadenabbia I have stayed over and over again, and every time I think it more exquisite. Even last year, when all that could be contrived was a fortnight at a cheap but charming hostelry on the Lake of Lugano, I contrived thrice to peep at it again. Vulgarized, they say now. Is it? What can vulgarize that prospect with its gaze towards Bellaggio, twinkling at night like some carcanet of dream-diamonds, with its wooded mountains behind and in front melting in amethyst like the bloom of a grape, its painted shrines climbing up the slopes as if pointing the path to heaven, its fig-trees and vineyards, its maiden-hair ferns dangling from rocky crevices, its little local *festa* at San Giovanni with a procession immemorial in colour and simplicity, the comely happy peasants, the wealth of wild flowers, the lights and shadows ever-changing like some celestial chameleon's, the curved coracles at night with their tiny lamps glimmering like water glow-worms, the lissome lizards creeping along the basking walls, the fragrance of the twilight, the high road —even now when tram-ridden—blossoming like Eden, the jutting-points breaking the mirrored coast-line—Tremezzo, the dream-like Villa Balbianello with its romantic past, visionary arches, and gardens singing for joy as at the moment of creation—all obey a magician's wand, nothing cloys, nothing surfeits. There is scarce a reach of the lake on which I have not rowed, sometimes amid the storms that brew as suddenly under serene

skies as the gusts of revolution over an unruffled surface—Nesso with its water-mill, Varenna with its cascade, Lecco, Colico, I know them all. When I first saw Cadenabbia as a boy, the place, the hotels, were smaller and perhaps more refined, the villas were fewer, there was no huge cosmopolitan caravanserai threatening it on its flank, the English church was not yet built and service was held in the hotel. The English chaplain would go round of an evening recruiting for the choir, and year by year the same pleasant assemblies of university men, parliamentary lights (or lanterns), well-known figures in law, art or drama, would reassemble with their womenfolk, play cards, gossip, make excursions, invent adventures and proceed to Venice on their homeward way. But always Cadenabbia would call them back like home-sick school-children.

Among its habitués I remember a rather odd trio—a tall, grey-whiskered veteran, a lady who "might very well have passed for forty-five in the dark with the lights behind her," and a personable youth to whom the senior paid obsequious attention. It transpired that the elder was actually heir to the younger—a situation that Gilbert would have loved to play upon.

I have mentioned the lake-storms. None at Cadenabbia ever equalled a tempest that we experienced on the wide-spreading Lake of Maggiore. We had set off for a long row from Baveno to the Madonna del Sasso. It was a perfect day, the water like glass, the sky a forget-me-not, the dove-like shrine itself so romantic that we lingered long over our picnic. It was nigh sunset when we set out homeward. After about a quarter of a mile a puff of wind ruffled the surface. Then we knew what to expect. The squall was in sight. Down came our sail; we set to work in grim earnest. A few minutes had transformed and deformed the scene. The wind raged frantically, the sky darkened, all nature foamed, the boat creaked horribly. Rowing like Trojans—if ever Trojans rowed—we managed, after slow and arduous progress, at length to reach the Borromean Islands. It was late. The castle gates were closed and had to be scaled before a boatman could be summoned. How grateful then, the light, the scented garden, the welcome fare. Next to the Hotel Bellevue at Cadenabbia, the Baveno Hotel is one of the nicest, even more so perhaps than the Stresa hostelry

that almost shakes hands with those Borromean Edens, after visiting which you are always presented with a potpourri as irregular and perhaps as ragged as these stray memories. How well I remember my first journey thither from Brieg by diligence —the ascent to the snows and hospice, the descent by sudden transition from the north to the south through the wildly-soft gorge of Gondo to the operatic, the twittering Domo Dossola. My companion on the coupé-seat was a young Frenchman, who prattled of nothing else for fourteen hours but his conquests. As we waited at every Italian village, an old woman would peer from a narrow casement in the violet night and hook-up the post bag. It was all so primitive.

And amaranthine Venice—who, save perchance Byron—has ever truly rendered that matchless piece of the East in the West, its Byzantine glamour, the gondolas that are dreams and the dream within dream that the gondolas reveal—peeps through crumbling archways twined with greenery, behind which the stone-mason, the metal-beater, work as if time were everlasting and the picturesque children around him could sprawl for ever, the dim splendour of haunted palaces, St. Mark's and its piazza, an eternal stage of grandeur tragedy and comedy—the greatest drama in Europe. The doves, the lagoon, the Zattere with its miniature oases. In spring the wistaria trembling round the traceries as if Nature were embracing Art, the bells over the waters, the Lido, along which Byron galloped, and where there used to still linger the tombstones bearing knightly scutcheon, already deep-sunk in the sands—the tombstones of the Sephardim, who were Disraeli's forbears. Why sing dirges over Venice as a splendid wreck? Her wealth is everlasting—a cornucopia of the centuries—her half-paganism, her exuberance are undimmed. She broods intoxicated, as it were, with strength and beauty. She still floats an enchanted city, she abides an all-conquering queen of pride and might, of hearts and arts and visions, who, superb in her old age, rests from her labours and murmurs her mysteries to the world. The house of the titanic scene-painter, Tintoretto, with his sign of the camel, the auburn tresses at Chioggia of the girls whom Titian loved to paint, the church of Santa Maria del 'Orto (beloved by Ruskin), the thousand echoes of love and sacrifice and passion still vibrant

—the glow in autumn of the fruit-boats, Torcello the antique untouched by time, the glory of the day, the marvel of the night, San Giovanni with its monument to an English hero, the Scuola di Rocco, Tintoretto's test of greatness (where one of his pictures is still officially described as "Everywhere Moses and Aaron") the countless steps that lead up to heaven or down to hell, the gaiety in all the gravity—such is Venice, who being dead yet speaketh.

Some forty-five years ago I was there in time to witness a wonderful *festa*. The whole place was hung with Renaissance draperies. It was a waterway Field of the Cloth of Gold. The King and Queen had come and my Harrow acquaintance, the young Duke of Genoa. At night there was a *serenata*. In a barge, worthy of Cleopatra, sat and stood famed singers and musicians. After it glided in swallow-like motion the rich mediæval gondolas and after these the smaller craft. The air received the beauty as if it had been a lover welcoming his long-lost love. So alive was all around us that none could believe that we were mortal. That night, the eve of departure, a merry party of young friends stood on an old-world balcony and vowed that, heaven permitting, they would meet again at the same tristing-place in thirty years. Alas, how many or few of us when the moment came still inhabited this world of shadows? Two young daughters of a famous Canadian—where are they? The young French officer, where? *Fumus et umbra surmus.*

Rome is an Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders. Florence a Renaissance princess with love and learning for train-bearers, Siena a dreaming nun, Verona a lady-in-waiting without her court, without her lute, Milan a knight of commerce, Vicenza the sleeping beauty, Bergamo at once a troubadour of the hill-side and a pilgrim, Naples the Astarte of the ages. But Venice, who even when sunless disdains to lose her colour, is now as ever an empress that, sceptreless, enchains mankind nor knows that she enchains them. Many are her courtiers and some are guilty of high treason. How tiresome are the chatter-box cicerones and their bondsmen. In the Doge's palace I once heard one of them expounding the picture of Grimani on his knees before the Sacrament as: "Ze dogey, Grimani, adoring ze face (Faith)," an explanation met

naturally by a stolid stare. They tap the pillars and cry *tutto marmore.* In Florence, the fountain of purity, they trudge round the churches and the galleries, Ruskin in hand explaining Ruskin by art instead of art by Ruskin. In Naples they point to Vesuvius as if it were one of the Creator's most flaring and glaring "posters" in nature's hurly-burly. I have heard an American complaining that "you won't screw any enthusiasm out of *me,*" and, after only three weeks, bemoaning "the yards and yards of Madonnas," yet admitting that in such a space "you wouldn't, sir, see *our* back-kitchen." But two delightful old American ladies once charmed me in Rome by retorting to the interpreter of Caracalla's Baths: "Well, the ancient Romans seem to have been a very cleanly people, but they have recovered bravely from it now."

One word about Pompeii. No spot is at once so glad and sad. Its gaiety revives, its disaster remains. When I was last at Naples the late Mr. Rolfe, our Consul, who showed me the Palazzo Sessa where Sir William and Lady Hamilton abode, lent us a German book on this wreck of joy yet joyous wreck that minutely resuscitated its former life—the life of a Roman Monte Carlo. There was, however, a gulf between these two palaces of pleasure. Instead of the Casino there was a Greek Temple overhanging a silver stream, a Greek theatre instead of an opera-house. The Pompeian materialism was not vulgar. Seated there amid a ruined faubourg of small but dainty houses, it flashed across me that this was the quarter where the newly-married barristers dwelt —a sort of southern Campden Hill. Destructive convulsions do not wipe out only the garish life, but also the little, the trivial round. Yet ever the old adage holds true, "Naples sins, Torre del Greco pays." And well has it been also said: "You may read Pompeii in some men's faces." How different, this tragedy, to that of the mystic Paestum—Paestum vast, lonely, sighing among its sedges.

Is there in southern Italy a more entrancing spot than the neighbouring Sorrento, with its white walls garlanded and its glowing orange-groves? Amalfi's dark monastery overhanging an amethystine sea, Positano singing to the mermaids, La Cava a princess of the plains—all these are haunts of Euphrosyne, but Sorrento's witcheries surpass them all. They

are so human, at once winsome and winning. When first I beheld them as a stripling I was journeying alone. It was shortly after the Ischian earthquake. At once I was welcomed by a charming circle of English colonists—mostly the families of engineers. Hardly had I arrived before I was invited to the most artless of dances in full keeping with the genius of the place. Roses garlanded the bare rooms, all was free, simple, unconventional. And there I met Colonel Kennedy, who had been smoking his after-dinner cigar when the Ischian earthquake had sent him down below. Still he continued smoking, the delightful elderly bachelor, nor did he realize the shock till afterwards. He limped as we used to ramble through lotus-land together. And then he told me why he had quitted England to live in Rome. There, he said, he could enjoy a Palazzo and a delightful society, English as well as foreign, with admirable servants, on three hundred a year. "Whereas," he added, "in a Pall Mall garret I live like a pig." When, long ago, I revisited Sorrento that English colony had sped, but another had succeeded it. Marion Crawford had built his gleaming villa overlooking the "wine-faced" sea, and the society, if less simple, was more distinguished. What, quite recently, was my surprise, when an electric explosion happened near our house, to find in a refugee taking shelter under our roof the young daughter-in-law of Marion Crawford, the Baedeker of imagination.

And Sicily—it baffles description, this idyllic home of bards and tyrants, of Greek and Arab culture. Amid all its mighty monuments, its mountain brigands and improvisatores, its unsubdued volcano, its ruined hellenism, its violet sea, its sooth-singing sirens and Polyphemus ever deriding the rover Ulysses, its spasmodic contrasts from rapt Palermo to spiral Taormina and thence onwards to Messina's glare, what most struck me was Syracuse, instinct with history, with poesy and war. What can match its marble miniature of a Greek theatre, its rugged whispering gallery of Dionysius, its babbling fount of Arethusa by which our Nelson tarried! But for me the most moving sight of all was the museum, with its children's dolls, haply dandled while Æschylus himself was a slave moiling in the mines. Nurseries never change, and the resurrection of toys erases time and makes us feel "how quiet death is." In

our London museum there is a lonely Elizabethan child's glove that speaks more pathos than all its grander company. Where is its companion ? Did the boy perhaps drop it, hurrying from school ? And was he blamed or petted ?

As for that modern Pompeii, Monte Carlo, where " every prospect pleases " and so on, the pilgrims of pleasure find in it a fair jousting-ground against the puritan pilgrims. It stands a pleasaunce of the Hesperides rimmed by a sapphire sea and aromatic with fruits and flowers. What sights, what masquerade-adventures have I not seen ? One afternoon a trustful young lady proffered me her purse to play with at the *trente-et-quarante* table while she went out to tea, perhaps supposing me to be an innocent in luck. With many thanks of course I declined. At another moment an after-dinner gentleman accompanied by a steadying wife lurched solemnly from one *trente-et-quarante* table to another. I had noticed that his stake on one of them was rapidly accumulating and ventured to warn him ere it might be too late. As the lady rescued his winnings he turned round to her, ejaculating with some difficulty : " I'm sure, my dear, we're v'y much 'bliged to thish kind genilman. Think what we sh' have losht without him." I wondered what *she* would have lost without *him*. Love and passion, loss and gain, all are mummers in Capua. And some there are who never risk the cards or the rolling ball, but repair annually for climate, spectatorship and the careless beauty that wreathes its mountain fastnesses.

Happy Catos ! But the lilt of Lorelei lures even Mentone when it sets forth demurely for the casino concerts. What a riddle is luck which the ancients worshipped as Fortune. Chance is but a name for human ignorance, though one day perhaps some law of it may be revealed. All day you may be toiling as the best loser. Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, everything succeeds. Fling the coins where you will they mount, and if you never return your trip is defrayed. Otherwise instead of leaving a fortune a fortune will have left *you*. It is reported of the late M. Blanc (whose daughter married a Napoleon as Monaco's prince did a Heine) that soon after he quitted Homburg for this earthly paradise a special messenger rushed into his sanctum with the news that twice that afternoon an Englishman had broken the bank. Nowise disturbed the proprietor calmly

asked: "Was he sitting or standing?" "Sitting," was the answer. "Then all is well," he answered with a smile. Blanc was a psychologist. Somebody once inquired whether, as a rule, it was the *rouge* or the *noir* that won. "*Ni l'un ni l'autre,*" was the reply; "*c'est toujours le Blanc qui gagne.*"

But turn your back on the tempter. Stroll to Monaco, climb high to Roquebrune and you are bemantled in the Middle Ages. The one is the marine parade, so to speak, of priests, the other, nestling in its naked eyrie, a fortress-shrine. How all the grosser joys recede in distance when surveyed from yon lofty rocks or yonder melting plain! What a story could be penned with these neighbouring contrasts for its theme. Through art Monte Carlo might be purified. It was an angel that guarded the gates of Paradise—and it has been well said that Adam, hasting through them to exile, caught a spark from his flaming sword.

It was in this region at Cap Martin that I gained a glimpse of the late Ex-Empress Eugènie whose worn dignity somehow repictured Marie Antoinette's, a glimpse also of the late Emperor of Austria. One of his secretaries told me that he fatigued the youngest by his unwearied energy. Even on his holiday he rose at four and immediately dictated endless letters. Who would not rather drowse in lotus-land than thus be dogged by the Fates and Furies that tracked him to the close.

Cannes with its lawn-tennis, Mentone loved by invalids and honeymooners, St. Raphael's pine-forests, Bordighera the devout, San Remo the Mauresque—these surely need no reminder. It was at the first of these in its humbler days that we once arrived after a hard climbing-tour. Luxury stared us in the face and at the best hotel we ordered an excellent luncheon. Among the dishes was a potato-salad (two portions). When the bitter reckoning was folded on my plate I found the exorbitant charge of some twelve francs for this ordinary *plat*. We remonstrated. The proprietor himself came to vindicate his honour and in so doing uttered these immortal words: "If you have paretaters you pay for paretaters." How often in later days when the rates are mountain-high has the saying returned to me—"If you have paretaters you pay for paretaters." It is terse as the Greek anthology.

Hail, too, Provence, that portico of the south—the very name

is Heptameronic in its pensive lusciousness, its transfigured gipsydom of being. Its threshold is Marseilles, whither everlastingly Ulysses returns from his knight-errantries. Nismes, still miniaturely Roman, Arles with its Greek girlhood drawn from those ancient colonists, with its impressive Latinity, with its funereal Alicamps on the marsh, austere and mournful as its commemorating Dante. And, above all, Avignon, that "Paragot" of Provence the troubadour of Christendom. It distils "Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth." The exiled popes' palace declare their glory, the slumbering city showeth their handiwork. There is neither speech nor language, but their voice is heard. Avignon hands on the long chivalries of ages. Years ago I sat in its unchanged inn-courtyard. Suddenly an eighteenth-century equipage, ramshackle as this narrative, lumbered in. Out of it stepped the faded phantoms of a *grand seigneur* and Madame la Marquise. The illusion was perfect. The tarnished coachman and footman, the coach, the courtyard, the gazers at them, the popes, the glimmering landscape, myself—we were phantoms all. But we were not *fantoccini*. We were breathing figures—half grey, half silver like the olive leaf—of a remote, a tempestuous past.

The south is the palm, the north is the pine, and Switzerland is the snow-king of the north. Those who have never scaled his ramparts are ignorant of his majesty, and strange indeed it once seemed to bring our ice-axes—his coat-of-arms—into Florence. Though never qualified for the Alpine Club, I have climbed several of the Swiss mountains—the Jungfrau, from the summit of which I saw the sun rise like a big shepherd packing his cloud-sheep down to the speck-like valley, Monte Rosa where I actually saw a butterfly flitting from Switzerland into Italy, and nearly Mont Blanc. When we had reached the Bosse du Dromedaire a thunderstorm shot over us and we had to retire. My friend had lost even his alpenstock for that long monotonous descent, but by a providence he found another stuck in the *névé* some half an hour downwards. Where is the cheery party of watchers through a telescope, who greeted us on our return to the snug hotel, where that bevy of fair daughters, where the little Frenchman whom we left sobbing on the glacier beyond the Mulets, where its visitors' book? Visitors' books are good

reading (is not Bath the visitors' book of the eighteenth century ?) and in that of our Chamounix inn I found the portentous comment of " Much pleased with Mont Blanc." In the old Rhiffel volume I remember a typical German chronicle of " ascending " that green hill on a mule and the survival of untold perils when, " with God's help, the top was reached." At Homburg, too, in its golden age, I saw added by an unfriendly hand to the " M.P., Q.C." of a future judge, who had wedded a duke's daughter and said so, the complement of " S.N.O.B." Talking of visitors' books some nearer home bid fair to rival those abroad. Not to mention Theodore Hook's familiar :

If ever you go to Dolgelly,
Don't stay at the Lion Hotel,
You get nothing to put in your Bethly,
And the waiter don't answer the bell.

There is the already-told Bishop Magee's at Bournemouth about the doctor, the change, and the rest, and that less familiar and perhaps even better one in its shrewd simplicity :

There is an inn at Newbery ;
It stands beneath the hill.
It must be called The Pelican
From its enormous bill.

In storm and shine I have crossed several of the big snow-passes, descending once in pouring rain into Macugnaga only to hear a bald-headed amorist at the cracked piano warbling : " I lorve her, I lorve her." And over high green hills I have tramped all the way from Pontresina to the Stelvio : the wild-strawberry ice that refreshed us that Sunday evening still lingers in my recollection. I have made the green circuit around Mont Blanc—with its Roman Aosta, where our chief guide absolutely disdained a bath as enervating. And round Monte Rosa to Alagna (where grow wild raspberries) and Varallo with its Calvary, beloved by Samuel Butler, whom I used to meet at my sister's—a jocund, rubicund philosopher who looked as if he had just risen from a siesta in a hay-loft. The Morteratsch at Pontresina was the first of my ventures, and well do I remember the piping call of the marmosets in the rock-valley below.

Just as from the loftiest mental altitudes the wide view is often but a dot, so it fares with mountains. The summits of the lesser afford a prospect not only more definite but more human, and one of the best prospects of the Alps is to be obtained from the Titlis near Engelberg. The hardest climb that I ever made was that of the Gross Glockner in the Tyrol, but the view thence is unrewarding. Nowhere is earth's nothingness better symbolized than after a pilgrim's progress of twelve or fourteen thousand feet. But the pleasures of alpine-climbing radiate less from the ice-king's crown than from the glistening audience-chambers that lead us on to his throne-room.

One starts from a green mountain, toils for hours across a stony *moraine* only redeemed by the tiny red flower in its crevices, crosses a long glacier with the green-blue ice-water gurgling in its under-runnels—the sole breaker of silence save sometimes the far sound of some tumbling avalanche, one reaches the hut where the night is to be passed on straw. The guides, our providence and providers, need no sleep and will sometimes sit for hours singing or playing cards, like jolly brigands, under the dim light of a tallow candle. Not long after midnight we are off again, crossing the *névées* of snow-fields where, fell omen of industry whelmed by Nature, one may sometimes notice an embedded bee thousands of feet above the bee-level. We climb the ice of narrow "chimneys" under the big stars—themselves glittering like giant icicles. How the ice crackles as the steps are cut. We are all roped and if we drop into a crevasse we are pulled out swearing. On we march with here and there a halt while the chief guide takes his bearings. Then we ascend huge frozen rocks and halt again. "Take a drop of brandy," says the guide, "it gives courage." Up and ever upwards we mount along those crystal corridors of steepness, up to that long narrow ledge—snow precipices on either side—which is called an *arrête* and may take an hour of creeping care to cross. The growing dawn makes mystery magnificent and peoples the unearthly solitude with silence audible. The grandeur, the glamour quicken, we are near the throne. And, when at length the sun rises, an unutterable sense of the everlasting, of wonder and worship, overawes us. We may not linger too late as we all refresh ourselves on the topmost pinnacle. "Brief life is here our portion." We must

set out on the long way homeward ere the snow begins to thaw. Down we "glissade" merrily. What was painful to climb is easy to descend. The glacier at last is re-reached. How endless seems the *moraine* on the return. And how strange when the green hills re-greet us is the sound of bees, of human voices, the distant bark of a dog. After the sublime apocalypse of the high snows, it is as if St. John were returning to his Patmos.

In 1889 my old Harrow friend and I enjoyed a part of what used to be styled the Grand Tour. We journeyed to Naples and thence to Brindisi. We tarried at Corfu, that most beautiful of all those islands that lack fresh-water streams. But there is full atonement in the "wine-coloured" ocean and the blue Albanian mountains behind it. All day long lie on their fleecy and fleasy mats under the broiling sun the fine flower of the Albanian race, idle as Adam fresh from creation. The orange-orchards shed their golden fruit on the emerald sward. It is Pheacia and the Pheacians. Everywhere the Odyssey is immanent with Nausicaa playing lawn-tennis, while the truant Ulysses eyes her departure from his beam-pillar of the banqueting-hall. There, too, was the ill-fated Empress of Austria's palace with her statue of Heine shedding "the lonely tear," the statue which the Ex-Kaiser, inquisitorial with Pan-Prussian zeal, so barbarously removed. From the mountainous, less civilized other side of the island had repaired to our inn for his annual holiday a singular uncouth being named Count Themistocles. There was nothing Themistoclean about him, no refined treachery, no Coalition-cunning. He was a rough nature-worshipper who got drunk punctually every night—"and so home much distempered." Thence, in St. Paul's language, we took ship for Patras, and after a brief interval, when the Harrovian, Dr. Leaf, hurried me off to inspect Athenian inscriptions, we met again at Athens—Athens, "the eye of Greece."

George Russell had armed me for the tour with letters from the late Lord Salisbury, so wherever we went the embassies received us. During Monson's absence my old Balliol acquaintance, the present Sir Rennell Rodd, then a poetic youth, did the honours and showed us the Areopagus. I will not descant on the classical or the Byronic associations of a spot so interwoven with the intellect—"all the great things have been done by the little

peoples." Nor will I dwell on the sunsets iridescent as the breast of a dove, on the familiar temples, on the ideal Acropolis, which the suns of centuries have ripened into amber, on the archaic Athens redolent of Egypt and illustrated in the museum, though Athens can show little so miraculous as the Sleeping Fury in the Borghese Collection at Rome. And when one remembers that the sculptured masterpieces of Phidias were painted, one is grateful to the wear of Time. But two things ancient and modern struck me. The Ilyssus, whose very sound breathes poetry, is now alas a shrivelled brook. And the small modern Athens tingled with a myriad newspapers, countless repetitions of the national anthem, the bray of donkeys, and continual asseverations of a spurious democracy so that even the heir-apparent was blatantly designated as "the successor." In a mist we walked up Pentelicus, the quarries of which still preserve their marble truck-lines, we drank the horrible *resinato* wine, were suddenly befogged and nearly lost our way. We visited Eleusis and beheld the narrow slits through which Plato's initiated received their revelations. We ate Aristophanes' unspeakable brine-olives and coarse tunny-fish, we reflected on the real and the ideal and all the distortions with which the centuries have endowed them. And we came to think that a civilization which in a single century shot up to unparalleled blossom like the aloe, was after all a super-precocity, that its æsthetic dominion was purchased at the cost of serfs who moiled to ensure leisure for democratic oligarchs, that, moreover, democracy and practical empire remain incompatibles, that Plato's hegemony of the wise presumes an impossible perfection, that all his haunting music is inadequate to one day's real government, that Greece could no more ever have been Rome than the later Rome's mimetic monsters of sculpture could have issued from Praxiteles. And what would Aspasia have said to Nero ?

But then, be it remembered, the population of ancient Athens—which after all means ancient Greece—was not so big as that of modern Oxford and the worn world still wonders at so few achieving such greatness both of body and spirit. God works through races. Religion and Art, conscience and self-consciousness, sprang from the Mediterranean and the Ægean. Rome

gave us Law. All were imports, themselves to be re-exported. There is a free trade in ideas.

It was at Athens that I came across the late Mr. Stilman, a scholar-journalist, though it was later that I met his wonderful wife, herself an incarnation of Greek beauty, at the late Mrs. Flowers', together with the Rosettian William De Morgan, who demonstrated to perfection that, if the Greek made emblems realistic, the Goth can symbolize realities.

From Athens, with the worst interpreter in Europe and a gloriously inebriated cook, we proceeded by the Peloponese to Delphi, crossing from Corinth to Itea. Mycenæ (where I saw the spruce archæologist, Dr. Dörpfeld) was not only impressive from its pentagonal ruins but unbearable through its jackal-dogs that ran after you at every turn like so many unleashed hell-hounds. Nauplia was insupportable from its all-night noise of milk-sellers and street criers. Moreover, our dragoman (or dragon-man) ushered us into a room where a man had just died of a fell disease, as the smell of what Angelos termed " Caloric " announced to us. There was no food at this inn of the Anthropophagi so we had to resort to a restaurant, where expectoration was more in evidence than expression. After this and the desolate Acro-Corinth, Itea seemed smiling, all was so scrupulously clean. But, alas, out of the linen-chests issued in serried ranks, each with a gallant general at its head, those horrible insects from whose bourne so few travellers return. It was futile to bombard them with Keating's powder : they " laughed at scars " and " never felt a wound." Pale and hunted, Mr. Talfourd Ely, that active antiquarian, rushed into our room at dawn with : " How many have *you* killed, I've killed only fifty and can stand it no longer, I'm off." But all this only accelerated our march to Delphi. How magnificent ! A grand gorge leading to a mountain-temple whence still seemed to issue the Times-like oracles of the Pythoness. At its neighbouring Arachova — perpetuating the true type of hellenic womanhood—we rested on a Palm Sunday. The Greek service, with its changing icons, recalled us almost to Antioch, while the orgied palm-beating outside the church might have happened at the Olympic games. We had a long ramble over Parnassus—by no means Raphael's—to arid Thebes, and counted less than ten living souls in so many hours

over that depopulated region. The journey was broken by a storm at Thespiæ and our primitive welcome by the mayor and mayoress in hair shirts with windowless chambers. Finally, through our interpreter's self-indulgence at our expense, we returned to Athens as emaciated as Essenes. Amid its glories we re-lingered till the April glare grew intolerable, and we left for Constantinople by way of the islands and Smyrna in an Egyptian boat, where we drank the muddiest Nile water.

At Lemnos, by midnight, occurred a scene ineffaceable. As we touched its scented coast under a moon that would have enraptured Endymion, we heard the sounds of a distant revelry. Gradually it came nearer till we almost dreamed that Bacchus was in hot quest of Ariadne at Naxos. It was a bridal procession ; and forthwith, amid a retinue of torchlights and guttural melodies, stepped on board—dread disillusion—a fat greasy bridegroom and a fatter breathless bride. On we sped over the purple main to Smyrna, where we watched the camels ploughing their dirty way through the dingy paths that threaded the most Oriental bazaar imaginable. It was far more eastern than Broussa's, the whole scene was even more biblical than Biskra or Sidi Ochbar, which I visited ere the railway half modernized them, though here and there might still be seen Rebecca at the well. By the way, wandering to Biskra along the luxuriant road that winds to the desert I saw a troupe of Arabs on camels that suddenly turned back in panic to reseek their wilderness. In the turmoil an Arab woman with her child was overturned on the hard high road. I looked back and beheld the Arab comforting the camel. Asking if we ought not to help the hapless : " Oh, no," our driver answered, " the woman and child are worth very little, but the camel is worth a great deal." And while I break my voyage with this Algerian interruption let me add that in the frowning Chabet-pass I once beheld the most scriptural of scenes, an indelible picture. It was nothing less than a visualized Flight into Egypt. A beautiful Madonna was seated on a mule led by an ideal Joseph, while, clasped to her bosom, slumbered a dream of babyhood. I inquired who they were and was told with a sniff that they were Algerian Jews migrating inland.

Smyrna, of course, neighbours Ephesus, but though I longed to ask the address of Demetrius, the silversmith who did St. Paul

so much harm and was referred to the law-courts, we had no time for the excursion. We steamed up the Straits of Marmora after remembering Hero and Leander and Byron's heroic point-to-point swim, the glories of the Golden Horn burst on us, and, as if astray in the "Arabian Nights," we at last confronted Constantinople, or rather we glided into its rainbow.

It was then still a realm of sorcery, where, in its great bazaar and by the wells near its minareted mosques, you could descry Scheherazade attended by Mesrour, Zobeide, Old Sindbad, the djinns themselves, all the flotsam and jetsam of that deathless wonderland except, alas, Haroun the Righteous. There, nigh the ancient bridge, wandered the magician, selling old lamps for new. Alnaschar sat near the market-place dreaming over his fragile glass—an allegory as old as Æsop who feminizes it. And, mounting the hill, one descried Prince Camaralzaman, this time in a Calender's disguise (why is the Calender always one-eyed ?), waiting to be spirited off to his Princess Badoura. Guide-books may literalize the spell, science may expose, bigotry may exorcize it, but its portents and mysteries abide, the mainsprings of our own being. No familiarity can cloud them with contempt. Their wonders are in truth only the inborn wonder of humanity, and, if Plato is to be believed, wonder is the birthplace and the birthright of philosophy. When Mr. Cook used to announce—of Syria : " Thence taking the route formerly followed by the Good Samaritan," or, of Algeria, that when the sea-sick voyager smelt the fragrance of the pepper trees wafted from the coast he knew that " Europe was left far behind us," he only appealed to this imperishable instinct.

Not a sight or spectacle did I miss, safeguarded by the ambassadorial escort—the great service at San Sofia, so finely portrayed in Marion Crawford's " Paul Patoff "—the service where at each intonation of the manifold names for God the thousand worshippers fell flat on the marble floor, the strange secret puppet-shows, the Sweet Waters—an oriental Decameron, the wonderful bazaar itself, where the grey-bearded carpet-merchant, after endless protests of " Yesterday I could do business, to-day I can do no business " and plaintive adjurations by his mother's grave, at last sealed his bargain with the inevitable cups of coffee ; the old Seraglio fronting the Cypress-and-Judas-

groved Bosphorus, where we were served with true Turkish delight and coffee in cups of ostrich-egg studded with diamonds, though we caught not a glimpse of the pensioned dowagers upstairs; the treasury and palaces. In the former were all the aigrettes of all the sultans from the year one, but in many new paste has been substituted for old gems—as so often happens in the political changes of to-day. Under the latter, with its silken-carpeted halls, yet languished in durance vile, I was told, a supplanted heir to the throne. And then the American Minister took us in his smart launch to the far end of the Bosphorus, whence we could view the Black Sea. Never could it have been blacker in sharp contrast with the blue waters on which it verges. We watched, too, the dancing dervishes twirling over the prostrate bodies of fat tradesmen for their souls' salvation. We visited the site of Florence Nightingale's errand of mercy, we recalled the sad vista of the Crimean War. We witnessed the Sultan's weekly Selamlik or reception, and beheld the perspiring Pachas struggling to run after the state-coaches and re-pocketing the sequins showered in largess. With one of these I conversed later on, and he told me that two wives were all that any sensible man could require—" one for use, the other for ornament."

I met many a striking personality both foreign and English, but none to compare with Sir William White, our then ambassador.

He was very good to me and I enjoyed the privilege of constant converse. Distinction was written on his face. Tall, bearded, penetrating, incisive, with deep convictions that were much more marked than masked, he was a past-master of the Eastern question, and never shall I forget the impact of his fist on the writing-table when he denounced Gladstone's ignorance. Egyptian troubles were brewing and he showed me the Mahdi's seal. I learned more from him about the near East than a hundred books could teach me, and the slight accent, inherited from his Polish mother, added a piquancy to his points. On one fact he laid as great a stress as on the Russian intrigues, which had rekindled the intermittent feuds between the alternate Christian and Moslem inmates of mountain-hamlets, transforming the Balkans into the cellar where at Mephisto's touch the strong liquor turns into flame. " They tattle," he said, " of the Turkish

race. There is no Turkish race. Under the harem system the blood of every country under heaven, including Ireland, runs in their veins. But there is the Turkish religion and the Turkish army. That is Turkey." How pleasant were his luncheon-parties, how agreeable his courtesies, how easy his tact! Delightful, too, was the after-dinner whist—a game in which the First Secretary of Legation, the late Sir Gerald Lowther, was an adept. Strawberries, also, there were in profusion. May is a summer month in Constantinople, as October sometimes is on Loch Lomond.

We crossed to Broussa, the old Ottoman capital, whither, Sir Edgar Fausset declared, nobody in the future would ever drive our old allies " bag and baggage." He told me that when he was a lad his father, who was our consul at Damascus, would allow him to come down and hear the conversation of the distinguished diplomats who were sometimes his guests. They would sometimes discuss the problem of Turkey in Europe. Then his father would turn to him and say : " When I was a boy your grandfather also would hear the same discussions. When you are a man, you also will hear them. But remember this, never will the Turks be driven across the Sea of Marmora."

During our passage we met a nice American missionary with a winning little daughter, whose birthday he told us was on the morrow, as we did not fail to remember. I asked him how he fared. He replied that he was given a lovely house and garden. Again I inquired what was his mission ? He owned that the Mohammedans were inconvertible, but his work was among the Armenian Christians. Arrived at Broussa we found a little Armenian, who was there to secure some concession from what he termed " ze Localer Gouverngemong." Every day he presented himself and every day with intense regret was forced to offer a fresh bribe. But to one thing, through all this expensive suspense, he looked forward—the arrival of his uncle from Constantinople. " My onkel," he would tell us, " he bring somestings." When the big-paunched " onkel " arrived he brought with him some pitchers of water redolent of the drains, which he baled out as a delicacy unrivalled. But we only made believe to drink it with gratitude while adroitly we spilled it underneath the table.

Broussa was a revelation. The wide valley of that marvellous place leading to the towering fastness of Mount Olympus is one of the richest prospects possible—as the little Armenian expressed it : " Faretilitee is de vord." The deep colours of the stained-glass windows in the ancient mosques can vie with the best in our own cathedrals. The bazaar, with its canopy of over-arching boughs, is the sole open-air mart on a large scale that I have seen. The peasants are industrious, patient, brave and happy, with all the best qualities of the Turk on the land. At sunset when the great fast ended the report of a gun announced its close. Immediately every field-labourer stopped his task, murmured a prayer and lit his cigarette. While I was there, too, I was taken by an interpreter to hear a case, for years argued with increasing baksheesh before the Court of Appeal. A young wife sought a divorce from an elderly husband simply because he was blind, for the Koran empowers a severance on the proof of physical blemish on either side. Nothing more heartless could be imagined, yet in a country where women are supposed to be chattels, she won her suit. Could the shrieking sisterhood do more ?

We returned by the new Oriental express to Vienna. The chestnuts in the Prater were in full bloom, so were its restaurants and dancing-rooms, thronged with revellers of every class. Strauss himself conducted his band and his " Blue Danube " flowed bluer than ever. All was light and gaiety in a city still regal. Millionaire and maidservant were equals in this masque of merriment, and you would have fancied their carnival everlasting. No sinister shadow threatened, theatres and picture-galleries alike glowed with expressive colour, and even the ill-starred Crown Prince, whom I saw alighting at Schönbrunn, looked free and careless as the Austrian air and the Vienna beer. It was Balshazzar's banquet.

We returned by the Semmering railway over alps vying with Switzerland's—thence to Verona and Venice and back by Lucerne to the Dover cliffs. After all our peregrinations, perturbations, imaginations and aberrations, is there anything that so tastes of home as a cup of tea ?

On another occasion we stayed at Riva, on the Lake of Garda, with its fire-flies. And there I saw an eccentric who fascinated

me. All our meals were served alfresco under the trees: you chose your dishes and sat down. But this man never sat down. He would come in, fasten on some trout, and then stroll away. An hour or so later he would return, fix on some other dainty and again wander away. And this happened throughout the day and even at nightfall. Clearly he was one who had "no abiding city." Nobody ever better exemplified the law of perpetual motion.

And in another year we sojourned at Madeira, a switchback wreathed in flowers and divided by banana'd *barrancos*. In yet another we climbed from Cortina up Dolomites, as coral-pink in the sunset as the Sahara-rocks near Sidi-Ochbar—that jealous shrine of the Saint-Commander—the Alexander of Islam. A huge ostrich egg hangs under its rude niche, and harder missiles than ostrich eggs may be hurled at you if, as we did, you dare to intrude.

How far softer were our surroundings as we once leisurely made our way to Titian's birthplace, and on to Venice by the road to Belluno. Pieve di Cadore is a dream that cannot have changed much since Titian was cradled in one of its lowly habitations on the heights. The railway between Belluno and Venice had not long been opened, and the former is the only spot I have ever seen where a five-pound note perplexed its recipients who blankly refused to cash it.

And Perugia, and Orvieto, and Rome, where I had audience in improvised evening-dress with the Pope before last. But who can impart the immensity, the intensity of Rome ever tingling with the undying dead? It is impossible, descriptions are a bore, and my pen shrinks from becoming an incubus to you or Horace, or Raphael, or Quintus Curtius, or Mussolini.

As you look from the Pincio on the shadowy St. Peter's, as you salute the eternal citadel of civilization from the Campagna, you gaze *urbi et orbi*; "*Hic largior æther.*" The world is no longer Rome's, but Rome is still the world. You cannot extirpate the roots of centuries. The oak may fall, but it propagates its kind; and we, too, if we are to remain worthy of England, must hand on the torch of life to our successors. Greatness cannot persist without tradition.

CHAPTER X

The Romance of Pictures

IF pictures could speak, what adventures would they relate. Let me pluck a few leaves from the diaries, as it were, of a picture-gallery, and begin by repeating what one of them would say, according to the recital of a late and great picture-dealer. The picture exclaims: "I was painted by Gainsborough in the seventeen-seventies, painted with all the dash and flutter of a hand responding to the brain—the flutter as of a lady's fan that characterized his romantic genius. I was the portrait of a squire's daughter, a Sophia Western, who eloped from her father's manor with a forbidden lover and was married at Gretna Green. My father excommunicated and disinherited me, vowing that never would he see my face again. Forthwith he sent for a strolling dauber, and, with many oaths, ordered him to turn me into a boy. My hat—a charming hat—was obliterated, my powdered hair was painted out, my pet frock was disfigured into a clumsy coat, and I was hung in the servants' hall. What indignities! When my father expired, the servants filched some of his aversions and, among them, me. I was handed down by descendants who kept a village alehouse and, a century later, a London tavern. The publican died childless, his effects were put up to local auction, and I was bought by a small dealer, who eventually consigned me to a Bond Street sale-room. Naturally I felt injured and ashamed to be bandied about in such an ignoble manner, but one day I was relieved to observe that an intelligent gaze was fastened on me. True, my beholder regarded me as merchandise, but he scrutinized me with that deferent admiration which is always gratifying to a woman. I heard him remark to his companion that in his opinion Gainsborough was the author of my being—an observation that his companion pooh-poohed. Further, he added his certainty that I was the portrait of a belle despite the boyishness of my attire.

This pleased me very much, and my fury at being "knocked down" for a trifle was tempered by the consciousness that my champion was the purchaser. He proceeded to clean me with the artifices of every modern inconvenience. My hat returned, my powdered tresses reappeared, my frock revived. At last I was myself in spite of my cruel and inveterate defacements, and when I was sold privately (which is much less shameful) to an American magnate I was quite pleased with myself and him—so much so that I leaped into the arms of a cosmopolitan connoisseur, who offered him more than thrice the value that he had set on me. At last my father would appreciate my genuine worth and regret his insensate anger." Such feelings are "What every woman knows."

Let the gallery speak again. It was Lady Clayton who many years ago detailed the experiences that two of her pictures shall recount: "I was born," says one, "in the studio of Vandyke and never had Cavalier a courtlier sire. I was fifteen years old when I was born. My mother was a maid of honour to my godmother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who would often fly out at her in French and then beg her pardon in the English which the poet, Waller, was trying to teach her. But, alas, a cruel fate soon parted us as you shall hear. I have always liked great artists not only by predisposition but because Oliver Cromwell abhorred them. He convulsed the country into factions and members of the same family took up arms against each other for reasons curiously different from those which some historians have alleged. I was a mere boy when, *noblesse oblige*, I decided to join the good old cause. One day, amid great confusion, I found myself taken down a peg or two from our wainscoted hall, where I had been hanging in great suspense, torn from my mother's side and sliced in twain. Our garden was long and large. In the secrecy of midnight my face and shoulders were buried at one end of it, the rest of me at the other near the mulberry tree, so that I may well say that I did not know where I was. Soon afterwards my ears caught the tramp of troopers. A detachment of Noll's hypocrites occupied our house, defaced it and hacked or burned every family-portrait that they could lay their heathen hands on. Better, I thought, to lie in two under the earth than thus to be

outraged in entirety. For centuries (I was told) I lay there listening. One summer's morning I heard the sound of spades and pickaxes above me. Since one loses count of time underground I could not but fear that old Noll—or, which is the same, old Nick—had come to fetch me. But at length I heard the laughter of happy voices, one of them a woman's, and I half hoped that she might prove to be my mother speeding to the rescue. I soon realized, however, that this could not be the case, for I heard her exclaiming: 'There, I told you so, I knew we should find the other half here. The old document, you see, was right after all. See, here he is, but how dirty, poor fellow.' While a man's voice chimed in with: 'Yes—*what* a find! A magnificent Vandyke.' Thus miraculously delivered I was first sent to be re-joined by a doctor, who smelt horribly of turpentine, then fitted into a loyal frame, and eventually restored to our ancestral hall—much deteriorated, I thought by new-fangled luxuries and a lounging air that ill beseemed it. Anxiously I looked for my dear mother, but up to this moment she has never reappeared." And now the mother shall resume the narrative.

"You have heard my son. I was naturally even younger than he was when I first saw the light, and I was considered beautiful. I, too, inhabited that ancient hall, and bitterly did I weep when my boy was wrenched away from me. But he did not know it or indeed recognize me at all, for, months earlier, a strange thing had happened. One evening a queer visitor came by stealth—a funny, vulgar old Dutchman. He stayed with us ever so long, nor did he ever quit the house but by night, and even so with extreme caution. He had the impudence (as I then regarded it) to remove me, lay me flat on a table and paint me over with a medley of flowers, flies, bees, wasps, butterflies, snails, nautilus shells and other gimcracks, a galling indignity—this ungallant boor! But, of course, I never suspected that these insults would save my life. So, however, it proved. For when the canting ruffians profaned our home they made a roaring bonfire of ancestors, only sparing the landscapes and pictures of still life, as it is called. 'Where is Jezebel?' I heard one cry out from beneath my coating of blooms and bugs. 'Where *is* she? Let us hew her in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal.' Our

abode, be it mentioned, was not so named ; it was called The White Hall.

" Well, countless years elapsed, generations came and went, the whole world changed, and though my veil of overgrowth was wearing thinner, I still felt blind, oppressed and prisoned, nor ever did I behold my dearest son. I did not even know if kings remained in England. One day I could just catch the sound of visitors arriving and of a lady's welcome. Not long afterwards she showed one of them the pictures in the hall. He was tall, slim, handsome in the grand style of my own period, and his tones were musical. She called him Sir Frederick Leighton and spoke of some Royal Academy, so that I breathed again knowing that England was still loyal to the throne. He seemed enchanted with all that she showed to him. Next day was a Sunday. They were off to church. But Sir Frederick, who stood spell-bound before me—which was only fitting—excused himself, saying that he could not leave me. ' What, that old Dutch rubbish,' she replied with what would have been rudeness if she could have known that it was I. ' Yes,' he replied, ' *this*, I am fascinated by it, for, do you know, I really think that through the flowers I can discern a pair of human eyes.' That was very nice of him. All the morning he stood like an adoring lover before me. And when they returned from church he seemed quite excited. ' I am right,' he exclaimed, ' the two eyes are visible.' To the urbane Sir Frederick I am grateful indeed. The Dutch nightmare vanished, once more I was myself, and the first thing I saw was my dear boy with whom I have lived happily ever afterwards. Undoubtedly Sir Frederick was a cavalier."

And now it is the turn of a quaintly hideous Dutch child :

" Once upon a time I was adopted by that great master, Pieter de Hooghe. He loved plain children and he almost cried for joy when he recognized how ugly I was. He singled me out for favour and installed me in a grand house with big windows abutting on a long paved courtyard. The room in which he set me was full of fine furniture, its mantelpiece was carved and on its walls hung beautiful pictures flooded by the amber light of the midday sun. A lady and two cavaliers were drinking the bright wine which a demure maidservant was handing them out of slim glasses on a wrought silver tray. In the background a

lover played the lute. I stood in the midst and should have felt myself in the way but for the friendly old nurse beside me. Time went on and the world grew no wiser. One morning some idiot objected to my ill-favoured face. He carefully painted it over till I looked like a simpering doll on a Sunday morning. Silly man, he was a spoil-sport, for my playmates no longer came to find me. I had always been the ugly duckling of my family and resented being beautified into a ninny. Two hundred years passed—a mere trifle in pictureland—and I found myself deported to England. My exile would have weighed on me more heavily had I been myself. But I was not. Not a soul would have known me The lady and the two cavaliers were still drinking, the page still lute-playing in that long, lighted chamber. Only I pined alone, so I dangled with the rest in the great London auction-room with a dense fog hanging round me.

" Many stared at me and my heart rose, for I deemed that my deliverance was at hand, but one by one they turned away, exclaiming : ' This is no Pieter de Hooghe, for the child is so pretty.' It is a curse to be pretty if Pieter de Hooghe has taken one to his heart. At last someone stopped before me, sensibly declaring his disbelief in good looks and his conviction that after all the bantling belonged to the great family of Pieter de Hooghe. How thankful I was, though he seemed deaf when I stammered out in low Dutch that he had hit the mark. Soon afterwards he took me home and restored my face to its bright uncouthness. I could have clapped my hands for joy. In exchange for a piece of paper with many ciphers on it I was dispatched to America, and glad enough I was to be welcomed in a country where such ugliness as mine is admired. Anyone can be pretty ; how few are intelligent ! "

The next speaker was Francis the First of France. " You think," he urged, " that I am the old friend of your Renaissance Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, for love of whom so many women lost their heads. But I am not, despite the resemblance. I am really the ' Adoration of the Magi,' which Albert Dürer designed near the Rialto in Venice for a vainglorious Doge, who paid him by the yard. It happened on this wise. A young ambitious Parisian painter, being at his last gasp, resolved to redeem his misfortunes by

portraying the hookiest-nosed monarch in history (Solomon not excepted), and, like most artists, he succeeded all the better because he had never seen him. He had only a single panel left in the garret from which he expected to be expelled on the morrow. He had bought it for a song from a Venetian in the Faubourg St. Honoré. On that panel I was painted, and, as the popular King Francis, enjoyed the hugest circulation in the world. For more than two centuries I passed from hand to hand, always praised not because I was pleasing but simply because I was Francis the First. Under this ordeal I nearly broke down. At last Horace Walpole housed me at Strawberry Hill and wrote of me as that *rara avis* a veritable king. Next, Samuel Rogers bestowed me in St. James's Place not from affection but because I had belonged to Horace Walpole. Finding myself eighty years onwards in Mr. Christie's convenient ante-room I besought a passer-by to deliver me from the embarrassment of so false a position. I whispered—for one must be careful—that I was tired to death of seeming Francis the First, and yearned to show my true colours as the adoring Magi—my proper *métier*. A gentleman with a moustache and a turn for sport overheard me and hurried me off to his own magus-in-ordinary, who, after many incantations and wavings of his thumb, relieved me of the over-weight on my conscience and revealed what I could do in the Albert Dürer and Adoration line. What a triumph! I was free and my rescuer reaped a golden harvest. I live now in New York, the heaven of all good pictures, and the moral of my story is this—never to trust appearances."

The continuer of these confidences was a lofty lady in a Vandyke costume with a diminutive child in Georgian attire. She told me with some *hauteur* that she was a duchess when George the Second—who hated "boetry and bainting"—danced attendance at the Battle of Dettingen, which he averred that he had won. A Mr. Cotes—the tutor of Sir Joshua Reynolds—had painted her thus habited because the archaic—as indeed in Boticelli's period—was then in vogue. Vainly had she protested in favour of a wig and furbelows; nothing would mollify Mr. Cotes. The next thing that she remembered, after her son had sold her to a moneylender, was the insult of being publicly exposed

some century and a half later in the big show-place that had once been Almack's ballroom. There she had been acquired—for what are pictures but slaves?—by a poor creature called Walter Sichel, who, being only a scribbler, was actually so resourceless as perforce to re-sell her. Years again passed. At the beck of a fresh slave-dealer she had been transferred to a "restorer's" studio whither the poor creature above mentioned occasionally resorted. Both she and he were amazed at an encounter so undeserved and unexpected, nor, while keeping him at a proper distance, could she refrain from pointing out by dumb show that she was being despoiled of her child. Indeed, only its little feet remained and these were in process of elimination. The poor creature in question could not help remarking to a restorer so renegade that he had met this great lady before, but that then she was accompanied by a child. Whereupon the restorer confessed that he had received strict orders to wipe out the child because its dress ill-suited its mother's. To the question of whether Vandyke was the picture's begetter he replied by winking one eye—as the Calenders do in the "Arabian Nights"—and surmised that the picture was "a Yank." The proud lady nearly jumped off from the easel at an avowal so scandalous, and, bereaved as she was, flew out into passionate denunciations of Mr. Cotes, whose insistence on Vandyke apparel had thus shamed and stained her lineage.

In the latter eighteenth century lived a pedigree-worshipper called Sir Charles Knightley, who so bored his friends by his family-tree that they cited against him the couplet from Addison's psalm:

> And *K*nightley to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of his birth.

Far be it from me to simulate Knightley in these portrait-histories, but there remain two more out of many that must be told *in petto*. The tale of the first—a laughing boy—is this:

"The great Franz Hals, long before jollity and a spendthrift spouse drove him to the workhouse, took me to his studio from a back street in Haarlem and I have been laughing ever since; I cannot stop laughing and everyone who has seen me ever afterwards laughs too. By a series of degrading accidents I became

neglected and eventually turned into a stowaway in the bedroom of a big old London hotel. The hotel was to be pulled down and I with it—worse luck—but still I was forced to go on laughing. I laughed so hard at disaster that a gentleman with keen grey eyes, long grey curly hair and emphatic gestures stopped to hear me with a smile that soon broadened into my own laughter. He was the only man then in England, as I have since learned, that paid any attention to the supreme master who had taught me how to laugh, and he jumped for joy when he carried me away under his arm. Despite my laugh my heart had long been aching, and his kindly thought that the Americans might like to laugh a little oftener, and maybe—for who is perfectly unselfish ?—that Tom Tiddler's dollar-land would not begrudge a huge cheque for such a service, rejoiced my heart. So off I was packed cheerily with other Dutch companions to New York, and that is why the Americans have been so humourous ever since. But I often wonder whether, without *me*, the good gentleman has ever been able to laugh again. I doubt it."

And now, seventhly and lastly :

" I am a lovely feathery landscape of fairy trees and skies, but underneath the roots of one of my birches lay hidden a deep secret—a secret hidden even from myself. The same gentleman of whom my predecessor has told you was asked to buy me as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the immortal Corot. He refused even to inspect me, but told his manager to release me from the sale-room if he thought fit and send me off to enjoy myself in Paris, warning him, however, never to warrant that Corot was my father. Despite his prudence a celebrated collector treasured me for years in his famed gallery as the fairest of Corot's many beautiful children. One morning I saw someone hand my protector a visiting-card, and a rather slatternly figure entered, who was manifestly an art-lover. M. le Comte showed the virtuoso round his dreamland of visions. They both paused enchanted before me. ' I am not surprised,' said the Count, ' at your admiration. This is the Corot that you especially begged me to show you.' 'Ah ' said the stranger—' a masterpiece, is it not, though I might be accused of conceit in so saying—for it is my own handiwork ? *I* painted it.' A spasm of pain then seized me, for I had never doubted my origin. This unprepossessing

person, then, was in truth my long-lost father. I could only appeal to my patron never to surrender me to his care, and he has never done so. Sometimes, when we are alone, we say to each other : ' If this is not a Corot, it ought to have been, which is much the same as being one—there is nothing in a name.' "

The narrator to me of these last two romances was none other than the late Mr. Martin Colnaghi, whom I knew well, and as the pictures have averred their gratitude it is only fair that they should help me in an endeavour to sketch his portrait, for I am no painter.

Mr. Martin Colnaghi was by far the most distinctive and even distinguished vendor of pictures that I have ever met. He was a merchant-adventurer, romantic as well as far-seeing in his transactions. Though a keen man of business he never deigned to regard the inspirations of master-minds as mere merchandise, and, unlike the Agnews, he relied on himself alone. Moreover, during a long life he had encountered men of European mark in his generation. His career, which he once described to me, reads like that of some side-character in Disraeli's " Endymion," and his was just such a personality as Disraeli delighted to depict—instinct with unexpected coincidence, daring, undaunted. The grandson of the clever Venetian who became the surveyor of George the Third's prints and pictures, his boyhood was passed in prosperous and refined surroundings. His beautiful mother was a fine horsewoman, he himself early devoted to hunting, and predestined for the Army. Suddenly the unforeseen happened, the sunshine was overshadowed. By a cruel stroke, and from no fault of his own, his father found himself virtually ruined. The establishment in what is now an overbuilt suburb was broken up, and the lad vowed that never would he rest till he had restored the fortunes of the firm. He was left nearly penniless, but he had friends, and the *flair* for art was ingrained. Gradually he surmounted every obstacle. He succeeded not only by trained intuition but by manifold talents. He was an actor born and an admirable mimic. Harold Malet and I would listen for hours to his vivid remembrances of Palmerston, of the Duc de Morny, of many more ; his French was that of a Parisian. And Malet would usually coax him into the gift of his pet preparation of varnish, a secret to all but " Colonel Naghi," as my friend styled him.

One afternoon I found him highly excited. He was cleaning the great Raphael eventually acquired by the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. "Napoleon," he said, "took this picture from Italy cloaked and smoked with successive repaints. Since then it has been repainted over and over again, and now I must un-repaint it till kingdom come." He was perched on a ladder, as he spoke, his wiry locks tossing, his hand trembling at its work, his whole being eager with enthusiasm. "Look," he said, "at the Madonna's face. Yesterday it was all mud—and now, see, only three coats are off, but we are already on the way to a glimpse of Raphael." Curiously enough there was a superficial likeness between Mr. Martin Colnaghi and such an opposite personality as Sir Theodore Martin, the husband of Helen Faucit, once the great Shakespearean actress, the author of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and the translator of "Faust," whom I remember at the Osborne Morgans. There was a Merlin-look about each of them, although nobody could be less of a Merlin than the placid biographer of the Prince Consort. But a spice of Merlin there was about the picture-wizard—a twisted strand of strange opposites.

What a contrast appeared between Colnaghi, pushing, jostling at sales, cracking jokes with the commoner dealers, and Colnaghi in his Pall Mall home. It was the difference between the pedlar and the prince, the chafferer and the chieftain, and these two elements pervaded his being. In public he could be by turns composed and choleric. In private he was the same. A thrice-married man he could be heard at once flattering and furious, but always with hereditary finesse.

Among those who so overheard him was a young enthusiast whom his aunt, Lady Gregory, had apprenticed to the magician. It was the youth doomed to perish so tragically at sea and afterwards famous as Sir Hugh Lane. When I first knew him he had just set up for himself in Pall Mall Place. The shop was small, but even then his fine taste was storing it with tiny treasures. It so happened that he was related to the vicar of my grandmother's parish, who had married a kinswoman of the Roxburgh's, and this established a link of interest between us. Often would he come and chat with us of art, and play with our children as if art had never existed—always an attractive *trait.*

At that time he told me that so absorbed was he in the ideal that he would rather starve than forego his high ambitions. Years went by, and as everyone knows, he discovered a magnificent portrait by Titian, which no one would credit till he proved alike its authenticity and his own power of perception. Later on he became too much immersed in Manet and his successors for me to follow him. The posthumous wrangles over his munificent legacy to Dublin were a disgrace to Ireland, but he lived long enough to introduce art to Johannesburg, and probably Johannesburg to art.

Several of the Agnews I have known and much liked. If Colnaghi's gallery resembled a more speculative market the house of Agnew exhaled the atmosphere of Consols, and old Sir William himself gave the impression of a successful Lancashire manufacturer. But about the rise of that great and solid firm there was also a touch of romance. I still cherish a beautiful leather-bound album, irradiated by the light of other days and noted names, which my grandmother kept in the mid-thirties. Its binding shows the stamp of "Zanetti and Agnew," who then sold stationery as well as pictures. Zanetti was an artistic Italian from whom it was reported that Agnew the first imbibed much of his lore. Whether, as loose-tongued rumour had it, from imbibing draughts more fiery or whether from more natural causes, Zanetti seems to have been short-lived, trade boomed, the yarn-spinners prospered and invested money in canvases. And so the Agnews emerged with their enduring hall-mark of excellence—a hall-mark so often and so generously dedicated to charitable uses. But who now has ever heard of Zanetti, and is his name ever whispered in the sanctum of Bond Street?

It is but a step from Bond Street or Pall Mall to Christie's. What has not happened, what will not happen again, in those rooms of renown, at once a gallery of illustrious illustration, a school for learning, the virtuoso's museum and the speculator's casino? There most of the great collections have been formed and dispersed, while along the highway, so to speak, of its orbit have ambled or cantered, or galloped, highwaymen and magnificoes, heroes and villains, beauty and history hand in hand. Could all those Graces or Disgraces, all those Masters, all those living landscapes, but revisit the glimpses of the moon, as in

dreams sometimes they must—what strange revelations might ensue, what discoveries of romance and reality, of passion and mute astonishment—of love and life, of rapture, of tears and lone loveliness, of frozen horror! From the dim bank of the further shore these wraiths stretch forth to us imploring hands.

> Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
> Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell.

Its halls are haunted, and at this very moment how few of their frequenters reflect, amid the thrills of the descending hammer, on the pangs of attendant recklessness and ruin! Behind the veil sit the three Fates, untwisting, snapping, shredding the bright threads that brocade existence. And there, too, sits the simple figure of the village maid in Shenstone's poem, who:

> As she turns the giddy wheel around
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

The very name of Christie strikes an eighteenth-century chord. When I transcribed the letters of Mrs. Tickell, that sparkling sister of Mrs. Sheridan and perhaps the fairest flower in the Linley garden, her own voice informed me that Mr. Christie came down and sold the effects of a friend on Hampton Green: no need in those days for the ventilating fan in those hot June afternoons that assemble a panting world for the sale of the season.

I cannot but think that in the dynasties of the firm Mr. Woods' reign was the greatest. By sheer ability he had won his way to the rostrum, and he began in a sphere far removed from that which left him a dictator. With extreme good-humour he kept the noisier dealers in subjection, while to all he dispensed not only justice but equity. In his day there were many more golden opportunities for the modest expert than there are now. I remember a well-known artist running in about one o'clock, when the rooms were empty, and running out with a fine Lawrence drawing which he had bought for a song. I, myself, was once able to secure four superb drawings by Gainsborough for two pounds and a beautiful "Madonna and Child" by Basaiti for fourteen pounds, which was all that I could afford. The reason for this was rather singular. The picture was sold in

the collection of the late Duchess of Montrose, a lady better known in the sporting than the artistic world. It hung there pleading for escape from its companions, the jockeys, race-horses, dogs, coaches, the scenes of hunting and shooting. Her husband's forbears had brought it from Italy. It is a hard lot for such pictures to be so miscellaneously jumbled. How fallible, too—though to err is human—can prove the advice or prognostication of the principals. I once had to sell a few pictures and I resolved to increase their number. In Mr. Parson's shop-window I had noticed an old French portrait of which I seemed to recognize the history. So in I went and paid the small price demanded. When I came to settle the reserves I was assured to my regret that this trifle was value-less, but that a reserve of some thirteen pounds was feasible. The picture fetched over a hundred and fifty guineas. This, of course, is better than the converse which also happens. Nor is mine a solitary instance. My friend, Colonel Malet, once took a fine miniature, which was similarly belittled. "Do you really think so?" he said in his quiet way without moving a muscle; "I *am* disappointed." Straightway he walked out with it in his pocket and submitted it to a Bond Street dealer of high standing, who at once paid him a long price. On the other hand, in this very place, I have seen the veriest rubbish keenly competed for till the figures reached were preposterous—a tribute to fashion.

And odd things happen behind the scenes. It is, I believe, an honoured custom for important dealers to be licensed to inspect great collections long before the public can view them. Once upon a time a new dealer with a foreign accent had emerged from nothing to a point that, in his own opinion, entitled him to this privilege without applying for consent. Some famous tapestries were on sale, and a partner found him examining them with the elect. He treated him as an upstart. His fury knew no bounds. "You tink you can insult me," he shouted. "*Hein*, we shall see." That night, if rumour told true, he sat down and wrote to all his continental corre-spondents beseeching them not to bid for the tapestries: he himself would take charge of the whole affair. The event proved disastrous to the tapestry-owners, and, according to

report, the wrathful partner lowered his tone and almost begged for pardon. "*Hein?*" he exclaimed again, "I said so—dis give you a lesson."

That is an instance of the "knock-out" revengeful, but surely, in any case the "knock-out" or ring system is an abuse hitting equally the buyer, the proprietor and the auctioneer. A crucial example comes to mind. Long ago and in quite another auction-room I marked a little drawing pinned to a board and lying on the floor. At once it suggested the touch of a famous French artist whose eighteenth-century countenance was its subject. I left my small order with an agent of repute and was amazed to learn that, though the drawing had only fetched a paltry ten shillings it was not mine. I was told that a big dealer had offered forty pounds a piece to two in the room if they would not bid. Hence these tears. Poor, ignorant owner, who, after commission, must have received no more than some eight shillings. Indignant, I resolved to track this transaction, and some months afterwards I beheld the drawing beautifully framed in the aforesaid picture-dealer's shop. I duly admired it and asked what it was. The reply tallied with my conjectures. And what was the price? A mere flea-bite, of course, but at any rate something enormous after allowing for the *douceurs*. Perhaps this instance was exceptional and there may have been wheels within wheels whereof I wot not, but it remains, in Lord Dundreary's parlance, one of those things that "no fellow can understand."

A book and picture-dealer whom I remember from boyhood and always with respect and interest was old Mr. Edwin Parsons, of the Brompton Road. He began with almost a booth and a tray outside it and justly ended as an acknowledged leader. His career might well inspirit any seaman, for starting in the steerage he ended on the captain's bridge. As a mere boy he was apprenticed to his kinsman, Rimell, the print-seller. There he learned much, but when he had managed to save about twenty pounds he astounded his employer by giving notice and declaring that he would set up for himself. This at the moment seemed madness, but a native self-confidence and independence irresistibly urged him and he never repented his impulse. Rents then in that region were a bagatelle, and the audacious

boy calmly strolled into a vacant room and took it. He opened with books assorted in cheap heaps, but after no long interval reckoned Carlyle, Thackeray and Augustus Sala among his customers. The first, he remembered, would come with a niece at nine of a morning, grub among the parcels and never paid more than fourpence for anything. The second would enter with a grand air, ducking his head under the doorway, find what he wanted, and without a word order his choice to be sent home to "Mr. Thackeray." The last would stroll into the shop, look at nothing, buy heaps at haphazard, and while they were being packed up, saunter out to buy a cigar.

Next he began to add cheap lots of pictures. Among the rubbish were prizes, and his first customer was a clergyman, who would appear at regular intervals and cart away his purchases *en masse*. Birds in cages sang by his window when I first recollect him, always civil, always intelligent and enterprising. Gradually he enlarged both his connection and the scope of his acquisitions. Romneys and Gainsboroughs used to make their entrances and exits, fine mezzotints kept company with common prints in scattered confusion, and for the adventurer the place became treasure-trove. Years passed; the late Emperor of the French, the King of Siam, ranked among his customers. Rare books were to be "picked up" at ridiculous prices, rarer volumes were reserved for the initiated. Then a new County Council chased him out of his little shop because the road was to be widened. At once he removed to bigger premises over the way. I remember many of his pictures and miniatures—one a fine replica of Sir Joshua's Mrs. Sheridan as Saint Cecilia, he took home himself, while a miniature of the same heroine, which hung fire at some two pounds, ultimately passed into the collection of the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. At Christie's he became a noted figure, earning Mr. Woods' gratitude (and a barrel of oysters) for surrendering a lot about which an altercation arose. He died full of years, ever shrewd, kindly and generous.* And

> Resigned unto the heavenly will,
> His son keeps on the business still.

—a friend in need and indeed to all collectors, genial, wise

* Some of the foregoing facts have been recalled in the first quarter's issue for 1906 of the "Book Auction Records," edited by Mr. F. Karslake.

beyond a salesman's wisdom, wide-minded, wide-hearted and public-spirited. He was among the first to recognize the genius of Alfred Stevens, whose long-ignored sketches are the nearest modern approach to those of the mighty Italian masters.

Nor can I quit this brief glimpse of picture-land without a glance at the eccentric figure of the late Lord Clanricarde, to whose trenchant disquisitions I used to listen at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Save for the characteristic cut of his shabby clothes you would have thought him penniless instead of the rich nobleman that he was. His art-knowledge was immense and individual. No one was a better judge of a picture, not even Mr. Salting, whose bedroom in the Thatched House Club was crowded with choice treasures from the floor to the ceiling. The miniature by Holbein that he bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum was acquired, I believe, from a young lady who had refused the price offered by King Edward and, in the innocence of her heart, proved herself a match for them all. Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Salting might perhaps haggle over a cab-fare, but in the things that mattered they were munificent—especially the last, whose splendid bequests to the nation deserve a definite memorial. Who will erect a Valhalla of donors?

Long before the devastating war I remember roving through the picture-gallery of the now ravaged Rheims. How odd it seemed to find each of the masterpieces hall-marked, so to say, with a champagne vintage—*le don de Monsieur Perrier, le don de Monsieur Heidsieck*, and so on through the whole range of the champagne-princes. There was something quaintly memorable in the association of generous grapes with generous givers. The devout portraits of donors in the old Italian pictures, dedicating their dowries to the glory of God, creates a far finer impression. Yet both unite in this—that they personally creep into the heart of their beholder. The intimacy, whether sacred or profane, seen or unseen, individualizes the public offering. One cannot somehow imagine Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Agar Ellis, or Mr. Vaughan, or Mr. Salting being introduced into the foreground—as Burne-Jones and William Morris were in one of the former's creations. Still less can one imagine them as boon companions in largess. But surely it would be but fitting that their busts or portraits should accompany those everlasting revelations of nobleness and beauty

which they have saved from sacrilege and consecrated to the popular gaze elevation and enjoyment for ever. And so it should be with supreme artists. In some shape or other, their portraits should attend their works, as they do in Florence. Forgetfulness is a form of ingratitude.

Far more might be added about much and many that must be missed, for at best these pages can be but a dance of shadows. Nor, on a lower level, would one desire to deserve the hackneyed criticism of Gainsborough on Mrs. Siddons when she sat for that blue portrait of her in the National Gallery, not as a Muse but as a woman: "Damn it all, madam, there is no end to your nose!" Nor, again, to quail under that cutting retort of Lady Blessington to Louis Napoleon, whom she had befriended in exile. The newly-made Emperor asked her with Count D'Orsay to dinner and had the bad taste to inquire with emphasis if she were prolonging her stay in Paris. "*Miladi*," he said, "*vous ne restez pas longtemps à Paris?*" "*Ni vous, Sire*," was the reply. She proved a prophetess.

CHAPTER XI

Old Servants

"WHO will play the part of the servant?" is a line from an old play. Already in parenthesis I have touched on a minim of what the new, the Lloyd Georgian, servant signifies. Few, indeed, survive of the older sort who were friends as well as servitors, who never vapoured about "serfdom" or claimed to specialize outside their sphere. One does not like nowadays to define the essence of a "gentleman" and a "lady," for, when everyone is a "lidy" or a "gent," these honoured names have nigh lost their significance, though never their savour, and the day may yet come when wax models of "a lady and a gentleman" will be exhibited in the London Museum. But this much may be safely said. Ladies and gentlemen (still figure-heads at public dinners) carried on a fine tradition: "I serve" was their motto. All of us were brought up to service in our several spheres and few of us exacted more service than we were prepared to give. That the material conditions of domestic service have been rightly bettered is but right, that its abusers could prove selfish, careless or tyrannical is true, but that its mental and social attitude should have been distorted into procured disorders is a renegade's injury to ideals, because at root it implies both the loss of leadership and the denial of that willing service which in the main is "perfect freedom." As for the Labour Party's despisal of domestic service as "undignified," could anything more snobbish be conceived?

How terrible are the modern temporary—or temper-y—parlourmaids to whom most of us have been driven under the stress of dearth. One I remember of over fifty summers who slid down the backstairs with a crash of crockery, declaring that she was "a pore young country gel who had never heard of basements" and lay hysterically kicking, screaming and threatening a lawsuit, till the fumes had quitted her so-called brain. It

was very difficult to remove one whose violence certainly smelt of something more spirituous than the soil. But servants like these are freaks of the Peace-period. In the Victorian age they would have been impossible. For three days during the Roman Saturnalia the masters assumed the mantle of their servants as alike a vent and a warning. They drugged and drammed themselves with strained verbiage much after the manner of some new-time poets :

> Three things make earth unquiet
> And four she cannot brook.
> The godly Agur counted them,
> And put them in a book !
> Those four tremendous curses
> With which mankind is cursed ;
> But a servant when he reigneth,
> Old Agur counted first.

I recall a dear old manservant of the antique world who here shall be christened " Bishop." Orlando's address to Adam well pictures him :

> Thou art not for the service of these times
> When none will sweat but for promotion ;
> And having that, do choke their service up
> Even with the having : it is not so with thee.

Bishop had served several branches of the family. As a lad he began with a doctor, whose carriage he drove, whose door he opened, and the poultices for whose wife he prepared. Then he rose to be footman to my grandmother whose cook he married—a born lady if ever there was one and in her youth the image of " *La Chocoladiére* " in the Dresden Gallery. Thence after many years he became Lady Morgan's butler, and, finally, the faithful old friend who had known me as a child came to help us and to cherish our children. Never once did I know him to lose his temper, raise a murmur, neglect a duty or fail in the serenity of a natural saint. His mother had been a Quaker and he inherited her virtues, never obtruded, never even realized. All his interests were bound up with ours, and in the best sense he was a " familiar." Needless to add, he was not highly literate, and his mispronunciations, such as " Miss Frits " for Miss Frith,

were often amusing. But he showed an innate shrewdness and a humourous philosophy all his own.

Another old manservant of thirty years' service was my father's coachman, already mentioned. His main idea of hygiene was "the horse-*h*iles," which he held up as remedies for most of the ills that human flesh is heir to. His highest praise for an infant-in-arms was that it "had a *h*eye like a 'awk." Always we regarded him as the friend that he was, but it was hopeless for anyone to be quite so selfless as Bishop. After my father's death his letters to me from his retirement regularly began: "Dear Sur, my pensium bein' due." This form, however, I fancy, is not confined to coachmen.

In the Chester Terrace days we had a very nice butler whom I will call Sevenoaks. The pink of propriety, perfect in manner and appearance, kind to a fault, he would have stayed with us for ever but for an unfortunate episode in connection with a maidservant. When my father, who knew his goodness of heart, remonstrated with him paternally, insisting on an immediate marriage, which happened and turned out happily, he uttered this immortal sentence which, despite the deceased Mrs. Grundy, I cannot refrain from repeating: "Well, sir, what with the 'ot rooms and the 'igh living, we can't help it." My father secured him an excellent post in a Piccadilly shop, and not long before he died he called on me and we had a long and pleasant chat over times old and new, without any reference to the "'ot rooms and 'igh living."

And there was yet another of a more eccentric order. For years he had on occasion been in and out of the family, whom he always styled "a good firm." He was an excellent servant with one common failing—occasional bouts of the bottle. But what distinguished him from his co-intermittents was the symbolic warning that he always gave of his coming lapses. Whenever he meditated "a bust" he used to wear a set of light cornelian studs with large masonic compasses for their device—an appropriate danger-signal. One night he wore these at a dinner-party, which he just managed to supervise without betraying unsteadiness. But afterwards he vanished. I waited up for him. Apparently he had momentarily returned and re-disappeared, for I found a half-smoked cigar and a withered rose on his

pantry-table. But those compasses had failed to steer him between Scylla and Charybdis and his voyage with us was closed. Far better, however, was he than another who, on festal nights, would lie down on his bed with his boots on, hiccoughing out that nothing was the matter: he was only "a li'l languid." His languor displayed itself in pouring the wine not into the glass but on to a guest's collar. There was another, too, of the old-maidish and niminy-piminy species who, in every sense of the word, danced attendance. One day a friend called when I was busy. The preciosity held up a warning hand. "'Ush," he exclaimed, "'e is compoging." And there was also a man of horrible habits who breathed with his feet and walked with his breath, and another, reeking of whisky, whom Christmas always found by turns offensive and effusive.

Old servants were often considered weather-wise, and I remember one whom his master consulted every morning before he went out as to the elements. Experience, however, had taught him wisdom, and when his man assured him by instinct that they were set fair, "Give me my umbrella," was the invariable answer.

Still one more manservant. He had been for years with the great and good Lord Shaftesbury and eventually set up lodgings in a fashionable watering place. He was very civil, very solemn, and rather communicative. One day I engaged him in conversation about his late master. With the terse emphasis that marks the Greek anthology, all that he would vouchsafe was: "He was very religious. Leastwise, he was a 'ead man in religion."

But, after all, who are so intertwined with our earliest associations as our nurses? If they are nice, as a rule we are nice also. I still have the faded photograph of Amery, the first nurse that I can call to mind, and I remember her with grateful affection. Pretty and refined, there was a delicacy about her every word and action that could not fail to communicate itself, something sensitive that was never feeble. More than twenty years elapsed after her marriage to a herbalist who had emigrated to Australia. We were sitting at dessert in our old home when a card was handed to my father, and who should step in but Amery and her pleasant husband. You may imagine the welcome that they received. The herbalist did not disdain a glass of port and my

mother and his wife left us over it while they conversed together of the past and the present. From that day to this no tidings have reached me of them or theirs.

We were happy in our nurses. Another, ever a friend, was both well favoured and well educated. Moreover, she rejoiced in a name worthy of Baring Gould's heroines—Mehala Veness. Even the Gregory's powder tasted tolerable from her hands, whose pinch of the nose in that repulsive process was almost a pleasure. And she could actually publish stories in the magazines which I devoured as a boy, deeming her one of the most finished authoresses in the world. But literature never lessened her devotion to the nursery. Eventually she married a wealthy draper who lived in the poet, Crabbe's, house at Aldborough, where we had spent a summer. All the omens bade fair when after several years a crash came. In adversity as in prosperity she never changed—a gentlewoman in every sense of the word.

Another nurse comes back to me of a different mould. Hard-favoured, tall, sandy, but good-humoured, she resembled that odd characterization of certain liquors in wine-circulars as "pleasant, of great vinosity, not perhaps of the highest breed, *but we have tasted worse at double the price.*" She was very vocal, doting on sentimental songs of a nautical order, and I can still hear her shrill tones voluble with the spasmodically spaced :

O pilot—*'tis*—a fearful—night
The—storm is—on—the sea.

or Claribel's :

The waves were—high—and the—sea was—wild,
When the skipper, he—called to—his only child.
If dou-oubts and fears—assai-il thee now,
Go pray in the—ca-a-bin—down below.

and its inevitable climax :

The bo-oy's—wet handkerchief lay on the—sand.
'Twas tied round his neck—by her—parting—'and.

When she left us and we shook her parting if once punitive hand my father secured a place for her of ambiguous confidence in the cloakroom of the South Kensington Museum.

But the Nana of Nanas is our own dear old friend whose

devotion to us and our children remains unbroken for thirty-five years of joy and sorrow. The two boys of our hearts whom the war sped hence thitherward were the boys of her own heart also. Are there any young Nanas now whose loving constancy can compare with such as she is, and should not the biographies of all heroes contain some account of their Nanas?

Dim spectres of other servants flit round me as I write. The dear old housemaid, Sarah, who always wiped her hand on her apron when she bade us good-bye, the old lady's maid who at family gatherings would lean proudly over the landing as the guests went down and exclaim: "I'm sure *our* little woman looks as well as any of them," the superior one who often dressed better than her mistress, the dour one whose face for years kept denouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. And the cooks, those invisible directresses of digestion, those reigns of terror over temper—how many I remember, how few have I seen. The old-fashioned ones knew their business and their interests. They did not awaken early one morning in some village and exclaim: "Hallo, I am a cook," their soup was still Alice in Wonderland's "soup of the evening, beautiful soup," they did not dish up vegetables "quite naïve, just as God made them," nor did they turn spinach into the diet of Nebuchadnezzar. And this, though vegetarianism in those days had made no inroads.

Apropos, a vegetarian practitioner was once consulted by an officer and recommended a régime of "nutton cutlets" and the rest of it. "What is your favourite game?" added the medico. "Polo," replied the captain, not daring to say "grouse." "Well, then, every day after the luncheon that I have prescribed, just lie down on the sofa and think out a game of polo in your own mind. You will find it quite as good an exercise as if you had been really playing it." "Thanks," rejoined the patient, "and will you kindly tell me now how much I am in your debt?" "Oh, only two guineas." "Very well, then, every day after your vegetarian luncheon, just lie down on your sofa and think out in your own mind two guineas. Forgive me for saying so, but it will be just the same as if you had them in your pocket." This story grazes the confines of "Christian Science." "How is your uncle?" once asked such a believer

of a friend. "Very ill," was the reply. "Oh, you must not say that. He only thinks that he is very ill." After a few months they met again, and "How does your uncle feel?" was repeated. "He thinks he's dead," was the rejoinder.

Mrs. Tickell, in one of her lively letters to Mrs. Sheridan rejoices to have secured a first-rate cook at twelve pounds a year. But none of the Linley daughters could ever have had the "twelve pound look." Twelve pounds in the seventeen-seventies probably meant as much as fifty pounds would now, and yet how inferior now are the present fifty-pounders with all their pretensions. Surely the registry-offices should not be suffered to inflict and vary these vagrant peace-wreckers without the test of a trial dinner. It is unjust that we should be forced to hire pigs in pokes, and pigs that seldom continue in any one sty. The new-fangled cook prefers houses where there is plenty to eat and little to do. Not so the old-fashioned ones. I know two maiden ladies who once engaged the cook of the Carlyles. "What could I do in that 'ere 'ouse?" she would say. "If there *was* a dinner-party it was a bad one, and there weren't many of 'em in the year. Mr. Carlyle himself would lie down flat on the floor a-writing all day after his ride, and his rice puddin' used to be pushed through the door just as if it had been skilly, and Lor'-bless-yer he didn't know the difference between skilly and salmon." Certainly she did not heroize the heroizer, but perhaps few celebrities are heroes to their cooks. Yet some cooks have cared for the intellect. One I knew—a *chef*—whose son went to Oxford, and he told us that he fed him chiefly on fish because he was convinced that ocean-phosphorus nourished the brain, and, so tended, his son's, he declared, was increasing daily.

The old servants in the old plays and novels would hand their savings to their masters when misfortunes crowded around them. I recall a striking instance in real life. A butler, whose career proved astonishing and who came to grace the House of Commons, began, after marrying a talented housemaid by setting up an excellent lodging-house. One of its inmates was an American gentleman destined to lose most of his fortune in one of those periodical crises that hail Columbia. The ex-butler and true gentleman saved him. Our new rich, I believe, have a great respect for the *cachet* of an old family

servant, and anyone who gives the impression on their doorstep of having served the household "man and boy" for fifty or more years is still certain of a high salary.

There is one aspect of old servants, however, that must not escape us. When ladies grow old and live much alone their old servants are trusted confidants who often tend to become tyrants. Family secrets are bruited at dinner or at the dressing-table. Sometimes advice is asked, often a sort of supremacy is established. Then, save with the gold that is tried in the furnace, designed legacy-hunting begins as a fine art. I have even known an intending annuitant who burst into an ill-rhymed swan-song on the death of his mistress. The servant may play upon senile dependence and manœuvre advances for a "brother" or a sister. And so the old papal nepotism recurs in another form. Cases too have been known where in sheer self-defence old ladies have married their butlers. But these are the rare abuses of confidence. In the far past they were even rarer. Nowadays they happen sometimes because a service of ten years' standing is regarded as ancient. Yet in the days of Voltaire it was the vogue for *marquises* who were *malades imaginaires* to flirt with their footmen, and this led the cynic to exclaim: "*Ces sont des* valet*udinaires*." Fielding, too, supplies a lurid instance in his "Joseph Andrews."

In many ways we have improved. Perquisites have been exploded. No butcher now bribes the cook every Christmas, though this absence of "tips" may contribute to the extortionate wages demanded. High life, however, below stairs perseveres, and in big houses the valet and lady's maid still usurp the names and precedences of their masters and mistresses. In the far past this custom is responsible for the grand names often prevalent in the lowest ranks.

This has been an uneventful chapter, skimming the surface, but at least it has been brief. Hereafter, patient reader, may your own troubles prove as transient.

CHAPTER XII

Between Ourselves

OUR grains of sand are fast running down, but, ere they vanish, let us take one parting glimpse of the remnants—a *munus arenæ*. Let us survey them through a mutual microscope fraught with a "private view" of our own private views—a scrutiny and a conversation strictly between ourselves. Let us look before and after. Let us see whether the screens of political or theoretical pretence correspond to the real unfettered England with its many meetings and reunions, its centralities, its dormant forces, its dominating voices momentarily overborne by the clamours of a few.

Does the Glastonbury thorn still flower, and is not the sacred legend an allegory? The real England that blossoms on the wayside has not lost her scent or savour. Even in the unwieldy and blackened cities that an overcharged industrialism has upreared the majority still retain the ancient self-respect of those who glory in a deep-rooted self-reliance. Re-read Milton's "*Areopagitica*." That spirit, despite a concocted "unrest," is still with us, the soul of all that characterizes a nation and nationalizes character, not property. And that was the spirit that won the war.

When many years ago Mr. Lloyd George's namesake, Henry, the agitator, came over to trouble our land he complained to a friend on entering the hall packed for his lecture that his watch had been stolen. "Why 'stolen,'" rejoined his companion. "Surely it has been *nationalized*." This avowal was significant.

Why then, it may be asked, does the new artificial England prevent the real England from being articulate? Why, after all the war's convulsive earthquakes, should a flabby cosmopolitanism and a bleating indifference be constantly paraded, and indeed crowned with a pinchbeck halo? Why should the forcible-feebles prevail? Why, in a word, have the lions died to

save the rabbits who, if unchecked, will eventually devour the garden ?

When I think of our latter-day politicians, those casual mariners who in the rickety passage of their Peace have jettisoned the noble heroism and superb self-sacrifice of a patriots' war, when I see the second-hand sophists who have ever since twisted its issues into the cant catchword of " Democracy " and have degraded a cause into a case, who sit smiling and twittering and twaddling and paddling in oceans of empty froth at countless conferences with the superscription of " no admittance on business "—my blood boils and my gorge rises. For years we have procrastinated by shying at hard facts and filming them over with flimsy " formulas,"—formulas that only avoid actualities and cover a multitude of sins, or of Sinn Feins. And it is usually one of those tinsel fripperies in which Mr. Lloyd George especially has dressed up his contradictions. For years there has been no decisive lead or leader, no voice that was Britain's to cry " thus far and no further " abroad, or " how long halt ye between two opinions ? " at home. All has been lukewarm, epicene, faint-hearted. Not thus was our empire founded or the corner-stone laid of our character. A monkey with a firebrand could destroy in a wanton moment that vast Alexandrian Library which generations had enriched with wisdom. So fares it with the spurious England.

For three and a half years during the war I served actively as a volunteer, digging trenches, guarding railways, hugging hardships, trying to realize, however feebly and faintly, what the real soldiers were doing and suffering in that colossal conflict. It was not much that I could do, but my utmost I did. At first we met with little encouragement and some derision : it was only after repeated demands from Government that we could even extract our ninety pounds weight of equipment. Had there been an invasion we were ready to take our part. The laughter was quite natural in the case of us elderly men, but we trained young officers, and at least we were endeavouring more than the committee-sitters, village-interlopers, and desk-incumbents, who were so highly recognized. Two amusing occasions I remember.

After a weary field-day in Richmond Park we were marching

in fours on our way back. Next to me was one of our corps whom I did not know—a rather fussy, grey-bearded person. Some little boys eyed us ironically as we passed and at last one of them exclaimed: "There goes Britain's last 'ope." This much tickled me, but not so my companion, who never ceased his complaints when he had grasped the meaning. Another time, after a Sunday's trench-digging, we marched through an old Kentish village where there was a bric-à-brac shop with its placard of "Antiques." I pointed this out to Mr. Bernard Partridge who was my neighbour, and suggested it as an idea for "Punch." Somehow he did not seem to see it.

How trivial were such paltry ironies in face of the titanic ordeal across the Channel—mice to the Himalayas. And yet, in combats the most awful, there is ever some redeeming touch of nature. One of my dear sons told me that when a truce had been arranged in Flanders over Christmas one of his men was setting up some barbed wire beyond the parapet, but somehow found his job hard. Suddenly he heard a laughing German on the other side shouting out quite good-humouredly and in perfect English: "You blanky fool, can't you do it? Do let me come over to show you." And he did.

Well, the war ended prematurely. The "black-coats" timed their peace to suit a Coalitionist election, and instead of exacting the just indemnity, costly months were squandered in debating about a sanctionless and sanctimonious League of dissonant Nations that has done little else ever since but prate, meddle and make mischief. The world is not yet ripe for the ideal of any international league and there can be no United States of Europe. But there can be, and is, a disunited state of Europe. Moreover, the wildest promises were proffered from election platforms—promises that would not have deceived a Baptist baby. The Kaiser was to be hung, the "reparations" were to be paid, employment was to abound and everyone was to dance merrily round the pasteboard Christmas-tree. All this, moreover, was proclaimed to an ignorant electorate grossly lowered, and that by a breach of the express understanding that during the war internal politics were to be eschewed. The abolition of "party"—of organized opinion—resulted after the war in a bureaucratic faction throned in a Janus-temple under a Coalition-canopy—a

faction responsive to shifty and shifting pressure, a faction usurping our already tattered constitution by a weak dictatorship, and engrossing the refreshing fruits of emolument.

It played such pranks with liberty that servitude loomed in sight. Why was this? Why was England to be deformed into a place fit not for heroes to live but for Neros to thrive in, why were the ex-service men to be shoved aside in favour of pacifists and aliens, why was the whole scene perverted? Why was a greasy patronage extended by quick-turn tacticians to commanders like my old acquaintance, Lord Plumer, himself indignant at being styled "a doughty old warrior" by Mr. Lloyd George after a few moments of converse magnified into a lengthy interview? Why were the fads of every crank always to supplant the fiats of common sense under the pretexts of the "higher patriotism," the extirpation of drink, or the expurgation of the Bible? Why did propaganda include the performance of Shavian plays in Wales, why was the Civil Service stocked, and the Foreign Office leavened, by Socialists or their supporters? Why were we all to be topsy-turvied socially, politically, nationally? There was only one broad reason outside the schemes of intriguing ambition—The "Labour" Party. And how did an ill-assorted group of internationalists, danced on the wires of the secret societies—a few Fabian high-brows, some half-baked low-brows, contrive to fasten the fine label of "Labour" on their hybrid foreheads? Their dictates are framed to throttle trade and paralyse industry. They toil not neither do they spin, but in their sophistical webs many a silly fly is entangled. And this, forsooth, is Democracy! Euphemism has prevailed. Even now there are some who style them Christian Socialists. What an irony! Does it never occur to Mr. Lansbury that their orisons ought in fitness to be prefaced by "Let us prey"?

Thirteen years ago a pleasant Radical friend of Arthur Coleridge invited me to an interesting dinner in the House of Commons where some ministers—including my sister's friend, Mr. Birrell—were of the party. He enhanced this favour by asking me to add a guest whose acquaintance I might desire. I had never met Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, so I ventured to choose him. He sat next to me and the conversation turned on Socialism. He asked me to define it. I said that it was difficult to condense

anything so fluid, variegated and elusive, but that I would describe it as a monster monopoly based on the votes of that universal suffrage for which he and his friends were yearning. It would regard not national needs but personal wants. Above all it would be " universal " and not over-particular. Property was to be universal, allegiance was to be universal, rules were to be universal, everything except brains and energy was to be universal. Everything, too, was to be public, save the public-houses, and everything except temper was to be controlled.

With a smile he admitted that some of this was true in an " exaggerated " form. And then I begged him in his turn to give me his own definition. " Socialism," he answered, " is that system under which all the property of this country would be owned by all the people of this country." I pointed out that to suppose that by " the people " he meant " the nation " would be an insult to his intelligence, because, call it what you would, no " nation " could own everything, though an oligarchy—probably of wastrels—might in vain seek to administer it. What, then, did he mean by " the people " ? After some good-natured humming and hahing I ventured to suggest my notion of his idea. " By the people," I said, " you mean the present trade unions. And do you imagine that the extremist elements, now beginning to bully and even to enslave them, would make for the *character* of this country, which is really the main issue ? " On this, to my delight, Mr. Cyril Jackson—then Vice-Chairman of the County Council—clapped his hands and laughed out with : " Ramsay, you're floored." I had no desire to floor the agreeable intellectual, I only wanted to condense vapour and bring generalizations to a point. But have not the developments of the last thirteen years unhappily justified me ? " The people " is always some other people, as Rousseau himself pointed out. Socialism with its sequels is only a short cut to a sham happiness that appeals to failure, misfortune, envy, incompetence and impatience. Even were any form of it practicable, its system, or want of system, would only degrade ideals, noble in themselves, into a fresh class-war between those who ate less and those who ate more—the reimpersonators of " Capital "—while it would vitiate *morale* by the complete withdrawal of responsibility. But it is *not* practicable because it presumes a perfect Government—and

that from men the least skilled in life or leadership. Socialism or Communism in action means national suicide on the old Roman model of opening the jugular vein. By abolishing the possessive case singular we should only substitute some non-possessive case plural. Not only would our resources be wasted but we should have with slow and painful steps to begin again. We should have to rebuild on the old foundations. It is easy to destroy in the name of "reconstruction." Really to reconstruct is a labour of Hercules. Moreover, to force theories on a nation is impossible—a defiance of nature and of human nature. Acts of Parliament cannot make Socialists of Englishmen, and the worst shape of selfishness is that which masquerades as benevolence and seeks to supplant solidarity by stratagem.

The trade unions that for years represented and protected the real honest working-man in truth represented an aristocracy—the best of the hand-workers. For the most part they now misrepresent these by every device in their power, including the preposterous "card" vote, while they have come to correspond both to and with the red-flag revolutionaries. "Some enemy hath done this," and the first enemy to sow the mildew was Karl Marx, translations of whose fallacies were circulated by paid agitators almost half a century ago. Mr. Lloyd George, the pawn of pressure, a cross between a super-field-preacher and a super-advertising-agent, has done his oblique and levelling best to connive at their tyrannies. Time after time he settled "sympathetic" strikes by sympathetically handing someone else's purse to a highwayman, and, however great his war-service in heartening us at the darkest hour—and I am the last to underrate it—his zeal always outran his discretion. His professed purpose was "Democracy" far more than Great Britain. And such are the temptations of his temperament, the callousness of his humanitarianism and the folly of his flights, that, if such a creature could exist, he might almost have been called a Baptist butterfly. He has made pauperism a profession.

More than this, while he viewed everything from the political standpoint, his methods occasionally suggested more of Criccieth than of "cricket." When he declared that war was "armed politics," which was as much as to say that he and his colleagues were intuitive strategists, he betrayed the bias of his mind and

gave rein to a mountebank empiricism. Whenever he averred that strikes without grievance were a sign of "health" he deranged our perspective. Busybodying, not business, has proved his excitement, his ignorances have been fatal, and his levities reckless. His anti-Turk and pro-Greek policies lengthened the war and have wellnigh shattered the peace. They were the prejudices of the conventicle just as his Irish and Russian policies were those of the Convention, while his home-policy was that of those company-directors who distribute dividends by drawing on reserves. By bribes, by doles, by bargains, by unwise concessions and exemptions, he debauched the populace and the bureaucracy, while he satisfied their senses through a riot of rodomontade and a slipsop disarray that has entirely vitiated values. He has constantly hunted with the hounds and run with the hare. His cheerful Sunday afternoon chats with rebels have proved both fatal and futile. Praises have abounded of his open mind and inspired vision, but events have shown that while he opens his mind to every nostrum he closes his eyes to the sources of infection. Humpty Dumpty has "had a great fall." It is not because he has fallen that I thus venture to characterize him. I so wrote of him many years ago. Indeed, the pricking of his bubble would excite sympathy in every generous heart, as always in the case of a man who is down, were it not that the bubble, blown from mouth to mouth, has been a simulation of the ideal.

But, all the same, be it remembered, he only translated the passing spasms of an interval which he had not the courage, or perhaps the inclination, to direct. He was entrained to abet a nervous breakdown. Pliant and plausible, he could not help being Mr. Facing-both-ways. He is a symptom not a seer, a mouthpiece not a master. He has proved a mere "listener in," and so he himself is now "wireless."

Through him, in such grave crises, spoke or shrieked the Fabianized Independent Democrats and the "shop stewards," who did their dirtier work for them. These, indeed, have been the main manufacturers of unemployment. Inordinate wages, unproductive hours, forbid export, and any veto on export disables labour. Why should they deny their Bolshevist complexion, when they wrathfully repudiate any rupture with Bolshevy,

though their aim is identical—the subversion of social order? All that their loud denials indicate is their horror of rigid discipline and their attempts to achieve the same purpose by what may be termed parliamentary fraud rather than by any physical force. And so the caravan that plods through the desert is the same, the mirage dangled before the public is the same, and the same is their sterile goal of a bankrupt chaos. Nothing is less social than socialism. Like communism it demands a pound for a penny, and if ever it grasped the reins of government, by communism it would soon be faced, just as communism would be, by anarchy. Deep calls to deep. The Girondins led to the Jacobins, Kerensky to Lenin. Dogmas pursued for power soon degenerate, and despairs breed delirium. Such is the lesson that with "damnable iteration" the long screed of history teaches, and so would it fare with the socialists. The best way to forward human perfection is not to pre-suppose it.

In their ranks, doubtless, are numbered many sincere but unversed fanatics—tools of the foreign *Illuminati*, so skilled in exploiting and manipulating every feud, faith or passion. Only those who have never studied the hidden in history can afford to sneer at the secret societies which lay at the root of the French Revolution and whose universal activities so wonderfully coincide. Before the word "Bolshevism" was invented the Salonica movement of the "Young Turk" was at once followed by the beginnings of Sinn Fein, and if space permitted instances might be multiplied like mushrooms.

How degrading was our sham prosperity during the war! One day at that time a woman of the coarsest type, perspiring at every pore, her soiled fingers studded with rings, entered an omnibus, and finding that she was ignored sought to attract notice by exclaiming: "Rings *do* make the 'ands 'ot, don't they?" A straw, perhaps, but one that showed whither the wind was blowing. Democracy (new style) was being weighed in the balance and it has been found wanting. Yet the revisers of our Prayer Book have lately seen fit in their democratic zeal to expunge the petition for the "Nobility." Should this precedent prevail a time might come when God himself would be addressed not as "King of Kings" but as "President of Presidents." Let me venture on a prophecy. Crowns have been tumbling in shovelfuls,

but the day will come when the deposed monarchs will return. A few years ago the *gardien* of Versailles was showing a party round. One of them ventured to remark how bound up was France with her kings and queens. "*Madame,*" was the answer of the old soldier standing to attention, "*ils reviendront.*" Crowns will reappear as the taste for half-crowns grows out of fashion. For a good monarchy is not only an impartial centre of attraction and a personal bond of empire, but, as Burke wrote of chivalry, "the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations."

Sixty-four years ago Disraeli, introducing the Reform Bill of 1859 in a speech pregnant with prediction, virtually differentiated between a limited democracy like those other constitutional elements aristocracy and monarchy, and democracy unlimited. The effect of a striking passage was as follows: "If, however, as the omens sometimes seem to point, you ever choose such a form of democracy, you will in due time reap its fruits. You will find your liberty largely curtailed and your property somewhat abridged. You will see little men sitting in high places. And one day, if you don't take care, you may be led into a war dictated rather by passion than by reason, the *political* sequels of which I tremble to contemplate."

A presage indeed. Those political sequels have been intertwined with pseudo-economics which have seduced many into forgetting that division of labour is the touchstone of civilization. When a working-man travels by train does *he* drive the engine, and is that engine-driver to be at his or our own mercy? Certainly not. Can each member of the community manufacture all his own requisites himself? The very contention implies a relapse into barbarism. This is the best answer to those who vociferate that "the community creates the opportunity." It does not. The "Capitalist's" organizing brain constantly creates fresh opportunities for employment—an employment restricted to the small functions of each part that composes a great whole. Moreover, the employer's enterprise takes the risk of that loss which is correlative to his gain. What does all the sentimentalized rant about the "producer" (or "perdoocer") mean? If an author "produces" a book why should he denounce the publisher who gives him his introduction to the public and takes a large share of the profit? And, finally, why should the

modernized trade union forbid profit-sharing and yet demand a right of direction? Why, again, should it veil the plots of wreckers under the specious plea not only of the "State" being more welcome than the individual as an employer, but actually of the replacement of labour through suicidal strikes! All this is little else than a flam. Is this Labour, or is it Beggar my Neighbour? State businesses never succeed commercially, involving as they do an overgrown and overpaid crowd of mercenaries without effort and with at best but a corporate conscience. And where does the human touch come in? Who would die for the "State" as opposed to the country? The sole reason for demanding a "State" monopoly is that thus the strike system would more easily enforce revolution—a revolution that would convert *your* capital into my income, and then squander it. Chinese bandits taunt us with Ireland.

One more consideration before I close my reflections on this head—a head of Cerberus. Ever since the "Labour" Party has included the Independent Democrats and the red internationals, ever since it has been reinforced by such horny-handed sons of toil as Mr. Snowden, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Charles Trevelyan, it has never once been right in prognosticating events. There would be no war, the war was a war to end war, the Russian ruffians were (to quote Mr. Lloyd George) "dazed with the light," and, earlier, Kerensky was—odd collocation—"a Cromwell, a Robespierre, a St. Juste"—St. Juste who somehow was executed by Robespierre for the same confiscatory creed as they themselves advocate. The Tree of Liberty, in a country where a free worker is a "blackleg," must be planted in Whitehall, while employers are all slave-drivers because everyone has the right to shirk. How then can such dunderheads be trusted at the helm? As for the "capital levy" in England, it is clearly an expedient that ". . . not enriches him who takes, and leaves me poor indeed."

Not only have they been shortsighted but their whole programme is a code of deprivation. Beer, ownership, the family ties, freedom—all are to be abstracted. Until this mockery of a Labour Party, its underground alliances and cabals, its stucco-sympathy, have been as thoroughly exposed as the myth of the "bursting corn-bins," until the trade unions have either been

emancipated or restrained, until the statute that exalted them above the law of conspiracy and legalized intimidation, has been repealed, there will be no peace for or stable prosperity in England. The real England that loves freedom, fair play and honest effort is as far removed from this manœuvring minority as the real Italy is from the federated cliques that Mussolini has sent packing. Labour and Capital must not be divorced; their marriage is indissoluble. Why should the Socialists perpetually claim for Labour what it does not want? Take, for instance, the "right" to control or direct a business. Every workman knows that if endowed with this capacity he may rise to that position like others before him. If unendowed, why, save for the myrmidons of "miching Mallecho," should he be such a lunatic as to cry for the moon? If everyone would honestly do his own job with all his might in this world, how much less unsettlement would disrupt it. "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord."

Once disperse the throng of interfering intermediaries, and men and masters, good or bad, as both are sometimes, would soon settle their own differences between them. The interposed barriers are unnatural—"A breath unmakes them as a breath has made." In mutual gravitations, in sport, in habit and at heart, in every gathering of every class, England still holds the threads of union. Her traditions are still constant as the tides. It is only the courtiers of King Demos, like the courtiers of King Canute, who flatter the mock-monarch by urging him to bid them recede. Progress is the enlargement of opportunities not the degress over some steep place of the Gadarene swine. All such as would unfit Englishmen for life under the name of education or restrict their liberties at every turn by step-motherliness are not reformers but the deformers of Great Britain. Yet such now compose the body-guard of our new class-democracy.

The real England is surely the scene where all classes congregate in vigorous and spontaneous union—the army, the navy, the hunting-field, the cricket match, the farmers' dinner, the parish meeting, the parish church, the May meetings, convocation, college "gaudies" and the rest. It is public spirit that preserves, as it has inspired her, through all vicissitudes. You

can transplant ideas on to her soil, but they must be congenial, and so transplanted as to grow there.

But our new Puritans would fain reduce us to the Prussian *verboten.* Every faddist is indulged and not least, under the shelter of " Eugenics," Paul Prys of both sexes are to lecture, dictate and intermeddle till the working-man's wife is sick of their advice. Even the best intentions, if forced home, may have little effect. A popular bishop was rightly urging an East End audience to be clean as well as godly. " Every night," he said, " I take, if I can, a warm bath, every morning a cold tub, till I feel rosy all over." But this was too much for one of his hearers, who boisterously interrupted : " What did Rowsy sy ? "

The late and long Education Act of Mr. Fisher had this great drawback, that, while it has thrust the technical side of education comparatively into the background and brought Plato and the musical glasses to the fore, it has bereft parents of the assistance that boys of fourteen or fifteen can gladly render. It is absolutely just that every youth who evinces a special talent should meet with every aid towards its perfection, but it is hardly right to presuppose Raphaels, Mozarts and mute inglorious Miltons, nor, to be frank, does it seem just that parents should not contribute their mite towards the expenses of the secondary schools. Even with all our slipshod and expensive apparatus the rudiments of knowledge are often slurred. Not long ago two East End boys went to church. One of them being noisy was thus rebuked by his friend : " You'd best be quiet, Bill, or "—pointing to the verger—" the *Virgin* will take yer out." To which the other retorted : " Virgin ! Gar'n ! 'E ain't no Virgin, Bert. A Virgin always 'as a child."

The meaning of education is to " draw out " and not to stuff in. How little does the modern encyclopædist draw out—indeed are not some of the new teachers more or less the retailers of subsidized socialism from the text-books of treason ? More and more I wish that the masters and mistresses of primary and secondary schools would infuse into their pupils a spark of our public-school spirit, the standard of " playing the game," the code of honour, the links of tradition, the instinct of annual return to the home of boyhood. For, indeed, the refrain of " home, sweet home " is tending to vanish, and many a child of every

class chooses to chime with the cynicism of " there's no place like home—thank God." The restless chase after excitement is partly responsible, partly the unaccommodating exactions of some firesides, partly the dislocating vogue, partly the detachments of modern life. What, surely, is needed is the soldier's instinct that combines loyalty with *esprit de corps*. One thing however, may be noted with pleasure in our Board-schools. Their inmates are constantly taken for outings to places of interest and encouraged to record their impressions, so that their whilom torpor scarcely exists. Nor, thank goodness, has the sense of humour vanished from the young as, too often, it is receding from the old. Not long ago a Board-school mistress was trying to impress on her form the moral lessons of history ancient and modern. " You must be very careful," she said, " with matches. Remember the great fire of London in 1666. Now, what other memorable event can you remember as bearing on your personal habits ? " " *I* know," a bright boy at once volunteered. " Don't spit : remember the Flood."

About the need for betterment in public education there are no two opinions, but the lack of centrality in each of our present political parties precludes the competition of sharply-cut attitudes towards this problem being brought into relief, so that the most extravagant and even harmful plans might take shape if only they simulated some financial economy. By. whatever names the vague groups in Parliament may be called there are in fact only two parties existing, the Moderates and the Extremists, the Nationalists and the Internationalists. Even the Conservatives are not compact and the Liberal Party has virtually ceased to exist, gravitating as it does in various grades to the very upheavals that used to be its abhorrence when " Liberty and Property " was its watchword. It resembles a worm slit into segments not by principles but by persons. In this connection the various outcries for " reunion " raise a smile. They remind me of an unfamiliar and brilliant passage concerning Mr. Gladstone's yearning for " reunion " when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time in the early fifties. It was written by Disraeli and published in his organ, " The Press." Mr. Gladstone, eyeing the Peelites, averred that he ' looked back with regret on the rupture of ancient ties and with

hope for some future reunion "—a situation thus pictured by Disraeli: "Amiable regret, honourable hope—reminding us of those South Sea Islanders who do not devour their friends and relations: that would be paying them too great a compliment. No! They only dress themselves up in their tar and feathers and go about talking of their regret at the rupture of ancient ties and their hope of some future reunion. Ah, my friends, are you quite so sure of your new ally? Do you not fear that one day his affectionate tooth may be fastened on your own shoulders?"

In the dancing-school of my boyhood there was a figure known as *changement de pieds*. Change for change's sake, or even as a pastime, is more than ever in the air. Take the case of the House of Lords, still the most representative of all institutions, for every shade of manifold attainment there finds a place, nor is there any greater fallacy than to confuse election with representation, or indeed even vested influence with "vested interests." The House of Lords, the tone of whose debates far surpasses that of the House of Commons, is both sensitive and sensible, yet it is fast being tinkered out of existence. And the pretext is heredity. How, then, can the principle of heredity be practically reconciled to the principle of representation? A friend of mine—an official of high standing—has suggested an excellent way. Let every peer of every degree be given three generations to show that his successors have done notable service to their country. If the first generation fails to do so in the widest sense and wholly apart from the contentions of prejudice or passion let him take a degree lower. Should the third generation sink by common acceptation into sheer insignificance let it relapse into sheer commonalty. But should the future of the family provide a recrudescence of merit let the first step of dignity revive—and so on to *saecula saeculorum*. This plan would place heredity on its true pedestal—that of a natural aristocracy, while it would frustrate the schemer for a poorer copy of the lower house and the extirpation of quality by quantity.

"He knows me," said Lothair when he tipped the opera-boxkeeper, "but it was not so." When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic it always calls you "My Lord." That the English still love a lord as a leader is manifest, that

Democracy dearly loves titles is manifest on both sides of the Atlantic, and more than ever on this side since the fountain of honour has grown temporarily polluted. You can test this by research. How few peerages did Disraeli bestow, and on what grounds; how few Gladstone, how few Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour? How many have Messieurs Asquith and Lloyd George invented? Bannerman I omit, because with all his jovial qualities he appears to have resembled Goderich, that "transient and embarrassed phantom." By the same token how happy and unexpected were most of Disraeli's appointments. He once had to choose a Chief Moderator for the Scottish Kirk. To the general surprise he promoted the raciest of racing peers. It was his annual duty to give a dinner to the Kirk's Elders, and over the wine he ventured to tell his neighbour a somewhat risky story. At once he apologized, but, replied the Elder: "Make no apologies, my lord, I'm a wee bit lasceevious mysell." Disraeli knew his men.

Everywhere compactness is being neglected and incoherence canonized. Society now is incoherent, it subsists mainly in the picture-newspapers. The Church, bereft of episcopal discipline, is incoherent, the healers are incoherent, one is of Dawson, another of Coué. In the arts and in literature heresies are enthroned. The "proletariat" (horrible word!) is incoherent; some are reds others rads, some covet the flesh-pots, others the simple life, which usually means a villa with a garage and a gramophone and motor to escape from it—those middle-class ideals. Only that middle class in its long-suffering self-complacency remains coherent. Its coherence indeed is the main butt of the Bolshevic. But, "lest we forget," to the coherence of the middle class should be added that of a more organized body—the Police. The constable is indeed our "Last of the Romans" and my admiration for his imperial sway of the London traffic passes all bounds. One motion of his hand, and all obey. His baton is not needed. He stands there supreme, a sceptreless Cæsar, and as Dryden sings of Horror, "mute and magnificent, without a tear." Always he commands, never does he commandeer. And how gently this great ruler pilots women, children, the nervous new-comer, the wavering would-be-run-overs, along the crossings. Strong yet kind, he images great Britain

And what about humour? Is that, too, on the wane, and does it perhaps flourish least in an insecure age? Do motors extinguish the humours of the road? The old omnibus-drivers and conductors, in contact with men and horses, used to set a prime example. One I remember, who, as a woman descended with a visage measured by the yard, observed to me: "You see that lidy, sir: she has a fice as long as Oxford Street." Another, who, when a hearse was running over a little boy, shouted out to its driver: "Yah, greedee!" The nearest approach in our motor-bus days that I can recollect is the indignation of a conductor at receiving a wrong fare from a passenger whom he set down near Redcliffe Square. "You wouldn't believe it," he muttered, "but all that Redcliffe gang give me the wrong fare. Bah, and they all wears spats!"—"the connection of which," as Calverley sang, "with the plot one sees." But look round the Law Courts and the House of Commons, and read the jests that elicit "loud laughter." Where is the old wit of the latter now that Tim Healy has been exiled to the vice-regal castle? One good sally, however, I do remember a few years ago. Somebody asked Mr. Lloyd George how many Welsh appointments he had made in the Civil Service. He received no reply. "Then, Mr. Speaker," he urged, "let me put my question another way. What is the population of Wales?" It has often struck me that humour might perhaps be revived on the stage of St. Stephens by opening it to the public on theatrical terms with the addition, of course, of the entertainment tax. If successful this departure might prove a source of revenue. To what in such a case would the "advance booking" amount, I wonder?

Philanthropy, too, in its turn is tending to turn incoherent, and the cold sense of the Charity Organization Society is being routed by hysterics. All honour to all of whatever school who truly dedicate themselves to the relief of suffering and the succour of the helpless or hapless. But unfortunately there have been and still are those who may be termed professionals, Pharisees as ambitious, contentious and self-important as any other candidates for publicity. Some there are, too, who break their hearts over a crushed blackbeetle yet care little how many human lives are sacrificed to their sentimentalities, and others again whose intrusions badger the poor as unspeakably as

an insurance-agent's or—should it come—a Socialist Government's with its penchant for meddling and muddling. And, further, there is the advertising philanthropy that gives in order to receive tenfold. In each case (as in the political sphere) some sense of humour might prove a prophylactic. I remember once attending the speech-day of an excellent orphanage-school founded on the best principles and keeping in touch with its old pupils, many of whom succeeded in life beyond all expectation. The little boys were scrubbed and brushed. Their schoolmaster who had "coached" them attended in the side-wings. A solemn philanthropic audience sat in set satisfaction. Various performances were delivered in the same rasping monotone. And one breathless urchin hoarsely informed us without stop, emphasis or punctuation how:

> Lars Porsena of Cloo-zi-um,
> Boy the noine gawds 'e swore
> That the great 'ouse of Tarkin should suffer wrong no more.

The *bonne bouche*, however, was reserved for the end. Rising in serried chorus, all the little boys sang a special hymn for the New Year. And this, I give you my word, was its last couplet, the first line rendered with preternatural slowness, the last with premeditated haste:

> And—when—at—the—Judgment—Doy—*we* shall appear,
> We'll—wish you, we'll wish you a 'Appy Noo Year.

Not a smile, still less a laugh, greeted this awkward ending. All were concentred on themselves. Play and playfulness were taboo.

In all ranks there has been an athletic advance—the healthiest symptom of our day. It is delightful indeed to watch young Demos in our parks, on commons, village greens and spacious new playgrounds. The physical progress has been immense. Every big shop has its clubs for cricket, football, lawn-tennis and dancing. That indeed is "Merrie England." But on the larger grounds athletics are being over-spectacularized. Huge crowds, composed of many who never play a game themselves, bet in concourse on its result, while some of the newspapers treat these contests as if they were the main business of England, employing headlines that suggest a national defeat or triumph.

This surely is unwholesome and recalls the *panem et circenses* of a decaying Rome where everything was big and little was great. None the less, "Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try." The golf-stream, too, may continue to disturb our temperature, but the mass of Englishmen still care more for the old public-spirited cricket and football matches. And the Derby survives as perhaps the sole unshattered pillar of our Constitution. Abolish it, or institute "State Racing," and you would have a Revolution the next day—which things are an allegory. A few years ago when over-employment was in swing four northern artisans chartered a motor for the race. Laconically they told the driver their destination. By some error, however, he drove them to the place instead of the race. But, nothing daunted, they reinstructed him and so, at a great price and pace, they drove all the way from Derby to Epsom.

Let us change the scene. What knows England at large, ever in these respects defective, of foreign affairs? Take the question of those "Reparations" which France has confounded with a boa-constrictorial clutch of vengeful Germany. There was a simple way out if any of our Cabinets had considered it. You had only first to ascertain from real instead of theorist experts what Germany could pay and within what practical space of time, and then, instead of mobilizing paper bonds, to impose a moderate *cumulative* duty by consent of all the allies on the huge volume of the German export trade for which she would sacrifice anything rather than forfeit her sole means of recuperation. As it is, what the Bolshevists desire is being done. All is inflammable and a match may be set at any moment to the powder-magazine. Powerful counteractions are imperative.

One closing picture. I am at Claridge's, where a friend has bidden me to see Mussolini arrive—Mussolini, who, with Kemal and the chivalrous Foch, seems the sole statesman who fully knows and applies his own mind. The meaningless throng is dancing in the big hall, each of them indistinguishable from the others, "naked but not ashamed." A crowd of Press-reporters with their cameras besiege a rosy, imperturbable little *maître d'hôtel*, clamouring to ascertain when the great man will arrive, the man who has made an end of make-believe and makeshift,

who has eliminated the cancer that was gnawing at the vitals of Italy and still gnaws at ours. At last he comes, so silently as to be wellnigh unobserved, comes with his black-hued Fascisti, Mussolini, whom his King honours, but our Labour Party scorns as a rival disturber of the peace.

He is quickly spirited upstairs; and the Press-mosquitoes again encircle the little *maître d'hôtel.* "I," cries one, "am Mr. Lloyd George's organ." "I am Mr. Asquith's," cries another. "I," independently cries another, "I am the 'Morning Post.'" "I," proudly, superlatively, an elderly gentleman with an air of Jove himself, "I am 'The Times.'" When will the chief receive them as midnight approaches? To all of whom the *maître d'hôtel* replies with arms akimbo, an inscrutable smile and a slightly broken accent: "How can I say, gentlemen? *I* cannot legislate for Napoleons." Shrugging his good-natured shoulders he vanishes, till at length the signal is given, the lift is crammed—and you read what you read in your next morning's newspaper.

You remember your Iliad—that sublime line in it of one who alone was substance while all the rest were fleeting (or Fleet Street) shades. Would that Foch had been with him as modest as he is masterful. Two years ago a lady, for years intimate with the devout Maréchal's mother, told me that she had been luncheoning with Foch in Paris. She had known him in youth and spoke with pride and reverence of his achievements. "Ah, madame," he replied, "you forget. It was my orchestra that made the music, I was only its conductor who beat the time."

The name of one field-marshal inevitably brings back another —would that it could actually recall him. Sir Henry Wilson was born to save England, and the wicked tragedy of his death was contrived by those who did not wish England to be saved. What a fine scorn he had for *Les Fracs!* Once the Duchess of St. Albans introduced me to his sister and I ventured to say that her brother should one day be Prime Minister. "But he is a soldier," she replied. "So was the Duke of Wellington," I answered. "Was the Iron Duke a first-rate premier?" she demurred. "Whatever he was," I replied, "surely he towers above the manikins of our moment." And I have small doubt that the Duke, had he been there, would have curtly told me: "Don't be a damned fool!"

But Shakespeare coupled the fool and the wise man together and it is a true proverb that a fool may give a wise man counsel.

Many more "modern instances" crowd upon me. But it is well to call a halt. In all that I have essayed in a course so labyrinthine I have tried to discern both the lights and the shadows. Will some call me a pessimist for honestly speaking out my mind and my heart? The pessimist has been defined as one who has just had an hour's conversation with an optimist. I would rather say that the best pessimist is the best optimist. For it is only by confronting realities that hope can irradiate the future. It is a fine feature of the English character to believe that whatever happens we shall "worry through," but if such an ingrained aversion to fuss and fume be carried to extremes it ends in the sloth of ease and a horror of being made to feel in the least uncomfortable. That was not the rough, the ancient, the upward path of England. She did not shrink from hardship or pain, her sons were strenuous in peace and war, her mothers craved no "twilight sleep." It is only through unflinching foresight that we can serve posterity. Let ostriches and "optimists" bury their heads in the sand—the sands of Time. But the beacon-lights of Duty are not quenched seldom as her name now transpires, and God—be it borne in mind—gives fifty per cent. marks in the world's classroom for taking pains.

One valediction. A life already long has taught me this great lesson. Wise or foolish, saints or sinners, up or down, brisk or wayworn, let us all help each other. For "none liveth to himself," and "we are members one of another." You may call this platitude, but at least it is a profound platitude and one more often honoured in the breach than the observance. "Many aim well, many mean well, ah, how many miss the mark?" And it will be remembered that the Greek word for sin means no more than just this missing of the mark.

And so, children of to-morrow, farewell. The particoloured web is spun. The fire dies down, and poor "Tom's a-cold." My last note shall be one of confidence—*sursum corda*. Greatness will rearise—the war was its harbinger. But all is flux and reflux, action and reaction—a word grossly abused by such as deliberately identify it with going back. Whether we rise or fall the main thing is to aspire, for aspiration brings inspiration and

leadership in its train. There is no feebler fallacy than the fatalism that would compel us blindly to accept and follow that spirit of a moment which hails itself as the spirit of the age. The will of one can control the waywardness of many. A single wise man will save the city, and resolve can counter revolution.

For myself, let me conclude with a sentence that might have been written any day before yesterday, but in fact was penned over two thousand years ago: "If I have done well and as is fitting it is that which I desired, but if slenderly and meanly it is that which I could attain unto."

THE END.

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